Good Housekeeping

APR 29 1929

MAY 1929

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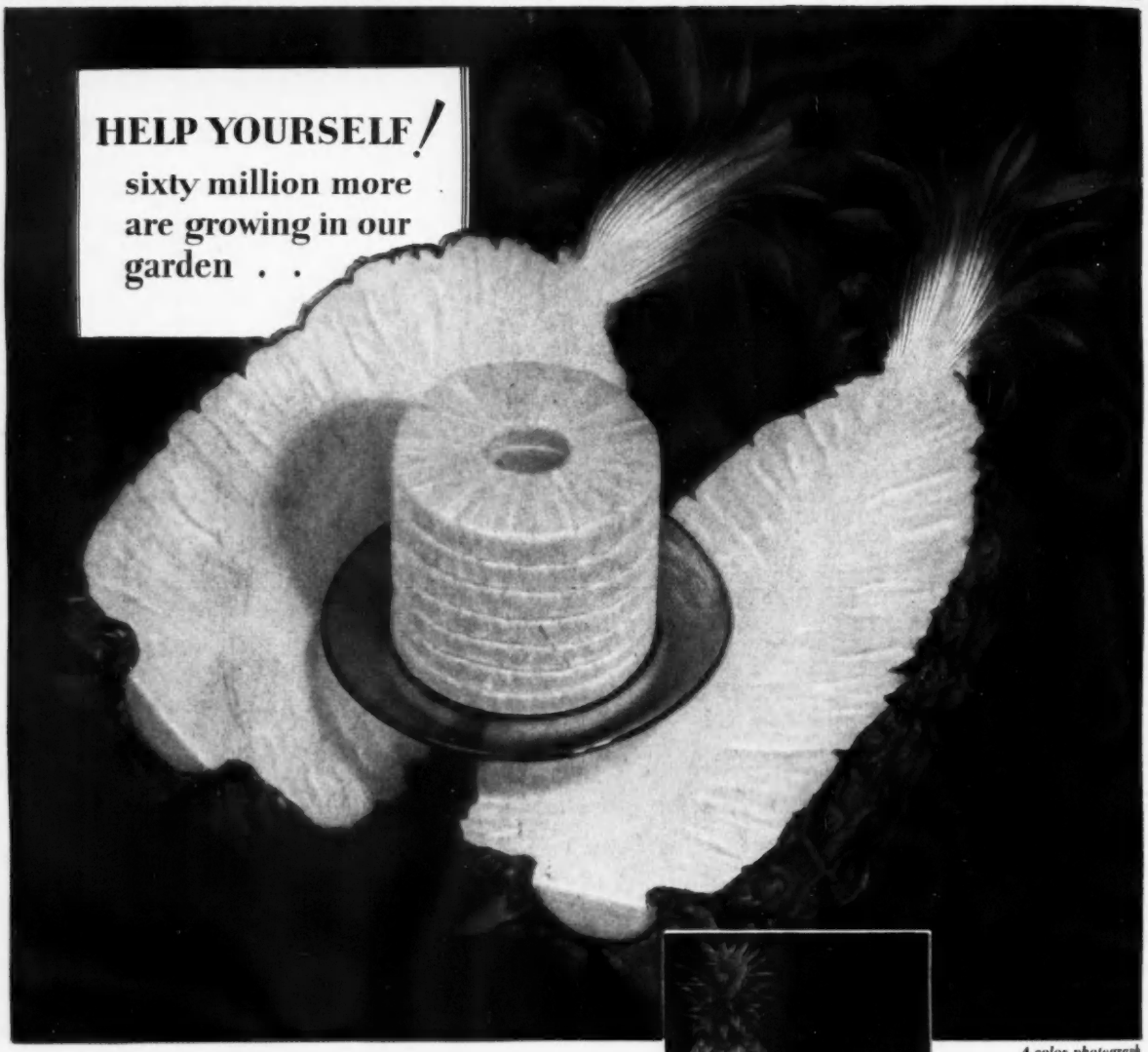
NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE LINE

By Frances Parkinson Keyes ~ *Norma Patterson*
George Weston ~ Emma-Lindsay Squier ~ Bruce Barton

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



A color photograph

JUST look at this tempting fruit, the treasure of the tropics—gorgeous in color, tender in texture, perfect without and within!

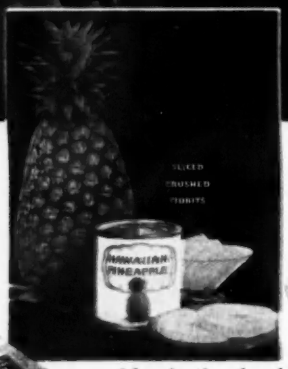
And taste it! Did ever a pineapple boast such flavor—such a wealth of wonderful sweetness, such a store of mellow juice?

Why, this is perfect pineapple! And in our fields grow sixty million others. Magnificent "pines"—nurtured to ripe perfection, which we swiftly and skillfully can with *all* their golden goodness.

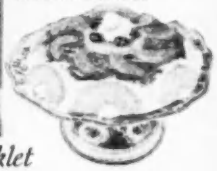
Such fruit is the triumph of 28 years' development—years which James D. Dole, head of this company and acknowledged leader of the whole Hawaiian Pineapple Industry, has devoted to growing and canning perfect pineapple.

No wonder the phrase "Dole-grown and Dole-packed" has come to mean all that is best in Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

You can thank "Jim" DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.



HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PEACH CAKE is only one of 30 toothsome recipes illustrated and described in the booklet.



Here's the booklet thousands are reading

Who wouldn't enjoy reading the fascinating adventures of Dole, and serving the 30 delicious and unusual Hawaiian Pineapple recipes this book contains? Let us send you a copy—FREE.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CO.
Dept. G-39, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

You may send me, FREE, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," containing 30 unusual Hawaiian Pineapple recipes.

NAME.....

STREET.....

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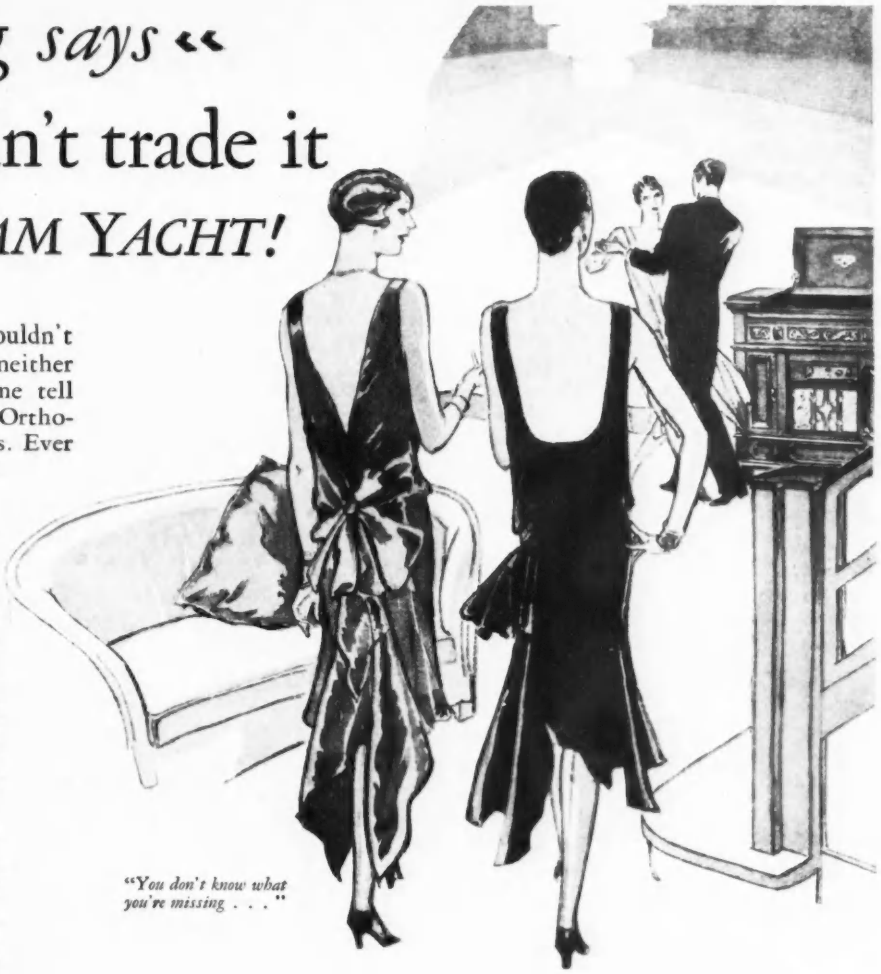
Honolulu HAWAII • **HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY** • *Sales Office:* 215 Market Street San Francisco

»» *Doug says* ««
he wouldn't trade it
for A STEAM YACHT!



"You don't know what you're missing . . ."

HE MEANS, of course, if he couldn't get another one like it. And neither would I. . . . But, let me tell you. We had wanted an Orthophonic Victrola for months. Ever since the first time we had heard it, in fact.

As Douglas used to say, "It's so realistic, so *intimate*, you feel like saying when the record stops: 'That was *lovely*, Miss Ponselle. Would you mind singing it again?'" Really, that's no exaggeration. The singers or players seem to be standing right beside you.

Well, we bought an Orthophonic Victrola. And that isn't all. We bought the *Automatic*—the one that changes its own records, you know? Just think of having Orthophonic music without the labor of winding, putting in needles, or changing records! All you do is put an armload of records in the Victrola and press a button.

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I don't know what kind of music you have at home now, and I don't want to appear "busy." But I can't help saying you don't know what you're missing if you haven't an Orthophonic Victrola. And if you'd let the Victor man put one in your home over some week-end, as *we* did, you'd never part with it. That is, if you *really* like music . . . and I think you *do!* I don't know of any *better* way to find out how wonderful it sounds—or how nicely it harmonizes with your other furniture.

Model Four-forty. Console-type Orthophonic Victrola. List price, $265. With electric motor, $35 extra. Canadian price on request.

You really ought to have an Orthophonic Victrola, or a Victor Electrola, whether it is automatic or not. They're *great!*

The instrument shown above is the Automatic Electrola, Model Ten-sixty-nine. It lists at $850. Other Victor instruments list at $25 and up and most dealers will arrange convenient terms. A demonstration in your home will be very delightful and there is no obligation to buy. . . . Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

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May
Vol. LXXXVIII

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IS EDISON MARSHALL'S latest serial, a thrilling successor to "The Far Call" and "The Fish Hawk," which no GOOD HOUSEKEEPING reader ever will forget. Far north, on that bleak frontier where nature makes its last stand against the invasions of men, Angus Mackenzie fought to atone for his father's sin and save the woman he loved from a fate worse than death. The first stirring instalment begins

IN JUNE

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
RAY LONG, President. THOMAS J. WHITE, Vice-President. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer. ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, MAY, 1929. VOL. LXXXVIII, No. 5
Price in the United States $3.00 a year, 25 cents a copy. Price in Canada $3.50 a year, 35 cents a copy
Subscription to foreign countries, postpaid $4.00. COPYRIGHT, 1929 (Trade-mark registered) by International Magazine Co., Inc. Entered as second-class matter on August 1, 1918, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal., Columbus, Ohio, Harrisburg, Pa., Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn., Syracuse, N. Y., Seattle, Wash., Lynchburg, Va., Louisville, Ky., Pittsburgh, Pa., Omaha, Nebr., St. Louis, Missouri, Cleveland, Ohio, Philadelphia, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., Baltimore, Maryland, and Denver, Colo. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Address all communications GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City. All subscriptions are payable in advance at the full price. When changing an address give the old address as well as the new, and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.

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Six *inexpensive,* delicious dinners built around Armour's "STAR" BACON

Bacon Dish	*Relish*	*Potatoes*	*Vegetable*	*Salad*	*Dessert*
Mexican Rice	Chutney		Creamed Asparagus	Vegetable Salad	Chocolate Pudding
Stuffed Star Bacon Slices	Green Tomato	Riced Potatoes	Corn on the Cob	Cress and Cheese Salad	Blackberry Roll
Star Bacon Meat Loaf	Spanish Sauce	Baked Potatoes	Spinach	Combination Salad	Lemon Cream Pie
Star Bacon and Liver	Chow-chow	Au Gratin Potatoes	Buttered Beets	Slaw	Apricot Cobbler
Creamed Star Bacon	Ripe Olives	Boiled Potatoes	Brussels Sprouts	Lettuce Salad	Cookies Canned Fruit
Turkish Stuffed Egg-plant	Green Pepper Relish	Hashed Brown Potatoes		Perfection Salad	Stuffed Baked Apples

TO THE right are six answers by the Armour Kitchen to the daily question—"What will I have for dinner?" Some are old standbys, to be sure, but the Star Bacon dishes are most unusual and just "make the meal."

The recipes for the bacon dishes are in the Armour cook book, "Slices of Real Flavor." And in the same way that these recipes have been originated, tested and proved delicious by the Armour Kitchen, so the curing and smoking of Star Bacon have been done with your table in mind. That's why you are going to like Star Bacon immensely. It is virtually made to your order. A mild, savory flavor. Evenly streaked with firm white fat and tender fine-grained lean. The kind of bacon you can cook to the degree of crispness you want.

Send the coupon now for a free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor." Retail meat dealers everywhere will gladly sell you Star Bacon in pound and half-pound window-top cartons that let you *see the bacon you buy.* Or your dealer will slice Armour's Star Bacon from the original piece.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago

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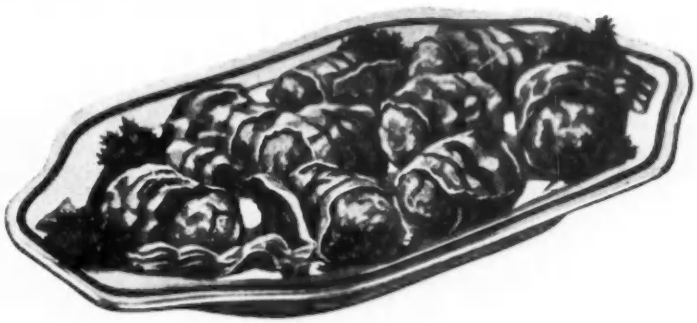
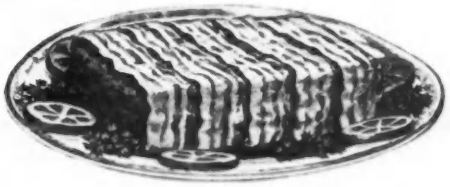
London, England

STUFFED BACON SLICES—*turn to page 13 of "Slices of Real Flavor" for recipe.*





BACON MEAT LOAF—*for recipe see page 12 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

STAR BACON *is packed in window-top cartons to let you see the bacon you buy.*

"SLICES OF REAL FLAVOR"—*the unusual recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen—tells 36 delicious ways in which Star Bacon can be served. Mail the coupon for your free copy today.*

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ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.
Please send me free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor."

Name_____

Address_____

★ *Armour's Star Bacon*

THE NAME "ARMOUR" ON A FOOD PRODUCT IS AN ASSURANCE OF QUALITY

In using advertisements see page 6

WEAR a POPPY

The Story of the Poppies

JUDGING by the letters we receive, there are few of our readers who are not eagerly following the Jenny stories by Norma Patterson. And they are truly worth following, for they have a humanness that stamps them as true, and a love and sympathy that prove them real. Regular pleas for peace they are, too, for they show the cost in endless, tragic suffering that must always be paid when war comes. You can't get away from it; it's there, always and forever the aftermath of war. Which brings us to our story:

On the morning of November 9, 1918, Miss Moina Michael, a young Georgia woman, serving on the staff of the Y. M. C. A. Overseas Headquarters at Hamilton Hall, Columbia University, received a copy of a magazine containing Col. John McCrae's poem, "We Shall Not Sleep." Touched by the poem's reference to the poppies growing "between the crosses row on row," this young woman decided to wear a poppy in honor of the war dead. This was the beginning of the custom of wearing a poppy in memory of the men who lost their lives in the World War, now observed by millions of Americans on Memorial Day. The women of America have taken Miss Michael's idea and developed it into a great national program for commemorating the sacrifice of those who died and for bringing aid to those who were broken but not killed in their country's service, nearly a million dollars being raised annually for the relief of the war disabled.

How the Poppies Are Made

EARLY in the winter the making of the millions of poppies which the people of America will wear on their coats the following Memorial Day is begun in government hospitals and convalescent workshops throughout the country. Hands of disabled veterans, weary of idleness, are given employment shaping the little red flowers. Discouraged men whose spirits have sunk to despair from many months of unemployment are given the revivifying experience of again earning money. A penny apiece is paid for each poppy made, and a man, if he is not too badly disabled, can turn out 300 a day. Three dollars a day—not much, but for men who have lain for months feeling that they were useless incumbrances on the earth, three crisp one-dollar bills actually earned seem like a fortune. For the families of these men—the poppy makers are all men who receive little or no government compensation—the money earned often means food, shelter, and fuel for the winter. For the men without families the poppy earnings provide a "stake" for the day when they must go out and attempt to re-establish themselves in life. If a man is too badly disabled to make a complete poppy, perhaps he can find a buddy, also too badly disabled, but with whom he can team in shaping the flowers. "Poppy Corporations," they call these partnerships. Even the blinded veterans can take part in the work under this arrangement.

Where the Money Goes

THE sale of the poppies, except in a few southern cities, comes the Saturday before Memorial Day. On that day the women of many different organizations, led by the American Legion Auxiliary's 300,000 members, take the poppies out on to the streets and pin them to the coats of passers-by. By nightfall the little crimson symbols of remembrance bloom on millions of lapels, and the coin boxes carried by the women are filled with an offering which will mean relief for thousands of victims of the war during the year to come. The funds derived from the sale are used by the Auxiliary and The American Legion in giving to the disabled and their families aid which the government does not provide—groceries for the family of a veteran too sick to work, shoes for the children of a man in a distant government hospital, a loan to a convalescent veteran struggling to get back on his feet—these are typical of the ways in which it is used. The money is expended largely in the communities in which it is raised. Every penny is expended in direct relief work, with not a cent going for administration expenses or salaries.

What The Poppies Mean

THE wearing of the poppy draws its wide appeal from its dual purpose of honoring the dead and serving the living. Every red flower on a lapel on Memorial Day means that the wearer has thought of the men who lie beneath the poppies overseas, and has contributed something to the relief and rehabilitation of the men who are still fighting the long, long battle. We have told you here the story of the Legion Auxiliary poppies. A similar service is carried on by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who sponsor the "Buddy Poppy." These organizations are not conflicting, but complementary. Neither seeks to serve itself; the injured and the needy are their care. They deserve your help. May the poppies bloom o'er all your hearts on Memorial Day.

Did you Hear this March 4th?

"I HAVE been selected by you to execute and enforce the laws of the country. I propose to do so to the extent of my own abilities, but the measure of success that the government shall attain will depend upon the moral support which you, as citizens, extend. The duty of citizens to support the laws of the land is co-equal with the duty of their government to enforce the laws which exist. No greater national service can be given by men and women of good will—who, I know, are not unmindful of the responsibilities of citizenship—than that they should, by their example, assist in stamping out crime and outlawry by refusing participation in and condemning all transactions with illegal liquor. Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support. The worst evil of disregard for some law is that it destroys respect for all law. For our citizens to patronize the violation of a particular law on the ground that they are opposed to it is destructive of the very basis of all that protection of life, of homes and property which they rightly claim under other laws. If citizens do not like a law, their duty as honest men and women is to discourage its violation; their right is openly to work for its repeal. To those of criminal mind there can be no appeal, but vigorous enforcement of the law. Fortunately, they are but a small percentage of our people. Their activities must be stopped." To this we say, Amen!

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

By Francesca Falk Miller

Illustrated by Guy Hoff

Babyhood

Oh, the sweet of you! Oh, the dear of you!
Soft warm bundle asleep at my breast.
Fragrant as little winds blowing at evening dusk,
When day's at rest.

Oh, the soft of you! Oh, the pink of you!
Curled wee thing like a blossom in spring,
Trusting as baby-birds high in the mother-nest,
When branches swing.

Oh, the peace of you! Oh, the dream of you!
Cradled and slumbering, innocent one.
I shall be waiting to gather you close again,
When night is done.

They flung at her feet an Indian slave who lived by selling charcoal. "This," said Beatriz, "is thy bridegroom, Leonor." Don Francisco stood there, his dark eyes filled with fury

The Pride of Doña Beatriz

Illustrated by James E. Allen

IF YOU would like to follow a golden trail of high adventure and pulsing, swift romance, a trail of history and legend that leads one back four hundred years, then come with me to Guatemala, that fair southern land so close to our own, and yet so far from the beaten path of crowded tourist travel.

I would not have you stop at the capital, where commerce and civilization dwell side by side—I would take you farther on and higher, on up into the mountains, to where the three volcanoes, Agua, Fuego, and Acatenango, glower down upon the country where once they were worshiped as gods.

I would re-create for you there, if I could, the vanished glory of the Mayan people, they who ruled an empire that reached from Mexico to Peru, and whose remaining monuments are riddles that science has never solved. And I would tell you of how the Señor Cortez, having completed his Mexican conquest, sent his chief lieutenant, Don Pedro de Alvarado, southward to take possession of Coathemala.

Black-eyed and hawk-nosed was Don Pedro de Alvarado, his handsome face darkened by much exposure to tropical wind and sun. But his hair was yellow, the color of tarnished gold. And the awe-struck Indians called him "*Hijo de Tonatiuh*," "Child of the Sun." The thundering roar of his cannons, the glittering armor of his men, and the strange, prancing creatures who carried them terrified and bewildered the people. With a handful of hardy soldiers of fortune Don Pedro conquered the Mayan kingdom. And thereafter was made governor of the newly established province. The Spanish king bestowed the title of "*El Adelantado*" upon him. And here, in the mountains of Coathemala at the foot of the three volcanoes, Don Pedro de Alvarado commanded the building of a city, the first capital of the land.

As one by one the Indian kings were conquered and the caciques tendered him their allegiance, the Spanish civilization was transplanted into the ancient, luxuriant land. Spanish architecture and customs flourished in the country where once the gods of Mayab reigned.

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER'S

Glamourous Story Of the Days When the Spaniards Were Blazing "The Golden Trail"

Now, of all that busy, prosperous city that was Don Pedro's stronghold, there remains but one small ruin that crowns the top of the hill. Three decaying walls open to the sky, and a curving alcove where once an altar stood—the chapel of the Adelantado's wife, the first woman governor of our continent. A bronze tablet affixed to the molding wall speaks forth an epitaph and a story. For here died Beatriz de la Cueva in the destruction of the city, she who had reigned like a queen, alone, she whose pride has become a proverb. Who, in the moment of her greatest triumph signed herself "*Beatriz, La Sin Ventura,*" and whose tragic death put the stamp of truth on the signature, "Beatriz, the Hapless One."

High above rises the cone of Agua. Thick, gloomy clouds shroud its lofty summit, drift away and gather close again, as if desirous of hiding its menacing beauty. Beyond, to the north, is the volcano Fuego, whose sinister mutterings have but recently ceased. And farther still, Acatenango, in whose hollow heart a god is said to be sleeping.

Don Pedro de Alvarado was born to a brilliant, tumultuous career. No less strange than his exploits in conquest were his matrimonial ventures. First he wed a daughter of the Indian King of Tlascala, who had been the ally of the Spaniards in their campaign against the Aztecs. The Princess died shortly after, leaving a daughter, Leonor de Alvarado, who, as she grew into womanhood in the newly christened City of Mexico, inherited the beauty of her mother and the high, courageous spirit of her father, the Adelantado.

When the government of Guatemala was established, and its first capital built, Don Pedro de Alvarado made a journey to Spain to take to himself a wife who should be a fitting ornament to the small, but already gorgeous court. The path of his destiny led him to the household of the De la Cueva family, who, through the Duc de Albuquerque, were related to the Spanish monarch himself.

There were two daughters, the blue-eyed Doña Francisca, and the black-haired, smiling

A trembling, white-faced priest entered, staring at her with frightened, reproving eyes. "There they are," Doña Beatriz cried. "Marry them! Hasten! It is my command"

Don Pedro was called to Jalisco to suppress a snow-white horse. Her eyes turned to his with on thy guard for the treachery of those who have

Doña Beatriz. There was also a son, Don Francisco, a shy, scholarly youth who cared little for the heavy glitter and formality of the court.

The Adelantado must have found it difficult to choose between the two sisters, the one so fair and gentle, the other so quick and vivacious. So, following the established custom of the ancient land of Spain, he wed Doña Francisca, the elder; with her set out on the long ocean voyage to Guatemala.

But the poor lady never lived to see the mountain capital of Guatemala. A mysterious illness seized her, and she died as the galleon lay at anchor in a Mexican port. Only Leonor de Alvarado—who had come down to the coast to greet her father and his bride—knew that the sickness had had its beginning in a packet of herbs given the Doña Francisca in parting by her sister, the smiling Beatriz; for so much had the wretched woman gasped out before she died.

Wifeless once more, Don Pedro de Alvarado returned as immediately as decency would permit to Spain and the de la Cueva household. For he remembered vividly the beauty of Doña Beatriz—and a Papal dispensation permitting him to wed his dead wife's sister was not difficult to obtain.

The Adelantado was much enamored of his new bride. He did not know that underneath the mask of smiling, sweet humility there lay a burning ambition as eager as his own, as far-reaching, and as pitiless. He consented readily to her suggestion of the betrothal of his daughter and Don Francisco de la Cueva. So that when the stately galleon put in to the shore of Guatemala, the documents had been signed and affixed with the seal of the new capital, three smoking volcanoes beneath the mounted figure of Santiago de los Caballeros.

The prospective bridegroom, as he bent above the parchment sheet, signing his long, sonorous name; lifted his eyes, so mild yet so searching, to the face of the Adelantado.

"If I should have the misfortune to displease the lady who is still in ignorance that she is to become a bride—what then, Señor my brother?"

Don Pedro de Alvarado threw back his blond head and laughed, a great, hearty laugh. "By all the saints!" he shouted, "here is an innocent for a surety! When, brother mine, did a woman ever have a voice in what man decreed for her?"

Don Francisco looked at his sister, the Doña Beatriz; his dark eyes were enigmatic.

"When indeed?" she murmured. "It is a woman's duty to be submissive to the will of God and man."

She smiled gently upon her husband.

The Adelantado's homecoming was the beginning of a round of dazzling entertainments in which the nobles and captains of the army vied with each other in welcoming

revolt. Leonor clung to him ere he mounted his sorrow and foreboding. "My father," she said, "be thy trust." Doña Beatriz drew her gently away

back the Gobernador, his bride, and the twenty damsels of high birth whom Doña Beatriz brought from Spain as maids of honor. There were pageants and tourneys, illuminations at night, balls and masques and religious processions.

On all sides resounded the extravagant praise of the Adelantado's lady; her beauty, her queenly, gracious manner, her generous gifts to the army. Those with petitions to the Gobernador began coming to Doña Beatriz. And although she disclaimed her influence charmingly and with womanly humility, the fact was soon clearly visible that in all but military matters Doña Beatriz was the real ruler of Guatemala, queen of the mountain capital.

Leonor had had no opportunity to speak to her father alone. His time was fully occupied with the multitudinous duties of state. One of the powerful Indian tribes of Quetzaltanango had rebelled against the Spanish authority, and the Adelantado led his troops in person to subdue the uprising.

He returned victorious, with Tzin Acam, the King of the Caquicheles, in bondage. With so much that was of grave importance to the newly established province, he gave scant thought to his daughter, except to note that she was more beautiful than when he left her in Mexico. Of the betrothal to Don Francisco he had not even spoken.

It was prodded gently into his consciousness by Doña Beatriz. And so at last, one evening, he summoned Leonor to his sumptuous chambers. She came clad in a gown of crimson velvet with linings of cloth of silver. A regal, queenly figure, true daughter of an Indian Princess and a nobleman of Spain.

"Let me look at thee, my little one," he said, holding her away from him and smiling. "What a beauty thou hast become! I warrant me there were suitors in plenty at the capital of Mexico clamoring for the favor of a smile?"

Leonor flushed deeply. Her eyes fell before the searching ones of her father. But his voice was so kind that she took courage to speak her thoughts.

"There were several, my lord father. But only one who met with a response from my heart—"

Don Pedro de Alvarado frowned suddenly. His voice became almost harsh. "No serious response, I trust?"

"Nay, father, without thy consent naught is possible. I but meant—"

"That is well," his brusk voice broke in upon her, "for I have promised thee in marriage to Don Francisco de la Cueva, the brother of my beloved wife."

Don Pedro de Alvarado knew nothing of gentleness. His methods were ever those of a soldier, direct, authoritative—brutal, if need be. But even he was startled by the sudden pallor that drained her cheeks of their rich color. Her great, dark eyes jerked open (*Continued on page 194*)

HOME

A Visitors' List of Birds That Come to Meet the Spring at Three Brooks Farm

FELICIA and I were coming across the wooded hill pasture this side Altar Rock, each bearing an armful of small birch saplings to "brush" the peas in the garden. We stopped abruptly, suddenly aware of a vivid spot of red, glowing like a coal, on an overhanging branch of an oak tree just ahead.

A scarlet tanager, of course. No other bird that comes to us has the audacity to tempt fate by wearing a mantle like that. Compellingly visible to all the world, he sat there, black wings adroop, obviously exhausted. He seemed oblivious of our presence, even as we came closer and presently stood beside the overhanging branch almost within hand's reach.

And now we saw that he was not alone. Another male, equally spectacular, was moving leisurely about in the upper branches of the oak, and two females, sedately garbed in olive-green and unobtrusive ocher, descended to the shrubbery by our path in quest of food. They seemed equally unalarmed and were lacking in the vigilant alertness that the tanager usually manifests.

"They must have had a hard trip last night," said Felicia. "I wish we might persuade them that they have journeyed far enough. There are no better tanager woods to be found than the second-growth just beyond Altar Rock."

"True," I agreed. "But unfortunately our visitors can not possibly occupy it except for a sojourn of a day or two."

"I know that, of course," said Felicia. "But I wish they might. It seems such a pity to have no tanagers in that part of the woods, when conditions are so ideal for them."

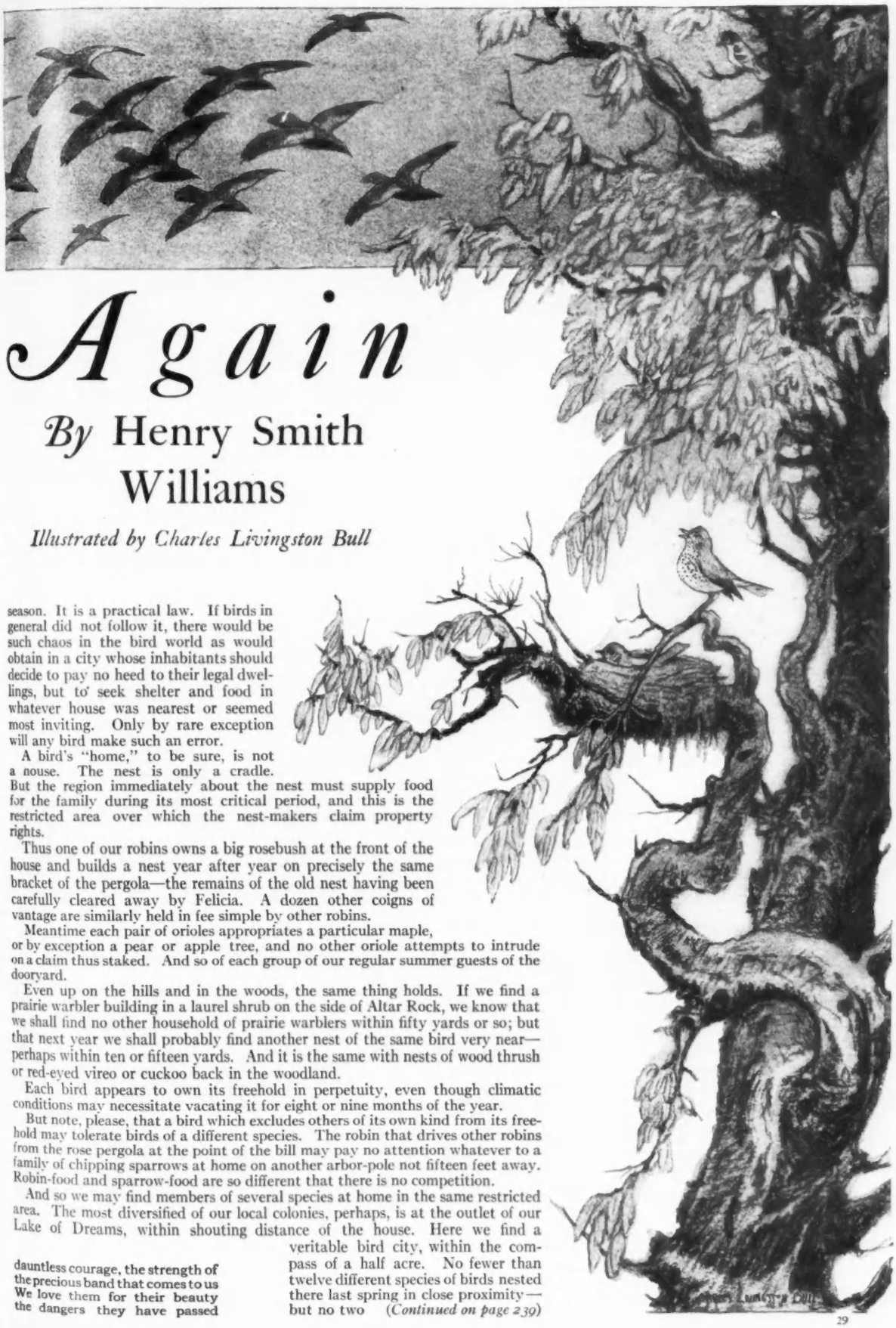
We went on presently, leaving the beautiful birds where we found them. We never saw them again.

You are perhaps wondering how we knew that these tanagers would not —could not—remain to set up housekeeping in our woodland, which, as Felicia said, is ideally adapted to make a summer home for them. The explanation is simple. We knew the birds were not born there, because we had found no tanager's nest there last autumn, when we searched, as we always do, after the leaves had fallen.

But may not a bird decide to set up housekeeping in a locality other than the region where it was born?

Emphatically, no. The primal law of bird economy is that every migrant must return to the old homestead to spend the breeding

Well may we wonder at the wing, and the tireless energy of every year in apple-blossom time. of form and color—and for



Again

By Henry Smith Williams

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

season. It is a practical law. If birds in general did not follow it, there would be such chaos in the bird world as would obtain in a city whose inhabitants should decide to pay no heed to their legal dwellings, but to seek shelter and food in whatever house was nearest or seemed most inviting. Only by rare exception will any bird make such an error.

A bird's "home," to be sure, is not a house. The nest is only a cradle. But the region immediately about the nest must supply food for the family during its most critical period, and this is the restricted area over which the nest-makers claim property rights.

Thus one of our robins owns a big rosebush at the front of the house and builds a nest year after year on precisely the same bracket of the pergola—the remains of the old nest having been carefully cleared away by Felicia. A dozen other coigns of vantage are similarly held in fee simple by other robins.

Meantime each pair of orioles appropriates a particular maple, or by exception a pear or apple tree, and no other oriole attempts to intrude on a claim thus staked. And so of each group of our regular summer guests of the dooryard.

Even up on the hills and in the woods, the same thing holds. If we find a prairie warbler building in a laurel shrub on the side of Altar Rock, we know that we shall find no other household of prairie warblers within fifty yards or so; but that next year we shall probably find another nest of the same bird very near—perhaps within ten or fifteen yards. And it is the same with nests of wood thrush or red-eyed vireo or cuckoo back in the woodland.

Each bird appears to own its freehold in perpetuity, even though climatic conditions may necessitate vacating it for eight or nine months of the year.

But note, please, that a bird which excludes others of its own kind from its freehold may tolerate birds of a different species. The robin that drives other robins from the rose pergola at the point of the bill may pay no attention whatever to a family of chipping sparrows at home on another arbor-pole not fifteen feet away. Robin-food and sparrow-food are so different that there is no competition.

And so we may find members of several species at home in the same restricted area. The most diversified of our local colonies, perhaps, is at the outlet of our Lake of Dreams, within shouting distance of the house. Here we find a veritable bird city, within the compass of a half acre. No fewer than twelve different species of birds nested there last spring in close proximity—but no two (*Continued on page 239*)

dauntless courage, the strength of
the precious band that comes to us
We love them for their beauty
the dangers they have passed

WHEN Celia opened the wardrobe she wasn't so sure about its safety as a hiding-place. The two filing cases had vanished. The wardrobe was empty. Not even a single letter had been left behind

GEORGE WESTON'S

Thrilling Story of a Girl Who Followed the Mystery Of Her Parentage

AROUND the WORLD

Illustrated By W. G. Ratterman

How Celia Happened to Go:

FOR three-quarters of a century the Van Heusens had lived in the same house on lower Fifth Avenue.

As Judge Stuyvesant entered the old library, a young girl turned from the window and faced him. She had been crying, but as the Judge shook hands with her, she tried to smile.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," he said, "but the ship only docked this morning. I stopped at the office for a few minutes and came right over. Mrs. Van Heusen was buried yesterday, I understand."

"Yes," said the girl, her voice slightly husky. "It was very sudden. On Tuesday night she went upstairs about ten o'clock. We found her the next morning, sitting in front of the fireplace—in her lap the tin box she kept her papers in. The doctor thought—from the ashes on the hearth—she had been burning some old letters when the end came."

At the mention of the tin box and the fire, the Judge's expression took on added seriousness. He spoke with evident concern. "Let's go upstairs and see what we can find."

Celia led the way to an empty sitting-room on the second floor. "She was sitting in this chair," she said, "just where it is now. And this tin box was in her lap."

The box was nearly full of papers.

"Everything but her will," said the Judge, after carefully looking them over.

With a questioning frown he looked at the ashes in the grate, then got down on his knees to examine them. "The doctor was right," he agreed. "She had been burning old letters—this was a foreign stamp here on the corner. And this was her will—I recognize it by what is left of the binding and the three brass fastenings across the top."

He rose, evidently much disturbed. "I wish she hadn't burned that will," he said in a troubled voice. "She was to have signed a new one as soon as I returned. And leaving no will—I'm afraid the Blanchard family—as nearest of kin—will inherit the property—and you, my dear, will receive nothing."

It didn't take Celia long to see this. "You mean—I'll have no home—or anything?" she asked.

"I'm very much afraid so," the Judge answered. "So far as I'm concerned, there isn't the least doubt in my mind that you are Robert Van Heusen's daughter, and Mrs. Van Heusen's granddaughter. You have only to stand in front of her portrait, and half the riddle of your parentage is solved at a glance."

"But," hesitated Celia, "the other half counts, too, doesn't it?"

"Very much so," the Judge regretfully answered. "Just before Robert died, he whispered: 'Take care of little Celia. Married by Christian—' That's as far as he got. He was evidently trying to say he had been married by a Christian missionary."

From the tin box the Judge took a small package of picture postcards.

"Have you ever seen these?" he asked.

"No," said Celia, drawing closer.

"These are Robert's entire correspondence with his mother during the last four years of his travels—nine in all. We wrote to the American consul in each of these ports, secured a list of missionaries, offered rewards. No trace of a marriage could be found. Then we thought we might secure some record of your birth. We circularized doctors. Again we drew a blank."

"Do you mind," asked Celia, "if I keep these postcards?"

The Judge cleared his throat. "The postcards being obviously of no intrinsic value—I could not exactly blame you for taking them—although—speaking from the legal standpoint—I should prefer not to know anything about it."

After the Judge had gone Celia turned the postcards over and over. The names had a magic sound—much more alluring than the Help Wanted columns of the paper, where she presently turned to look for work.

Suddenly an advertisement caught her eye. The A. B. Albans Travel Agency was organizing a trip around the world. And the places visited—Celia compared them to make sure—included all those from which Robert Van Heusen had sent postcards.

Filled with a new idea, Celia went to the Travel Agency. If she must work, perhaps the Agency might have something she could do. At least she would be nearer the places she wanted to go. And at the Agency, she found a possibility which had never occurred to her. Each person who secured ten voyagers for the cruise got her own passage free—with the privilege of acting as one of the social directors on the way.

Three months—could she do it? Celia's heart beat fast. And she knew that never in her life had she worked as she would work now, to secure the ten passengers.

CHAPTER VII

THE *Empress of the East* was about to start on her cruise around the world. Outside, you might have passed her pier a dozen times and never have dreamed what stirring scenes of excitement were being played behind that stone façade. Indeed, when the taxi stopped in front of Pier 54, North River, Celia Van Heusen wondered at first if the driver had made a mistake.

"You are sure this is the right address?" she asked, looking around for some sign of a ship.

But then she saw the sign "S. S. *Empress of the East*"—noticed that other taxis were arriving, laden with baggage like her own.

A porter hurried forward and lifted her steamer trunk from the driver's side—a gallant new trunk already wearing its first dress of labels and pasters, including the name of the Empress Line and a big blue "V." for Van Heusen.

"All right, madam," said the porter. "I'll take care of this. And your hand-baggage, please."

This, too, had been labeled and pastered. With a thrill of excitement Celia followed the porter through a swinging door and watched him place her two suit-cases and hat box upon a moving stairway which immediately began giving them a ride to the floor above.

"All right, madam," he said again. "Elevator to the left, please. I'll meet you upstairs under the V's."

And there was a scene—upstairs! Porters wheeling trunks, passengers looking for missing suit-cases, messengers hurrying with boxes of flowers, Western Union and Postal boys with telegrams, baggage

being loaded in slings and whisked miraculously out of sight, whistles blowing, machinery rattling, and somewhere in the near distance a deep, droning hum such as you might expect to hear if all the bees in the world were put in one gigantic hive and had suddenly found that their queen had disappeared!

Again Celia thrilled with excitement. From the ceiling, in a long straight line, hung the letters of the alphabet. She reached the "V" at last and a few minutes later was following her porter toward a gangplank, up and down which, in double file, two steady streams of humanity were constantly pouring.

"Why, of course!" she told herself, her heart beating like a drum as she looked up the gangplank. "There's the ship!"

She couldn't see much of it even then—a small, square segment of two crowded decks with parallel lines of portholes.

At the top of the gangplank she found Judge Stuyvesant waiting for her.

"I was afraid I'd miss you," he said. "We have unearthed some old reports which I believe will be worthy of your perusal."

By the Judge's side—as if he were Exhibit A—stood a frowning young disciple of Blackstone with a letter filing case under each arm.

"We've been looking for these a long time," continued the Judge.

When at last they had found Celia's stateroom, he took the two cardboard boxes from the clerk.

"Thank you, McBride," he said. "Will you wait for me, please, at the head of the gangplank, and we will return to the office—ah—together."

As soon as the clerk had disappeared, the Judge opened one of the filing boxes.

"You may recall," he began, "that upon the decease of your father, I started a comprehensive investigation to prove—ah—his marriage. In this box you will find copies of all the correspondence received upon that subject. The letters are indexed geographically—that is to say, according to the names of the cities from which they emanated.

"Here in A, for example, you will find letters from Aden and Agra. In B—Batavia, Benares, Bombay, and—ah—so on."

"That's splendid!" said Celia gratefully. "I can tell from these letters what has already been done. It will give me something to start from."

"Precisely!" he nodded. "Now, in this other box you will find a similar set of correspondence covering our second investigation—the one in which we tried to find some record of your nativity."

"But that's wonderful!" she murmured, turning to him with softly shining eyes.

"I should have unearthed these papers before," he said, "but when we moved our office, about ten years ago, we placed nearly a vanload of old records in storage—for purposes of economy of space—and it has taken some little time to turn those records over."

"But you finally found what you were looking for," she warmly told him.

"Ah—in this case, yes."

"It's an omen," she smiled. "I'm going to find what I'm looking for, too!"

The Judge looked at her from under his gray brows as Age, half-wistful, half-wise, has probably looked at Youth since time immemorial.

"Indeed, my dear, I hope you will be successful," he said. "The—ah—the Blanchards have been extremely pressing of late—extremely importunate—they and their sharp attorneys. For a time—I don't mind telling you now since it is all over—I greatly feared that in their answer to my application for delay they would laugh us out of court."

"But they didn't," she reminded him.

"No, they didn't. I think, however, that I can safely say this—the court will not consider any further motions for delay. We have, as you know, until April fifteenth to file our claims, if any—"

"And the *Empress* returns from her cruise on April the twelfth—"

"So unless, by that time, you have discovered something—"

"Don't you worry," said Celia confidently. "I'll discover something." She slipped the two filing cases into the bottom of an empty wardrobe. "Now!" she said "Let's go out, and I'll show you my home for the next four months."

"Who do the stewards think the detective is?" asked Mr. Buhl in his confidential whisper. "I'd rather not say, sir," said Percy, "but the name would probably surprise you"

In this, however, she hadn't reckoned with the shrewdly smiling Mr. Albans. Mr. Albans, always keen for the sweet uses of advertisement, had issued five thousand invitations—

"—to an 'Au Revoir'
on board the Empress of the East
on her departure for a
Cruise Around The World
Music
In the Lounge and Verandah
Refreshments
In the Dining and Smoke Rooms."

Perhaps Mr. Albans had hoped that five hundred would accept his invitation—but whether it was the magic of the promised music or the lure of the refreshments, when Celia and the Judge reached the corridor leading to the dining-room, they might have been pardoned for thinking that the whole five thousand had come to the "Au Revoir" and had brought their friends with them. So instead of trying to see the ship, Celia and the Judge slowly made their way to the head of the gang-

plank, where they found Mr. McBride standing on his tiptoes, staring down at the dock through a forest of hats.

At the sound of the Judge's voice he quickly turned and whispered something in a voice which Celia didn't hear.

"What's that?" asked the Judge with evident concern. "Where?"

He, too, stood on his tiptoes and looked down between the hats. Whatever he saw, Celia decided, he didn't like it.

"It isn't Mrs. Blanchard, is it?" she asked in a sudden flash of disturbing inspiration.

"No," he whispered, getting down on his heels. "But you weren't far wrong. It is one of her precious firm of lawyers, and he is evidently waiting for some one who has not yet arrived."

Celia's inspiration wouldn't down. "Do you think he's waiting for Mrs. Blanchard?"

"No," said the Judge, getting up on his toes again for a moment. "For one thing," he said, descending, "I doubt if she would leave the city at such a time—especially for a period of four months. But evidently her lawyers have a friend who is sailing on the *Empress*, and that friend—you may be sure of this—will keep an eye on you and—ah—your activities."

"I don't care," said Celia quickly.

"And ordinarily I should fail, myself, to give it a second thought. But these people are so very sharp—and, at times, I fear not altogether scrupulous. At least I should like to see whom our friend below is expecting. Yes, and for your own protection I should like you to see, as well—"

They were interrupted by a bugle and turned to see a white-coated steward pushing his way through the horde on the deck, the bell of his bugle preceding him like the bowsprit of a ship through a crowded harbor.

"First call for visitors to go a-sho-o-ore!" he solemnly chanted in the silence which his music had won for him. "First ca-a-all! Use both gangplanks, please!"

The hum in the ship deepened, and soon a thick, black stream of humanity was slowly surging down the gangplank, for all the world like a hive of bees about to swarm. Further aft, a similar swarm was slowly making its way down the service gangplank.

"You still see him, McBride?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, sir. He keeps looking toward the entrance of the dock. His party hasn't come yet."

"Perhaps he is looking for me," said Celia, more to make a joke than anything else.

"There is something in that," admitted the Judge in a reflective voice. "Some sort of summons, or a court order designed to postpone your sailing . . . I will tell you what I should advise you to do, my dear. I should keep out of sight until the ship starts—it will not be long now—and McBride and I will go down the other gangplank and watch this gentleman from the rear. Then, if we see anything suspicious, I will send you a message, and from the light of that message you will know how best to proceed."

As the moment of parting drew near, Celia felt an unexpected smarting in her throat and nose. In silence they walked along the deck together till they came to a door marked "Library"—a room, they discovered, temporarily unoccupied by any lovers of literature.

"You are sure you have money enough—without the least question of doubt?" asked the Judge, evidently reopening an old argument.

(*Continued on page 298*)

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Pays a Visit To

OUR *Next-Door Neighbor*

When Parliament Opens In Ottawa

DEAR ALMA:

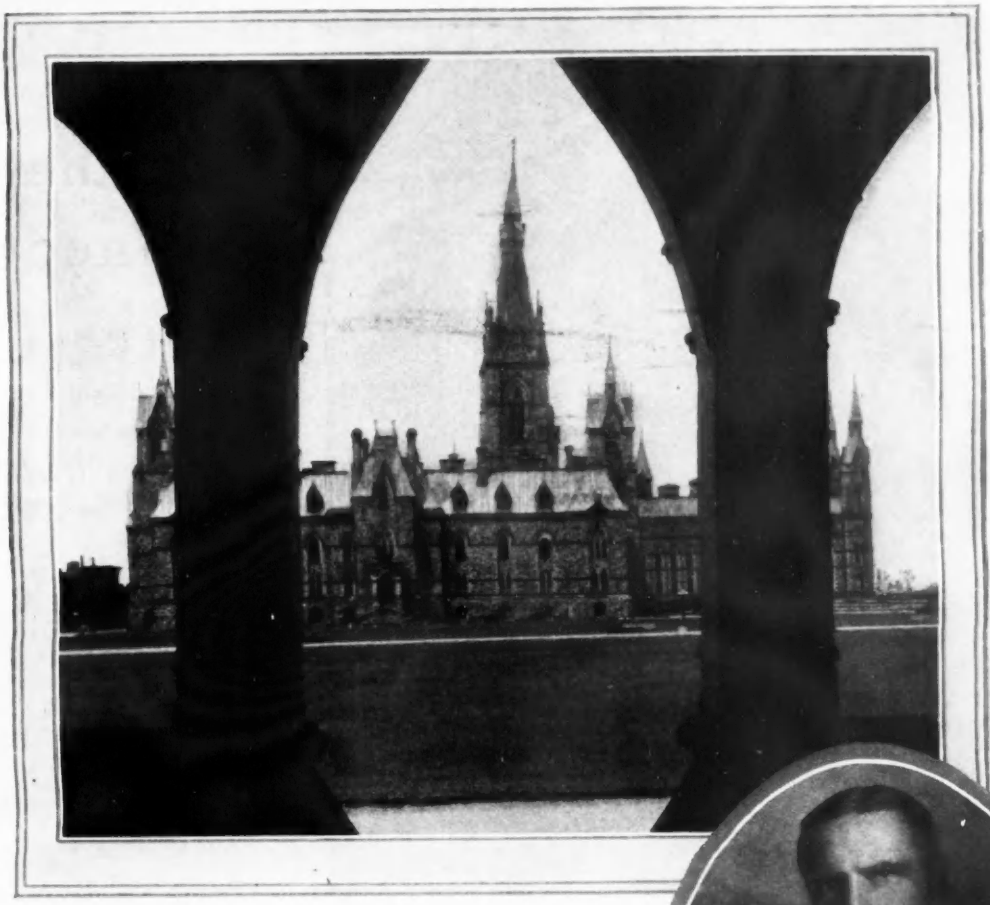
How apt we are to neglect the opportunities which are easiest and to create the ones that are most difficult! Having lived the greater part of my life within fifty miles of the Canadian border, where it would have been a simple matter to cross at any time, I never did so; and then in the busiest part of the busiest season I have ever had in Washington, I suddenly decided to go to Ottawa to attend the opening of the Dominion Parliament and the Canadian "Drawing Room." The memory of the last parliamentary "opening" which I attended—in Cairo, with the thermometer at 112 in the shade—stimulated my desire to "assist" at a similar occasion in the clear, contrasting setting of snow and ice, and the memory of my presentation at the Court of St. James's spurred me on to discover how the ceremony in the "Daughter's House," immortalized by Kipling, compared with the ceremonial inherited from her mother.

For reasons of sentiment rather than of economy, I unpacked the white tulle veil and three white feathers which I wore on a certain grand and glorious occasion at Buckingham Palace, and which, ever since then, have been tucked away in the corner of the old carved chest where I keep my most cherished possessions—for I had been duly advised that though the wearing of veil and feathers was not obligatory in Ottawa, it would be welcomed by Their Excellencies, the Governor General of Canada and Lady Willingdon. For reasons of neither sentiment nor economy, but partly out of respect to the Canadian climate and partly out of respect to the importance of the event, I purchased an ermine coat and a blue velvet dress with pearl embroidery and a court train. And, shutting my eyes to the work piled up on an overcrowded desk, I breathlessly but happily set out.

Their Excellencies, the Governor General of Canada and Lady Willingdon, wearing court dress

It is not a long or a hard journey from the capital of the United States of America to the capital of the Dominion of Canada. I left Washington after lunch one day and was in Ottawa before lunch the next day; and waiting at the station of the latter city to welcome me was Mr. William Phillips, the American Minister "Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary," who has been so deftly described by Frederick Collins in one of his inimitable articles on "People," as "possessing everything a diplomat should possess—brains, breeding, money, and a smile." The brains and breeding are evident to the most casual observer; the wealth, though it is undoubtedly there, is unobtrusive, as wealth always ought to be and too seldom is; but the smile is unobscured and unobscurable.

When it was mutually decided that, in the interests of convenience and practicality, it would be well to have an exchange of ministers between the United States and the Dominion, instead of continuing to carry on negotiations between these next-door neighbors by the indirect method of going to London and coming back again, Canada did us the honor of sending us the Honorable Vincent Massey as its first representative—an outstanding figure in the commercial world, who is also a scholar and an idealist. We could not have afforded—and we would not have wished—to be outdone in discernment and in courtesy. So we did Canada the honor of sending her the Honorable William Phillips, a man who already had been an



The gray stone walls of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa give no hint of the splendor and color of the state functions which take place within

Mr. William Phillips, the American Minister, has been described as "possessing everything a diplomat should possess—brains, breeding, money, and a smile"

ambassador and who willingly underwent a demotion in rank in order to serve as Minister at such a time and in such a place; a man who is representative of all that is best in that great consular and diplomatic service of ours, in which every American should take such unbounded pride and place such unstinted confidence.

But I must not—while I indulge in these agreeable reflections—ask you to linger indefinitely on the platform of the Ottawa station, even though it was "a very mild morning, only five below zero." Certainly there was no consciousness of cold in this sparkling, sunny atmosphere, so windless, so brilliant, and so crystalline.

In the pleasant rooms which had been prepared for my coming at the Château Laurier, fresh and fragrant flowers were blooming—hyacinths, daffodils, and yellow roses. The Peace Tower of Parliament Building, rising serenely above city and river, was framed by the square window of my little sitting-room, and the chimes of the tower-bells made every quarter-hour sweet with melody.

Neatly arranged upon the orderly little desk were magical-looking envelopes addressed to me, which crackled delightfully as I opened them. The first one, marked "URGENT" in large, red, block letters, contained a stiff, oblong card, green-bordered and surmounted by the British coat-of-arms engraved in gold, while underneath it read:

To Mrs. Phillips, no less than to her distinguished husband, is due the fine influence of this embassy of ours in a foreign land

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA
The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod is directed by the Senate to invite
Mrs. Henry W. Keyes
to be present at the Opening of Parliament February 7th, 1929
An early answer is requested
Evening Dress
Andrew R. Thompson
Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod

It would appear (*Continued on page 183*)

A cock crowed, and the unreal island became real. Birds sang in the trees, and the sun rose in a glorious burst of amethyst and gold. A girl, dressed in rough homespun, came out of the house. It was Blanchefleur

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb

THEY had known each other for an hour—one little hour out of all eternity—and Allan Craig was whispering,

"But I can't let you go out of my life like this."

The girl laughed, a mocking little laugh that somehow suggested the tinkling of ice and the cool frostiness of snow.

"And I don't even know your name," he protested.

"I am Cinderella—or the Sleeping Beauty—or Snow White as you choose."

She moved toward him, and the circlet of moonstones around her throat shone as softly luminous as truant moonbeams.

"My name is Blanchefleur. Do you like it?"

All the mockery was gone now. There was tenderness in her voice, the wistful wish of a child to be approved of.

"Blanchefleur." Her name became poetry on his lips. "Blanchefleur—White Flower."

The name had been born for her alone, he decided. Her small, petal-shaped face, the slim, pointed hands as coolly white as water lilies, white roses, windflowers, snow drops, she was all of them in one—Blanchefleur, the most beautiful of all white flowers.

"Listen!" The girl's hand sought his. "The bells are striking the quarter-hour; it is almost twelve."

"Why are you afraid? Twelve o'clock only means tomorrow—only another day to love you." His brown hands caught hers and held them. "Blanchefleur, I never knew tomorrow could mean so much."

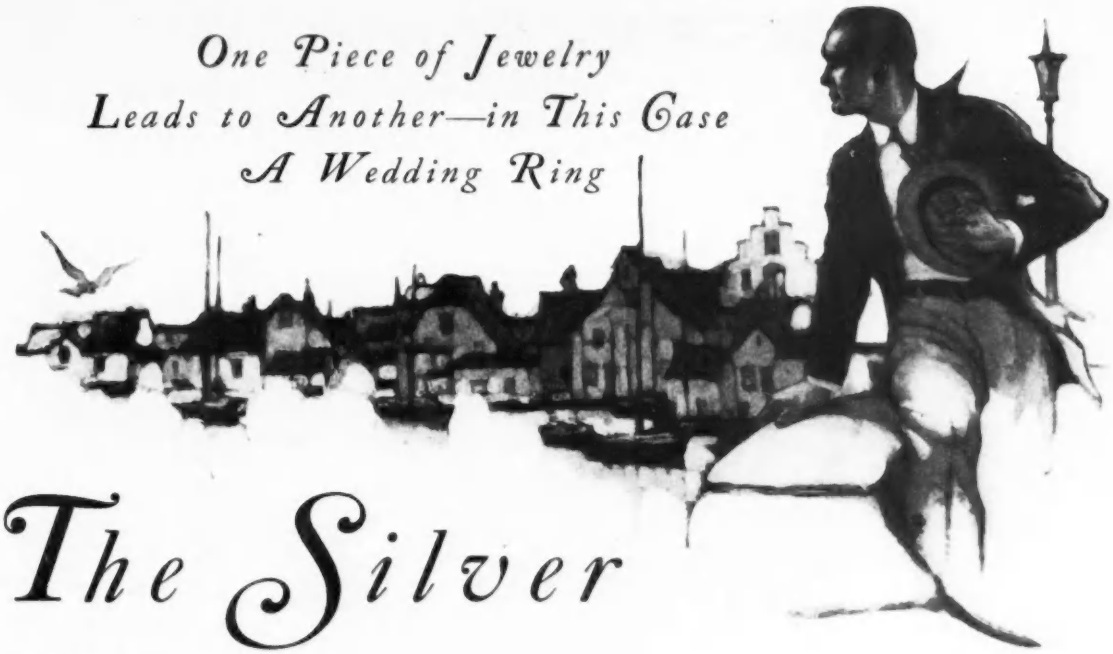
"But tomorrow isn't kind." Her hand trembled in his. "Don't you understand? There can't be any tomorrow for us. It will be just another day—any day."

The man pulled her unresistingly into his arms.

"You speak in riddles," he chided, "and love isn't a riddle. It's amazingly simple. A girl smiles, and your heart turns a somersault. She speaks, and your whole body beats to the cadences of her voice. That's love—it's just as wonderful and beautiful and simple as that."

"But the little minutes are hurrying so." Her voice was hushed. "Don't you understand? Today I am living in the present. Tomorrow I must go back to the past."

One Piece of Jewelry Leads to Another—in This Case A Wedding Ring



The Silver BRACELET

AS SHE spoke, it was as though she had suddenly gone away from him. Her eyes held the far-away look of distant stars.

"You mean I won't see you again—ever?" Allan's arms tightened about her.

"I am bewitched. If you can break the spell that binds me—" Her eyes looked into his and she came back to him again. "But first you must cross seas and mountains and plains until you come to the north, where there is a castle that lies east of the sun and west of the moon. Our people call it Soria Moria Castle . . ."

"That's in Norway," he interrupted. "When I was a little boy, my Norwegian nurse used to tell me about the trolls in the Asbjiornsen fairy-tales."

The girl clapped her hands. "Then you understand. Perhaps it won't be so difficult. I can't tell you much. I've given my promise not to. Only this—in the shadow of the castle there is an island—on the island there is a church. If you follow the worshipers on Whitsuntide morning, you will find me."

"And if I find you?"

"Even then the quest won't be ended. It will only be begun. But I'll be waiting until you come."

A torrent of bells told them midnight had come. The girl smiled quizzically. "Goodby, Prince Charming."

The man caught her hands and held them against his heart. "Blanchefleur—you are laughing at me."

"I am laughing because it is dark and Cannes is so many, many miles from Norway. I am laughing because I am a little sad and a little afraid."

His lips blotted out her rushing words. For a moment she was wholly his, close-kissed and tremulous.

"You can't leave me after this." His words were confident, breathed into her hair. "You belong to me now—always."

Allan found himself welcoming the boats as they came into the harbor. Perhaps Blanchefleur would come that way some day—Blanchefleur who had been lost to him so long

"You are making it so difficult—and I have given my promise. I must leave."

She slipped from her wrist the silver filigree bracelet she was wearing. "It would be awkward, leaving my slipper even for you, Prince Charming." She made a little *moue* at her absurd silver sandals. "But see, I kiss my amulet and put it so, around your wrist, where it shall whisper my name to you. And now, goodby."

Only a moment before, there had been a faint perfume in the darkness, and the blur of a white gown, and the elusive sparkle of silver slippers. Now there was only a tight silver band around his wrist and desolate emptiness in his heart to tell him it had not been a dream.

An hour ago she had come into the hotel ballroom, and everything that had gone before was forgotten. It seemed incredible to him that the world should have gone on just as though she had not paused there at the doorway, a smile playing over her lips, her lashes making pointed stars of her eyes. She was breathtakingly beautiful. Somehow she did not seem mortal, so fragile was her slenderness, so pixy her small white face framed with silvery, ashen hair.

And now that she was gone from him—maybe forever—it was sweet to remember that her eyes had smiled into his, that her hand had rested so lightly on his arm encircling the lithe, young warmth of her body.

He fingered the silver band she had clasped on his wrist, and it turned a little, revealing an inscription in fine script. With trembling fingers he took it off. On it was traced in tiny letters, "Blanchefleur—Bien Aimée."

So it had been all in vain, his meeting her on a starlit night and loving her only to have it all smashed by an inscription on a silver bauble.

It made his heart tighten to think another man loved Blanchefleur, that her pale loveliness had torn at another man's heart as it had at his. A question pressed heavily against him. Did Blanchefleur love that other as he had hoped she loved him?

He called her name in the darkness, but there was no answer. A terrible urge to find her, to see her again and question her, possessed him.

And so in a few days, by way of sea, and land, and air, he traversed the miles from Cannes to Oslo. It was late in May, and the chestnut trees were blooming along the avenues and in the parks. The palace gardens were a riot of color, and the little shops along Carl Johan rivaled them in gaiety.

Oslo loved color. The girls passing him flaunted brilliant, silk scarves that floated languidly behind them in the spring air. Store windows were filled with colored glassware, brilliant pottery, peasant embroideries in gay, crude colors. The grass, newly awake from its long winter sleep, was a vivid foil for the primroses tumbling about in it like children at play, and the incredibly blue sky rivaled the brightly-painted trams that ran through the city like toy cars.

Every window had its pots of flowers. Begonia blossoms as large as saucers in pink and yellow and orange, geraniums and

azaleas, hyacinths and sweetly odorous narcissus. The huge market place was filled with flower women, crowding out the more prosaic vendors of vegetables and dairy products, who thrust out their nosegays to the passers-by with shrill cries to buy.

Blanchefleur was lost to him in all that color and gaiety. Only when his fingers touched the silver bracelet on his wrist was she near.

He took to visiting the antique shops. The first one he entered, an exclusive little shop on Drammensveien, the proprietor examined the dainty bit of filigree with obvious enthusiasm.

"Are you willing to sell?" he inquired.

Allan shook his head. "Can you tell me something about it?" he begged.

"The inscription is very interesting." The man was peering at it from all angles through the little glass screwed into his eye. "It is a very old bit of engraving, and the curious thing about it is that I am almost certain it was done in Norway in the eleventh century."

It was almost as though he had found Blanchefleur again. A pæan of gladness broke loose in his heart. The rival he had so feared was a man of another century who had loved another Blanchefleur.

Out into the spring sunlight again, with Blanchefleur so close now that he could almost hear her laugh again, so close that he could almost feel the subtle warmth of her arms as she clung to him.

She was somewhere in this northern country, maybe in Oslo itself. He might see her at any moment walking slowly in the Palace gardens; he might look up and discover her white hands tending the flowers in one of the window-boxes above him.

He must find her. The search through the little antique shops became a frenzy. In one of them there must be a clue.

And when at last a salesman in an unpretentious shop near the Storting called the proprietor to show him the bracelet, the little man with his shock of wiry, white hair and piercing, blue eyes looked at him with quick suspicion.

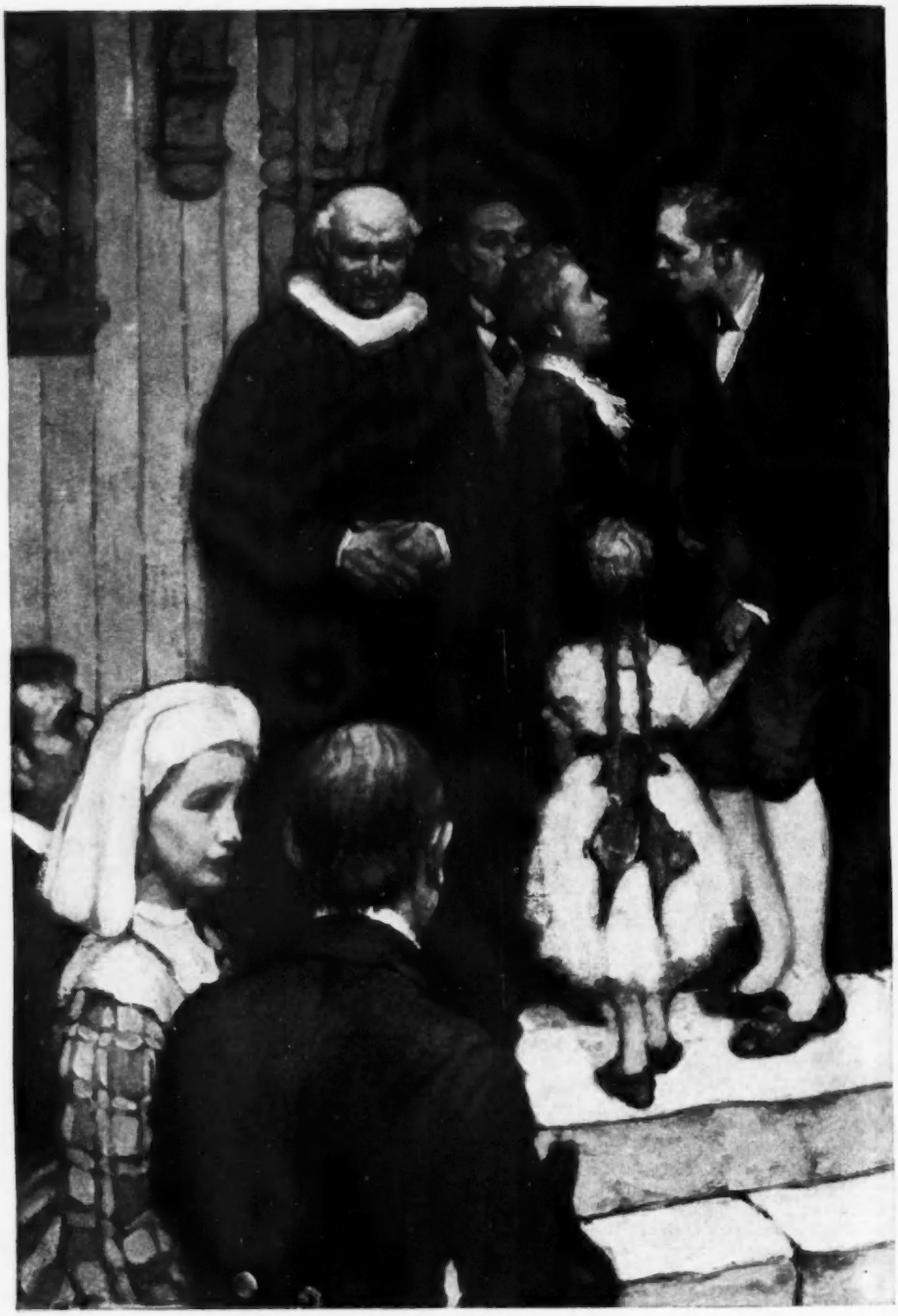
"I know the bracelet," he said in his correct, somewhat halting English. "I have worked on it. The catch was loose—there was a bit of adjustment. But it was a lady who brought the bracelet before. Perhaps—" His voice trailed into an interrogation.

Allan, trying to think of some way of explaining, could only think of the truth, and so he found himself telling in his engaging way that the bracelet had been given him in parting from a young lady whose name he did not know.

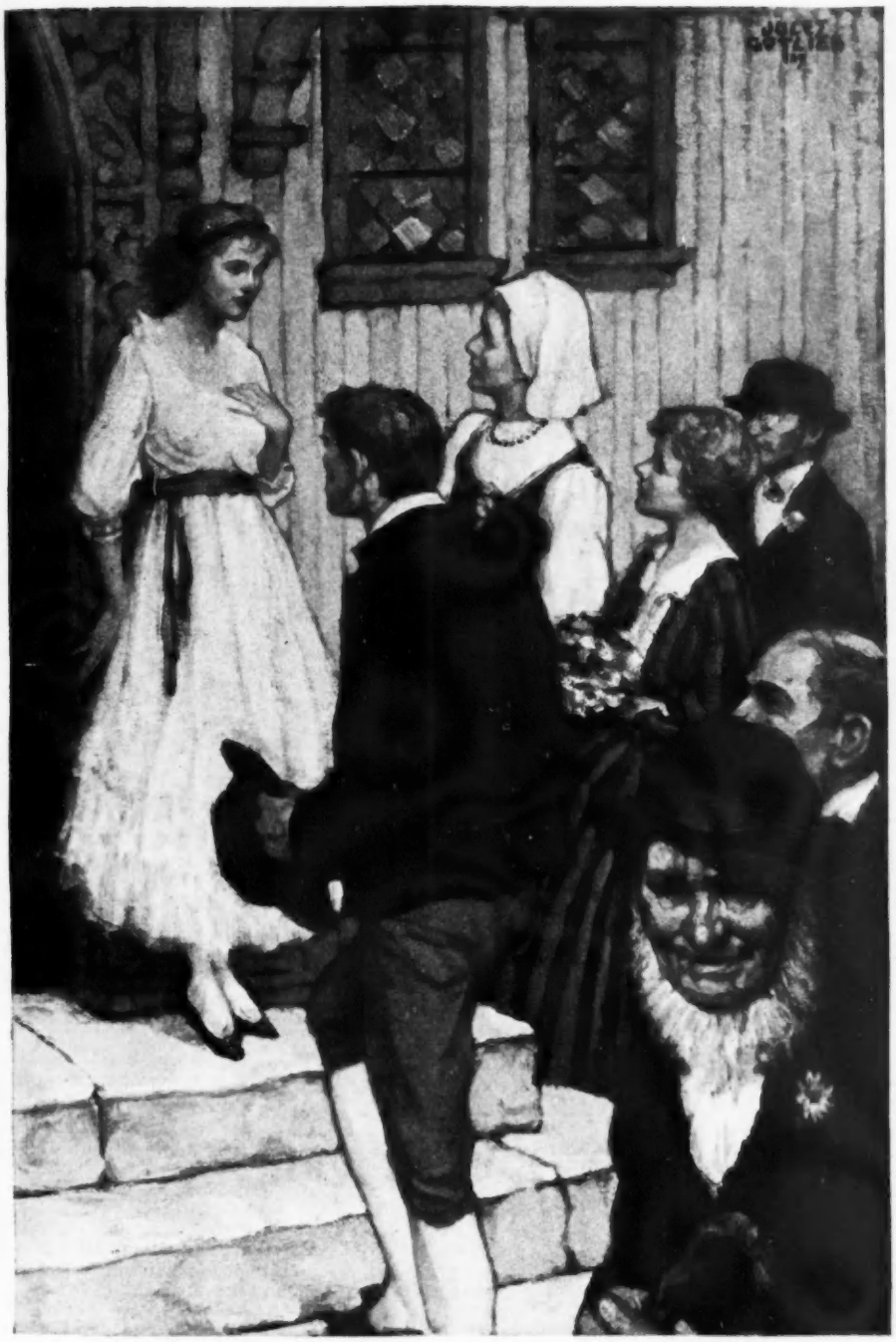
The proprietor smiled at his assistant, and his assistant smiled back. Their eyes seemed to say that they would not have believed such a preposterous story from any one else, but coming from the lips of the young American who was so obviously sincere and so troubled they could not choose but believe that he spoke the truth. And then, too, had they not heard that young Americans were charmingly irresponsible and reckless young men of whom one might expect almost anything?

"Carl, look in the ledger and see if the young lady's name is written there, and her address."

The proprietor's voice was expansive.



The peasants were coming to the church, and the lord and the lady of the land Blanchefleur, her eyes luminous with unshed tears. "He has promised, and he



welcomed them with the gentle old minister. A little apart from them waited will come." She said it over and over to herself, and it gave her courage

It was plain to see that he had relegated himself to playing cupid. Then, smiling a little slyly, "As I remember, the young lady is very beautiful."

"She is very beautiful," Allan repeated slowly, even as his soul rebelled against the banality of the phrase.

Blanchefleur could not be classified in every-day phrases. Words could not recapture her loveliness. She was like the first glimpse of the ocean, like a white gull far overhead, like a single star.

"Her name is Blanchefleur Lynd, but there is no address. If you remember, she called for the bracelet with a young naval officer."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes." The proprietor looked quickly at Allan. "Perhaps he was a relative."

"I remember because they seemed so happy," the assistant went on in the way of one who refuses to be stopped. "And I heard her mention taking the boat from Molde."

"And a charming place that is, my dear young gentleman." The proprietor captured the conversation again with a meaningful glance at his bungling assistant. "The tourist folders call it the City of Roses, and it is well named—very well named, indeed. It is the flower of the west coast. You must visit it!"

He stroked his white mustache complacently.

"Which is the best way to get there?" The prosaic question held everything of adventure and romance when Allan spoke.

"My dear young man, it is the loveliest trip you will find anywhere. The new railway through Gudbrandsdalen and Romsdalen goes to Andalsnes, and from there it's a matter of an hour or so by steamer. You'll be traveling through the heart of Norway."

Allan smiled. It pleased him to think he would be traveling through the heart of Norway to reach Blanchefleur, who was held by the trolls somewhere in the fastness of that north country.

And when he was at last on the train with the good wishes of the old man and his young assistant ringing in his ears, he looked out at the countryside with a strange delight. This was Blanchefleur's country, this changing vista of tall pines and little rivers and far-away blue mountains. He was alone in the compartment, and he sat up long after the porter had made his bed. Sleep was impossible in this strange country where midnight was a clear blue twilight without moon or stars. Farther and farther up the mountains crept the train, over slender bridges perilously suspended over broad streams, through tunnels cut through mountains of stone, past little farms perched on rocky hillsides.

Toward morning he slept. He woke to find the train stopped beneath a row of tall gray cliffs so grotesquely formed that they looked like weird creatures out of a fairy tale.

"They are the Trolltinder," the porter explained. "The train stops here a few minutes so the tourists may see them."

The trolls were flung grotesquely against the sky, and behind them were castles and battlements, and whole armies fighting with battle axes and spears. It was a malevolent nightmare in stone, casting an evil shadow on the glorious countryside, on the slender birches, on the fields dotted with primroses and violets, on the little houses with their smoking chimneys.

With a herculean effort the train moved onward. The evil Trolltinder were soon forgotten in the (*Continued on page 216*)

The Café de la Paix is everybody's restaurant—French food that is almost substantial—prices that are almost cheap

You Learn to Know

PLACES

From the People who Call them Home

Frederick L. Collins

Can Introduce You to Both

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

OLD friends are best. That's what they say about people. And that's what I say about places. I don't mean places that are old in eons, like Baalbek and Thebes and Toledo and Timgad, but places that are old in familiarity and friendship, like—well, like Paris.

Grab one of those funny wicker chairs before that little milliner gets it. Or if you are polite, give her yours and take the one beside her—perhaps with a bow and a smile. The French like that sort of thing, especially French milliners. Anyhow, don't fail to notice that she has the freshness of spring in her cheeks and the sadness of autumn in her eyes. The sadness makes her look older than she is. Even Paris babies are old, old like funny little pink sphinxes. And the adults—look at that Senator over there with the long beard and the girl—are as ageless as mummies. There they sit on the crowded sidewalk with their newspapers and their light-o'-loves and their bitter little drinks, and with their knees squeezed under dirty metal tables that are still damp and smelly from the libations of many a previous occupant. And there they will sit as long as Paris is Paris.

Blasé sophisticates seldom go to the engaging little places—the less known and less imposing cafés of Montmartre and Montparnasse

There is no immediate prospect of its being anything else. Parisians and most of the rest of the world seem to like it pretty well as it is. Some bright boy at figures—I think it was President Hoover before he got that way—has estimated that American tourists spend a billion a year in Europe; and if this is true, I'll wager that more than half of it finds its way into the coffers of Paris shopkeepers, hotel proprietors, restaurateurs, and tourist guides. There is justice in such a division. Paris contains more tourist lures than any other city in Europe—and, on the whole, more tourist satisfactions.

I have been in Paris many times—perhaps a hundred—for long stays and short; and I have tried every conceivable method of seeing the Paris sights. My range includes rubberneck wagons, which the French in their elegant way call "saloon motor coaches de luxe," and Montmartre night guides, whom we in our inelegant way would call crooks; and it covers in the intermediate stages such well-known contrivances as busses, taxis, and feet. But the only wholly satisfactory device for seeing Paris is the seat of the afore-mentioned wicker chair in which you are now sitting.

Of course, the chair must be aptly located. Ray Long's is third from the end in the back row on the boulevard sidewalk of the *Café de la Paix*. He wrote a good piece once about the queer people he saw passing by, including—the grouping is his own!—Channing Pollock, Richard Washburn Child, and me.

My seat is farther up the boulevards in front of the *Restaurant Capucines*, where the nice head-waiter who used to be at *Viel's*—beloved spot! — bows over the pouring of my coffee as if nectar were in the draught instead of just chicory. It was here that Bismarck sat that sunny afternoon in 1870—the seats were iron then as befitted the Iron Chancellor — and ordered cup after cup of chicory. Finally the waiter returned from the kitchen disconsolate and without his dipper.

"But, Monsieur," he whispered, "we have no more chicory."

"Good," said Bismarck. "Now bring me a cup of coffee."

French drinks haven't changed much since Bismarck's time—not anywhere nearly so much as ours have!—and the Frenchmen who drink them haven't changed much either. They take two hours for lunch, and two hours for apéritifs, and all night for dinner just as their forefathers did. And whenever and wherever possible they carry on these activities in public. The publicker the better. Gargantuan gastronomic feats are performed under *Fouquet's* awnings; and libations accompanied by love are drunk deeply on the sidewalks in front of *La Rotonde*. As for the lovely *Bois*, the French eat and drink all over the place.

You don't need to stay outside all the time. Time comes when even a Frenchman's feet get cold. The little sidewalk chairs are deserted. The lights come on behind the filigreed windows, electric candles pop out of shadowy corners, waiters who look so much cleaner at night than they do in the day scurry about with napkins and corkscrews, bearded and mustachioed men accompanied by white-checked, red-lipped girls scramble merrily for the best tables, and the feast begins.

On the boulevards:

At *Marguery's*—where the sole of that name is only one of many sumptuous dishes—a homey old restaurant full of glassed-in front piazzas and cavernous back rooms—get a table by the window—watch Paris go by—and don't forget to eat—you can't go wrong on the jellied egg.

At the *Capucines*—a shiny new restaurant with very little of the ancient *Viel* atmosphere, bu[t] nearly all of the cuisine—and the old fat w[ai]ter-man who gets drunk once a year at the Sommeliers' Ball—lobsters that lure and *patés* that purr—and the best Brie cheese in Paris.

At the *Café de la Paix*—everybody's restaurant—French food that is almost substantial—prices that are almost cheap—more fun outside than in, except after the opera, when the gold and white room on the Opera side glitters like the promenade of a Hollywood picture palace on a Gloria Swanson première.

At *Larue's*—at noon, crowded and noisy like a tin of chattering sardines—at night, quiet as a house without a radio—always a swell place for swell food—in the Rue Royale if one must be accurate, but near enough to the boulevards to get their flavor.

At *Paillard's*—where the rich French go to dine richly—a noble house much liked by the late King Edward and not scorned by his globe-circling grandson—M. Paillard taught most of the great chefs of Paris how to cook.

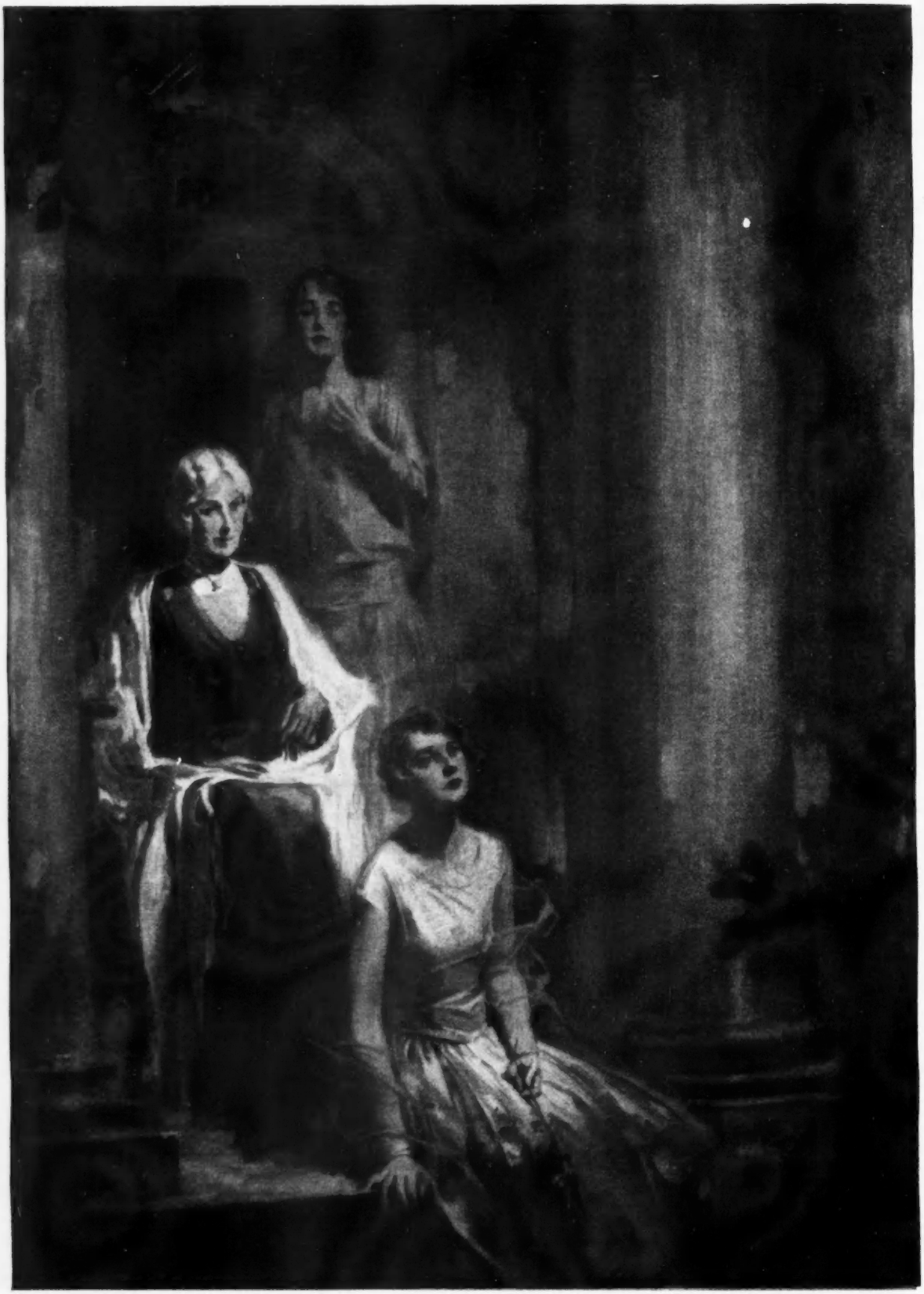
All of these boulevard cafés specialize in the succulent sole. *Marguery's* sauce is the most famous: *Paillard's* the richest; *Larue's*—for one palate, at least—the best. But if you prefer your fish in schools, go to *Prunier's* in the Rue Duphot, which is the most famous fish place in the world. *Prunier's* oysters are noteworthy, and so is his oyster bar.

Across the river in the Latin Quarter—if you are still intent on seeing Paris while you eat—you sit for a while in another wicker chair beside another dampish iron table outside the *Café du Dôme*, listen to the street singers, fight off the rug-vendors, watch the students and studettes across the avenue at *La Rotonde*. Then you go somewhere else to dine.

Say,

Foyot's—opposite the Senate and largely patronized by Senators, who look like the members of any Union League Club anywhere, only they have their girls with them—you eat, if you don't care how much you spend, caviar, duck, and *crêpes Suzette*, (*Continued on page 143*)

I try hard to enjoy British cooking. I sample that villainous pigeon pie at The Cheshire Cheese—the one they made for Dr. Johnson and have been warming over ever since



SOMEWHERE in the house a clock pealed with a chime as silvery as the moonlight. Each stroke cut the girl like a slender, glittering blade. . . . He would have gone aboard now—smiling that quick, eager smile that enmeshed itself in your heart before you knew it

By Elinor Cowan Stone

White Lilacs

Proving that Even a Broken Heart May Leave a Pleasant Memory

Illustrated By Grattan Condon

OLIVE RENWICK heard her niece move sharply there in the darkest corner of the veranda, where the honeysuckle and the Cherokee roses were most dense—and knew with relief that at last she was going to speak.

"I'll be glad when the lilacs are gone." There was violence in Cordelia Fenton's low voice. "That odor—it smothers me. I wish—"

"They will go with the first rain, dear."

Mrs. Renwick tried to make her tone casual; she was impatient because the pity that shook her made it irresolute. Sitting very still, just in the twilight fringe of the moon-drenched veranda, where the filtered radiance made black lace-work of the vines, she was trying to formulate an approach that would reach the girl's despair—that would not drive her farther into that retreat of shadow and silence where she had sat, withdrawn, all evening. She heard the faint crackle of a dried bit of honeysuckle vine tortured between restless fingers, and finished ineffectually,

"Your grandmother loves the lilacs, Cordelia."

Prince, the white collie, raised from her lap the silky head she was stroking, and looked at her, as if troubled by the unwonted note of hesitation in her customarily crisp speech.

At sound of her name, old Mrs. Fenton stirred dreamily. Her white hair glistened like spun silver in the soft brilliance that was flooding the sloping lawn, turning the poplar leaves to shimmering, fairy wings, and glorifying the pillared façade of the old house into a remote classic beauty.

"Jasper Calvert planted those lilacs for me fifty years ago," old Mrs. Fenton said, and her voice was like a faint perfume fraught with memories. "He insisted on doing it with his own hands because I had said, one day, that I couldn't be happy until I had a row there back of the sun-dial. He wouldn't let papa's darkies touch them . . . It blistered his hands frightfully; but he laughed and said, 'Miss Nancy, I'd gladly blister my soul to make you happy.'"

She preened herself a little, as she turned to glance toward the Calvert house bulking dark in its cluster of oaks and elms beyond the lilac hedge. "I remember how handsome he looked as he said it, with that smile of his that was half mischief, half—oh, I don't know . . . that was it; you never did know what that smile really meant . . . I still wonder sometimes . . . Let me see, that was the year before I married Mr. Fenton . . ."

She sighed and smiled. "Jasper was an engaging devil. Your modern young men are all very well, but they have no dash, no fire, no romance; they create no illusion . . . Where's young Calvert, Cordelia? I haven't seen him for several days."

"He went away yesterday," the girl said in a moment. Her voice sounded dry and thin. She cleared her throat and went on with a hard, gay, little laugh. "I think the soil of Maryland has been burning his feet for some time. Besides, he has business interests in Spain, I believe."

Mrs. Fenton nodded, still with that air of dreamy abstraction. "The Calverts always go away sooner or later. They're a foot-loose lot. Jasper went to California. He never came back—but one day he sent Bruce home to uphold the family traditions. Then, in good time, Bruce went—where did Bruce go, Olive?"

"To the Orient, I believe, Mother—" Mrs. Renwick's tone was brisk—"and came back with a liver, a carload of curiosities, and a very badly spoiled young son."

"Ah, yes, I remember; Jim did use to be a difficult brat . . . Bruce was a fine figure of a man, too. The Calverts all have that romantic devil in their eyes. Young Jim has it—with the same way of laughing, the handsome Calvert nose, the fencer's back, and even that air, at times, of being preyed upon by some unfathomable secret sorrow. I wondered for months, after Jasper went, whether something I had done had sent him away brokenhearted. Sometimes, even now—"

"Let me put your shawl about you, Mother," said Olive. She thought, Will she never stop!—"You know, shawls are in again; but I don't know a girl whose shoulders set one off as well as yours do," she added guilefully.

"How could they? Girls never sit these days; they sprawl like sofa cushions. If Cordelia hadn't inherited the back of a lady in spite of herself, she'd be as bad as the rest. You dawdle, yourself, Olive—poor thanks for the pains I took with you! I've told you repeatedly—"

"I know, Mother," Olive laughed gently, "a woman can sit like a lady in nothing but a straight-back chair."

"It's no laughing matter, Olive . . . Jasper liked me in a shawl. He always said the ability to wear one gracefully was the test of a gentlewoman. I have one that I never wore—after he went away." She sighed gently, and her head drooped.

"Cordelia," said Olive Renwick, "why don't you come out where you can look across the lawn to the river? There's a mist; the willow tops seem to float in it. It's all very beautiful."

She heard the girl's inarticulate gasp of pain and wished she had not spoken. That was one disadvantage of middle-age, she thought; it made you obtuse, insensitive when you most needed perceptions as delicate as antennae.

"Thanks, Aunt Olive. I like it here," said Cordelia. The studied evenness of her voice broke. "Anyhow I—I'm sick of beauty!"

How placid Aunt Olive was! the girl thought. Even when Grandmother spoke of Bruce Calvert, her fingers had never faltered in their quiet, monotonous stroking of Prince's head. Yet she must have loved him—in spite of that old story about her cruelty to him—if Bruce Calvert had really been like Jim, if he had laughed like Jim, and looked at you with Jim's eyes, as if—as if he were constantly amazed and delighted—and a little sad—that anything so desirable as you could be. "The Calverts are all engaging devils," Grandmother had said . . . No, this wouldn't do; safer to go on thinking about Aunt Olive . . . She must have been all fire and loveliness in those days. You saw it yet in the youthful set of her slim shoulders, in her proud little nose, in the depths of her eyes—like blue pansies with black borders—in her silken skin, and in that gallant distinction of hers that made heads turn almost unconsciously when she entered a public place. She could never have suffered much and stayed so young and fresh.

Cordelia wondered what Aunt Olive had done to handsome Bruce Calvert to drive him away to the Orient on the very eve of what was to have been their betrothal party. She remembered that all during her childhood the legend of Aunt Olive's coquetry had lurked somewhere in the shadows of the family annals, like a shy child hiding behind its elders.

Somewhere in the house a clock chimed with a peal as silvery as the moonlight. Eight—nine—ten. Each stroke cut the girl like a slender, glittering blade. He would have gone (*Continued on page 293*)

The END of

By
Vera L. Connolly

Illustrated by
Herbert M. Stoops

A picturesque race is passing. It can not exist side by
portunity to which it is entitled at our hands. We
But unless we change our policy soon, the not very

ON JUNE 12, 1926, at the request of Secretary of the Interior Work, the Institute for Government Research undertook a detailed survey of Indian affairs. The report of this survey was submitted to Secretary Work February 21, 1928. By direction of the Secretary it was printed in book form. The result was an 872-page book, entitled "The Problem of Indian Administration."

This book is the most restrained, yet the most heartbreaking analysis ever made of the health, education, and human needs of the Indian. Obtain a copy of it. Read it. Learn—with a sense of shock and dismay—what conditions the Institute's scientific investigators found on Indian reservations and in Indian boarding schools.

The book is couched in the quietest of terms. But the facts it offers are such that no American of conscience can lay it aside and—forget. Nor can he comfort himself with the excuse, "Exaggerations offered by reckless and irresponsible individuals."

For behind this Report are Lewis Meriam, Technical Director of this survey, and his staff of investigators, consisting of Ray A. Brown, Assistant Professor of Law, University of Wisconsin; Henry Roe Cloud, President of the American Indian Institute; Edward Everett Dale, Head of the department of history of the University of Oklahoma; Miss Emma Duke, sociologist; Dr. Herbert R. Edwards, on appointment, Medical Field Secretary of the National Tuberculosis Association, now Director, Bureau of Tuberculosis Control, New Haven Department of Health; Fayette Avery McKenzie, Professor of Sociology and Dean of Men, Juniata College; Miss Mary Louise Mark, Professor of Sociology, Ohio State University; W. Carson Ryan, Jr., Professor of Education, Swarthmore College; William J. Spillman, Agricultural Economist, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

These men and women are not reckless, irresponsible individuals. They are sober, scientific specialists. After almost two years of close study of this problem, they arrived at such conclusions as the following:

"An overwhelming majority of the Indians are poor, even extremely poor . . ." "Tuberculosis is extremely prevalent. Trachoma, a communicable disease which produces blindness, is a major problem because of its great prevalence and the danger of its spreading among both the Indians and the whites." "The survey staff finds itself obliged to say frankly and unequivocally that the provisions for the care of the Indian children in boarding schools are grossly inadequate. The outstanding deficiency is in the diet furnished the Indian children, many of whom are

side with modern civilization unless it is given the op-
have broken its spirit; we should not deprive it of more.
distant future will see the American Indian at—

the ROAD

AS WE advised you last month, Miss Connolly's third Indian article was withheld from the April issue to give the Indian Bureau a chance to prove that the first article was, as it charged, "full of misrepresentations." Had Miss Connolly been discredited, the present article would not have been published, and we should have apologized to our readers and to the Indian Bureau. But in not one essential particular could Miss Connolly's statements be disproved. Conditions on some reservations are not as Miss Connolly stated, but the changes have been made since the investigation was made last summer. As a matter of fact, Miss Connolly has understated rather than overstated the condition of the Indians. Not on all reservations, to be sure—there seem to be many bright spots in the Indian country—but on so many of them that the indictment stands as drawn. And so we are publishing here the third, and last, article in Miss Connolly's series. Read it

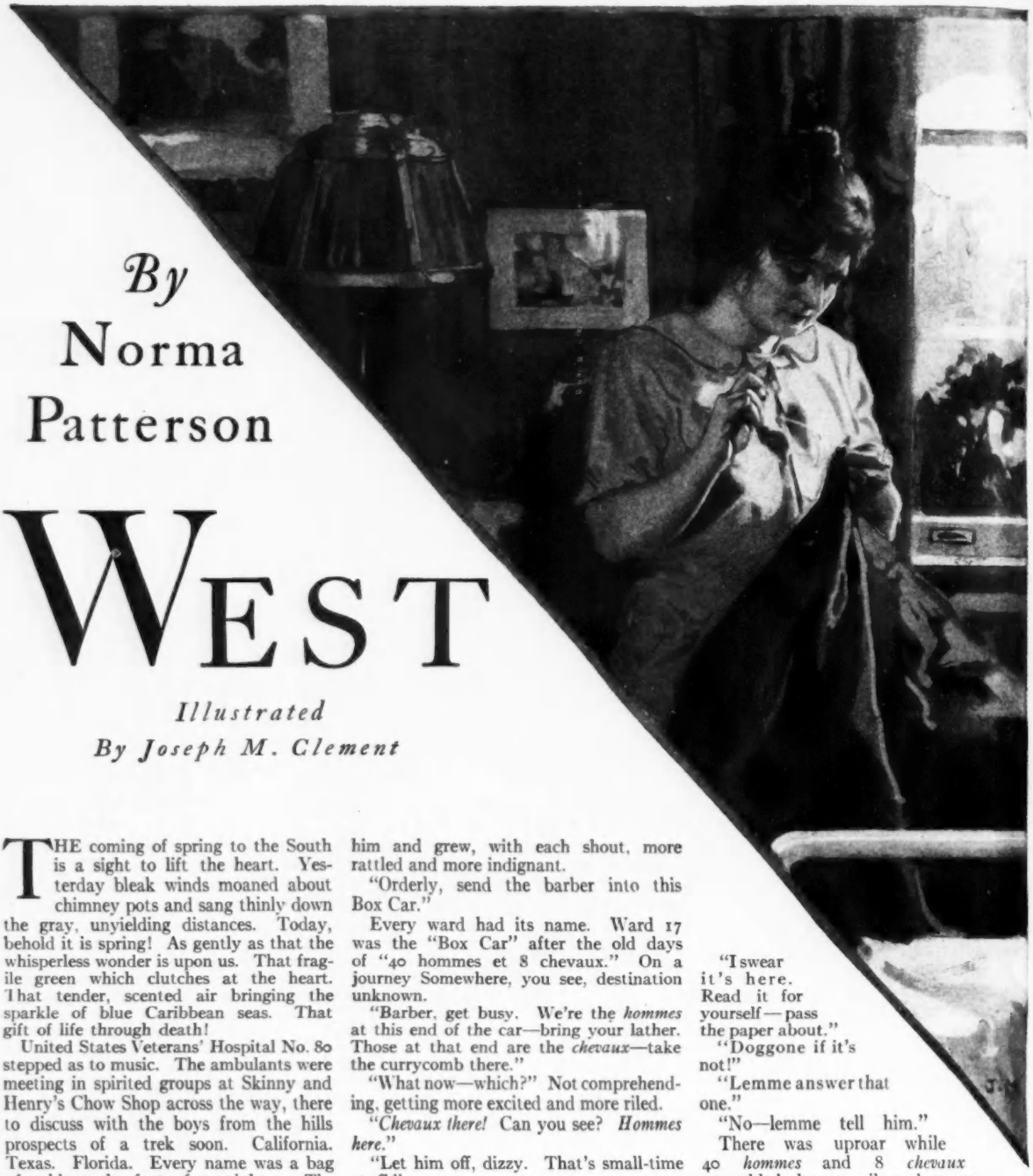
below normal health . . . The effort has been made to feed the children on a per capita of eleven cents a day, plus what can be produced on the school farm, including the dairy. At a few, very few, schools the farm and the dairy are sufficiently productive to be a highly important factor in raising the standard of the diet, but even at the best schools these sources do not fully meet the requirements for the health and development of the children. At the worst schools, the situation is serious in the extreme."

These are a few of the statements in this Report. Others are:

"The question may very properly be raised as to whether much of the work of Indian children in boarding schools would not be prohibited in many states by the child labor laws, notably the work in the machine laundries . . ." "Instances were noted where a child with incipient tuberculosis was required to assume duties too difficult for his strength." "The boarding schools are generally crowded beyond their capacity so that the individual child does not have sufficient light and air." "A few buildings are in use the safety of which is open to question. The outstanding illustration is the boys' dormitory at Santa Fé, which has been condemned for some time because of serious cracks in the main walls, but regardless of that fact the number of children housed in it has been increased."

And the Report comments on the cruel punishment of the children in these schools, as follows:

". . . It is well to mention the methods employed in incarcerating obstreperous children . . . At the time of the visit from the survey staff nearly all schools had some such facility, either a simple room securely locked or perhaps an isolated building actually designated as the 'jail.' At Albuquerque attention was drawn to . . . a solid concrete, box-like building, with a door and one small window. It was barely large enough to accommodate two iron beds and a small stove. Otherwise it was devoid of furnishings. It was surrounded by a barricade of *(Continued on page 153)*



By
Norma
Patterson

WEST

Illustrated
By Joseph M. Clement

THE coming of spring to the South is a sight to lift the heart. Yesterday bleak winds moaned about chimney pots and sang thinly down the gray, unyielding distances. Today, behold it is spring! As gently as that the whisperless wonder is upon us. That fragile green which clutches at the heart. That tender, scented air bringing the sparkle of blue Caribbean seas. That gift of life through death!

United States Veterans' Hospital No. 80 stepped as to music. The ambulants were meeting in spirited groups at Skinny and Henry's Chow Shop across the way, there to discuss with the boys from the hills prospects of a trek soon. California. Texas. Florida. Every name was a bag of gold at the foot of a rainbow. The shut-ins called loudly for pen and paper, and the last man of them wrote to some woman that he would toddle along soon. The Chief Chef planted him a row of onion sets, and Jake had on a green tie, and Pop Knute, 93-year-old veteran of the Mexican War, had fallen in love with the new nurse. Nor was this all. Today word had leaked about that a famous surgeon from France, with a new and marvelous treatment, was coming; and at least five members of the Sojourners Club composed their resignations to that respected but flattened-out organization.

Up and down the wards men were yelling for the barber. This temperamental individual, not understanding the psychological effect of warm air and sunshine, considered they were playing a joke on him and grew, with each shout, more rattled and more indignant.

"Orderly, send the barber into this Box Car."

Every ward had its name. Ward 17 was the "Box Car" after the old days of "40 hommes et 8 chevaux." On a journey Somewhere, you see, destination unknown.

"Barber, get busy. We're the *hommes* at this end of the car—bring your lather. Those at that end are the *chevaux*—take the currycomb there."

"What now—which?" Not comprehending, getting more excited and more riled.

"*Chevaux there!* Can you see? *Hommes here.*"

"Let him off, dizzy. That's small-time stuff."

A man with an amputated leg, a dislocated spine, and seven citations asked the attention of the crowd. "Say, you victims of Mars—listen! I'm fillin' out a questionnaire for tax exemption that some trick lawyer fixed up, and here's question 10: 'Were you in the War sixty days?' "

Roars and hoots. "Sixty days!" They paused to take stock of injuries in this ward of permanently disabled men, then exploded anew. "Sixty days! *Tell him.* Make it strong."

"Save that to show Jenny. She'll appreciate it."

"What's your next question, bub?" This promised to be rich.

"Question 11: 'Was there a War then?' "

"Aw, get out. You're kiddin' us."

"I swear it's here. Read it for yourself—pass the paper about."

"Doggone if it's not!"

"Lemme answer that one."

"No—lemme tell him."

There was uproar while 40 *hommes* and 8 *chevaux* scrambled by pencil and paper. "Listen, barber. *Was there a war then?*"

"Look here, orderly, you can't expect me to eat this. Send for the O. D."

"He won't eat it either."

"Nothing's too good for the soldier—far too good."

Somebody burst into song, and the whole ward took it up.

> "As a rule a man's a fool,
> When it's hot he wants it cool.
> When it's cool he wants it hot,
> Always wanting what is not."

"Where's 'at barber! Barber . . . barber . . ."

The same spring air that touched the other wards to reckless plan and ribald hilarity, came up to Ward 10—St. Peter's,

Jenny had worked fast, the Shopping Lady helping. Heavy silken draperies had gone up—a softly-shaded lamp, an Oriental rug. The room was truly beautiful instead of a desert of white space

Another Story Of Jenny, The Little Nurse In Veterans' Hospital No. 80

the boys called it; even here they must have their joke—and to the narrow bed where Baron Keating lay and stared at the white walls, and knew that he was dying.

The scented sunshine brought back to him across ten desperate years a certain spring in Paris, and a crowd of students marching through the midnight streets, whistling softly. Spain—under an April sky. The canals of Venice. A palace gate. A boatman's song—its fluid sweetness.

He had been an artist with an artist's love of beauty, and for months and months and months (he had lost all count of how many) he had lain and stared at that white, relentless wall, and now he knew it would be the last thing that he would see. Yonder, beyond the gates of the hospital, beyond the sweep of plains and the gray old hills, there moved a world of stirring colors for careless people to rest their careless gaze upon. And he—to whom a single shaft of blazing colors would mean so much—must pass and see them no more.

The Ward Surgeon had told him this morning that they were getting him into the terminal room. The Ward Surgeon, looking the other way, had spoken in a tone of congratulatory briskness as if he pronounced an advance in the right direction. But Keating understood and smiled his inscrutable smile. When a fellow was about to "kick off," he went into the terminal room. It was the final sentence; the curtain rung down, and he knew it and wasn't complaining. But if for one brief moment he could go back—fill his heart with the beauty of the things he had meant to paint, drink them deep into his thirsty soul—then he could go, and without regret.

The Ward Surgeon had spoken with what discretion he could, but the look of haunted grief on Keating's face so distressed him that he took the matter to Dr. Huffy.

"It's about Baron Keating, sir. He's dying."

"I thought we understood," answered the old doctor sadly, "that he wouldn't make the grade."

"But he keeps hoping for something—begging with his eyes—expecting this of me. What *is* it he wants? He has a way of lying with his eyes shut through the greater part of the day, but when he opens them—looks at me—they plead. He won't talk. I'm sure he doesn't know he does it."

He swung about. "My God, doctor, he's *Baron Keating!* An artist—a genius. I saw a picture of his hung in a gallery in Paris. I sat for an hour staring at it. He had a strange, compelling art. A new technique. He could have given permanent beauty to the world, and war comes and he must give himself instead. It isn't his throttled genius that he grieves for—surely he has abandoned hope of that long ago. It's something else. If only I could discover what!"

Dr. Huffy sighed. No. 80 was crowded with just such problems. He said: "We'll get Jenny up there. The men can talk to Jenny, tell her their troubles. If any one can help him, she can."

THE Chief Nurse did not want Jenny on Ward 10. She told Dr. Huffy so frankly.

"It is not her ward."

"I must use Jenny where she is needed. The other girls are efficient nurses. Jenny is—Jenny."

The Chief Nurse stood tall and angular and disapproving. "I admit she has good qualities, but no judgment. Not a particle. She's given me more trouble than all the others of the nursing staff put together. I never know where she'll break out next. She is too impetuous and lets her heart run away with her. Once I thought she could be trained—would respond to regulations when she came to understand them. Now I know she never will. Think back what she's done. The men in Ward 10 are very sick men. She'll be taking one for an airplane ride when our backs are turned."

Dr. Huffy's old eyes softened at the

memory. "She gave Michael Fort back to the sky!"

"It was not," said the Chief Nurse, bristling, "according to hospital regulations."

"No! According to the dictum here he was to die."

"No doubt you think she can bring her miracles to bear in this case?"

"Nothing can save him. But I want her to give to Keating's last days—they won't be many—what Jenny and no one else I ever knew can give."

"Remember I warned you."

She was to remind him of this later, and with satisfaction.

DR. HUFFY was right; the men could talk to Jenny. Baron Keating could.

The Ward Surgeon, Dr. Nason, explained to Jenny:

"He keeps begging for something. He doesn't know he does it, and he won't talk much. Find out what it is he grieves for—why he lies all day with his eyes shut. Help him if you can. There's something—he keeps hoping . . ."

"I know," said Jenny softly. "It's all they have left—that little spark of hope. If he relinquished that, he'd die."

"He is dying anyway. You understand, of course?"

That light of courage in Jenny's small face. "We've saved others!"

He sent her a worried glance. "Don't *you* get to hoping."

"But—I'm like him. It's all *I* have."

He knew then that they had made a mistake to put her here. She cared too much. He stood a moment, his troubled eyes on her face, then he swung and left her there—a light about her, shining in the dim corridor beside the door of death.

Baron Keating, too, saw that light. It came with Jenny into the room, and even the white walls seemed softened and toned down by the gentle persuasion of her presence. Watching her move quietly about the room, or sit with her still hands folded in her lap, he was conscious of a sense of extraordinary tranquillity—of peace. Those eyes. Ah, if he might paint them! Was it the deep, translucent color that stirred you, or was it Jenny's soul behind the eyes?

He said to her:

"For months and months I've hungered for color. Now I have found it in your eyes. There are little fires—altar fires burning at some shrine. But they are sad eyes."

She spoke quickly—she was always afraid of people reading the secret in her eyes. "You lie with yours closed so much. Why do you do that?"

"Trying to get away from the glare of the walls. White—white—blinding white! It hurts. I get a sort of snow blindness."

She darkened the room, but that wasn't what he meant.

"You can soften it only with colors."

She was beginning to comprehend. "What colors would be the most soothing?"

"There! I can't remember. It's eating my heart out! They've gone. My lovely colors. They were here in the tips of my fingers. They blazed and rioted in my mind—forming endless new combinations and effects. They stayed a long, long while—waiting for me. Then they left."

She began talking of colors—blues and rose-petal pink, and all the engaging shades of gold from ivory to amber, and the cool, tranquil greens, and flame that was the color of victory.

She saw his face quicken; the artist's slim hands upon the coverlet trembled.

"Tell me, are they still here? Does beauty still live in the world? It didn't pass when I—passed, did it? Does the moonlight fall silver on the waters? And do towers catch that last triumphant torch of sunlight and hold it high for one breath-taking moment? And jewels and silks and fine old furniture—each with its precious flame within? I had meant to paint them—all of them!"

She could not speak.

His voice shaken with emotion—the flood-gates open at last—he began telling her about his work.

"I was just a kid in Paris studying, only beginning to get my hand in, but the critics said kind things. I had a studio—a great, gorgeous, exotic room with rich brocade hangings and beautiful rugs and rare old French furniture. It was the popular gathering place for the art students in the Quarter—and what gay times we had! What days of inspired work! What thrilling nights! . . . The War came, and I got into it, of course, but I wasn't essentially a fighter. I never did *see* the things about me—the soldiering, the long, hard marches, the mud and gore and filth. When I look back, what do you think I remember? The beauty of those nights in the trenches. The stars of France. The naked grandeur of a shell-torn, treeless field. I was painting it all in my heart—storing it up. Why, even the night raids, the bombs bursting high in the heavens—you've no idea how beautiful! It was stupid, you see, but it held me in a sort of worshipful trance. I didn't run. I was caught."

His passion for beauty had been his undoing.

"It was the same way in Paris before the War—I moved in a sort of dream. I was young and an artist, living in the most beautiful city on earth, and every hour of the day was glorious—splendid! Life too perfect to last. I had a plan worked out for a series of mural paintings. It was to be my masterpiece . . ."

She clasped her hands about her knees; lights moved up in Jenny's eyes. "What a marvelous life! I've never seen any really fine pictures. I wish I might see yours. Couldn't you—paint them for me?"

His fine, fluttering fingers rippled in a gesture of exasperation. "No—no. Not here against this awful wall. It takes background."

Presently he spoke again. "If by some mysterious magic such as the ancients used we might rub a lamp—escape from this—return again to the old, beloved studio—even now I believe I could paint them! Even now!" That hunger in his voice—breaking her heart. "If, for the last days granted me, I might live within its walls, feast my eyes on the beauty of it, feel the old power—the forgotten fire return to these fingers! Ah, if one might. I can't live in ugliness. It's what has killed me."

Jenny's eyes brimmed with tears, but she batted them determinedly back and swallowed the ache in her throat.

"Could you remember the things in the studio—the colors of the walls and all? You must have had exactly what you liked best there." Encouraging him to talk of it.

A flush of excitement crept into the thin cheeks as he described the room to Jenny. He made it beautiful. Something inside Jenny hurt—hurt horribly. To love beauty so much, and to die shut in by four cell-like walls. How his voice rang as the colors crowded back across the barren years to greet him again. She thought, "If only I could bring them here in this very room—give him one last memory to carry with him into the dark!"

And then Jenny knew what she could do.

All through the night Jenny fought her battle. It was the same old conflict—that inner struggle between the things that flung themselves against her heart as matters of life and death, and the ordered régime of the hospital that stood stiffly by and let life pass and signed a paper for it! How many had gone uncomforted! She saw them move, shadow by shadow, across the tragic walls—and she could not help them. And here was one—yes, she would! Somehow she would manage it! They could do what they pleased with her afterward.

JENNY stood before the Chief Nurse. It was the Chief Nurse's busy day, and Jenny knew it, but Jenny could not wait.

"Well?" she did not look at Jenny, but went along rattling papers with an air of impatience.

Jenny had composed a speech and brought it down the corridor with her, and right up to the very door. But at sight of

HE WHO PLANTS A ROSE

By Grace Noll Crowell

HE WHO *plants a rose plants Beauty;*
He who waters it until it grows
A radiant, throbbing thing of poignant glory,
Serves mankind—Oh, much better than he knows.

HE WHO *plants a rose plants Splendor:*
Breathless rapture flung across the sod,
A light to shake the soul and lift the spirit
Up to the high white citadel of God.

HE WHO *plants a rose plants Triumph:*
Mastering the brown, reluctant soil,
He lifts at last a brave bright showing
Of Beauty, Splendor, Triumph for his toil.

"I lost my only son in France, Jenny." Jenny lifted her eyes with her heart in them—but there was nothing in the Chief Nurse's stern, unresponsive face to show that she had spoken

the Chief's face the speech dissolved, and Jenny must blurt out her request with whatever words could be got hastily together. She held forth an envelope.

"Here's something that came today."

Money showered over the desk—many green banknotes. "Just in this large envelope, you see, and this letter with it saying it's from an unknown donor, to be used to bring happiness and benefit to some man here who needs it."

The Chief Nurse took the letter, read it. She examined the money. Her scrutiny next went to Jenny.

"Why was it sent to you?"

"Yes, that was strange, wasn't it?"

"You have no idea where it came from?"

"There wasn't a clue in the letter. I've thought—it might be some one who had visited the hospital—perhaps some one I had shown the buildings to, so they happened to remember my name. There was an old couple last week looking for a lost son. And a woman whose boy never came back."

The face of the Chief Nurse underwent some change that was swift and untranslatable. She dropped the letter and pushed the money toward Jenny.

"We must report the matter."

Jenny's little, plain face lighted with a great light. "She says here, you see, she'd like me to make a suggestion. And oh—" Jenny came closer, and the fire in Jenny's eyes tipped her dark lashes with living flames—"*do* you think we might use it to sort of pretty-up the terminal room in Ward 10? I never realized before how harsh and bare and unrelenting it is. They'll never see—the boys in there—another room. Cushions, and silk window draperies, and easy-chairs and books . . ."

The Chief Nurse's cold stare halted Jenny's enthusiasm.

"Are you quite mad? This sounds exactly like you. 'Pretty-up the terminal room!' Cushions—easy-chairs—*books!* The patients in that room will have no use for any of that."

"That's *why*," (*Continued on page 247*)

The Little Maid In the Captain's House

By Bruce Barton

Children of the Bible, No. V

NOW Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable; so we are told, "but he was a leper."

On that little word "but" ten thousand sermons have been preached. They say, these sermons, that no man has ever enjoyed flawless happiness. Adam was happy in the Garden, *but* he was cast out. Abraham was a mighty pioneer, *but* he had family troubles. Moses was the great lawgiver, *but* he was not allowed to enter the Promised Land. David was a powerful king, *but* his son Absalom broke his heart. Confucius died discouraged and hopeless. Milton was blind. No one is given a perfect lot, and no one is to be envied merely because from a distance he looks contented and prosperous. Who knows what sorrow is buried in his heart? Who can tell what ravages of mortal disease are hidden behind the courage with which he faces the world?

So run the sermons, and, of course, they are true.

Suppose, however, you reverse the sentence, using the same words, but in a different order:

"Now Naaman was a leper; *but* he was captain of the host of the king of Syria, a great man with his master, and honorable."

Then, instead of a solemn reminder of life's burdens and shortcomings, it becomes a hymn of victory. Instead of discouragement, triumph!

Demosthenes stuttered, *but* he drilled himself until he became a great orator. Stevenson was a consumptive, *but* he wrote masterpieces. Lincoln was born in a log cabin, *but* he became President. Greece was a rocky little peninsula, *but* it produced more genius than all the soft and sunny valleys. . . . Thus, by moving a single short word, one may provide a text for two entirely dissimilar sets of sermons.

Now, to our story.

"And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

"And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

She must have been a pretty and intelligent child, for no ordinary captive would have been selected for service to the wife of the general. In Mr. Wyeth's picture we see her standing timidly beside the great man's chair, to which his wife had brought her in order that Naaman himself might hear her extraordinary suggestion. A little terrified she is, and yet a glow of conviction shines in her face and compels respect for her words. She *knows* this prophet of whom she speaks, this Elisha who lives sternly alone and does his mighty works. Have not her father and mother, her uncles and her aunts, seen him and witnessed his miracles? Is he not the representative of the one true God? With childish eagerness, her words tumbling over each other, she urges the general to make the journey and implore the aid of her hero.

Naaman's eyes turn hesitatingly toward his wife, and she sends back a look of encouragement and entreaty. They have tried everything else without result. After all, it is only a little trip and—who knows?—the girl may be right.

There is no personal description of the little maid, nor of Naaman or his wife. The Old Testament writers did not practise the modern technique of biography, which gives us every detail and sometimes obscures or distorts the major features by over-emphasis on trifles. The Bible narratives are crisp and fast moving. They leave the pictures to the reader's imagination, and we are fortunate to have the eyes of Mr. Wyeth through which we may look and see.

A big, strong man, the general, with a kindly face, despite the harshness of his trade. The horrid disease that is eating at his flesh has not yet made itself visible in his face. Perhaps only his wife and he know the secret; yet every day the decay is spread a little. Every hour brings him closer to the moment when he must lay down his commission and hide himself inside the walls of his house, which will shrink in upon him until they become his tomb. His wife is gracious, or the little girl would never have dared to make so bold a speech.

As for the little girl herself, we know something of her background. She was a Jewish child, born somewhere in northern or eastern Palestine. We are sure of that because the Syrians had gone forth "in bands" and brought back captives from the land of Israel. That means that she had not been captured during the main march of Syria's army, but by a detached troop that could not have penetrated into Israel very far. Galilee and eastern Samaria were the territories nearest to the Syrian frontier, and it was in this section that she must have lived.

Before we set down the other facts that we know or can deduce about her, let us return to the story for another moment.

Naaman took the advice, and persuaded the king of Syria to write a letter of introduction for him to the king of Israel.

"And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? . . .

"And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

"So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

"And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in the Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

The next few verses are a lovely reminder of how little human nature has changed in all the centuries. As a matter of fact, almost everything that happens or can possibly happen to human beings in their dealings with each other is already set forth in the Old Testament. The student of human nature who wants to equip himself to deal more effectively with his fellows can find in these old chapters a clear forecast of just what is likely to happen when a man or a woman—or men and women—is exposed to a given set of circumstances.

Naaman, being desperate for a cure of his disease, makes the journey to this famous prophet-physician. When he receives the prescription for which he has come, what happens? Does he rush eagerly to carry it out? Not a bit.

"That's the craziest thing I ever heard," he exclaims. "I thought surely he would come out (*Continued on page 213*)

Painting by
N.C.Wyeth

NAAMAN'S wife brought the little maid that he himself might hear her. A glow of conviction shines in her face. She *knows* this prophet of whom she speaks. With childish eagerness, her words tumbling over each other, she urges Naaman to implore his aid

Bluejay, $1.50

An iron table, $22.50, and parasol, $39.50, add color to a terrace. Green iron chairs, spring seats and backs, $11.75. Arm chair $15. Wren flower stake $1. Composition wren-cote $1.50

FROM THE SMART DECORATING SHOPS

HOW TO ORDER

Our Shopping Service will be glad to buy and send express collect any of the articles mentioned on this page. Send correct amount in check or money-order drawn to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

Pink metal floor lamp and painted shade, $48. Green, wrought-iron chair, $27.50. Reed chaise longue on wheels, complete with cushion covered in water-proof chintz, choice of three different chintzes, $104.50

A green iron six-pot plant-stand costs $22

A black iron table with removable top costs $10 and is smart with yellow iron chair, only $11.50. Large reed chair with spring cushions, choice of 3 water-proof chintzes, $59.75. Green and white painted wood sign, below, $3

An enchanting entrance which shows what may be done in a small space by vines, trees, and flowers. Below, a strawberry jar; right, a spherical sun dial

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO'S SUGGESTIONS FOR PORCH AND TERRACE

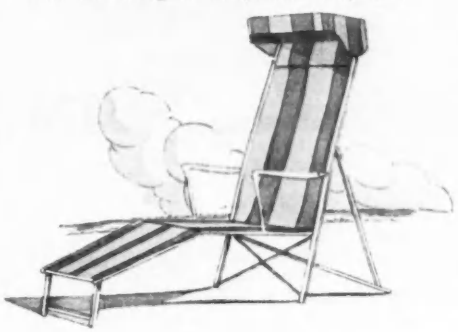
By Helen Koues, Director

WITH the greater interest in making our surroundings beautiful which has developed in the last decade, the living-room of the summer, be it porch, narrow loggia, wide terrace, or garden, is now furnished with all the care given any other room in the house. In fact, there are few houses in any suburban or country community that do not have some sort of outdoor summer living-room. The day of the narrow porch with a line of stiff chairs is past, and in its place, color, comfort, and often seclusion are found.

More and more, throughout the country, the stucco house is making a place for itself. It is sturdy and inexpensive to build, but unless it has charm of proportion and a decided architectural feeling, it may be ugly. On the other hand, houses built of stucco in the Italian or Spanish feeling are charming when put in a proper setting.

PREPARED FOR OUR READERS

Illustrated folios particularly helpful at this season are "Smart New Slip-Covers and How to Make Them"; "Porches, Terraces and Sun Rooms," "How to Paint Furniture"; 25c each; "Garden Calendar," 50c. Helen Koues on Decorating the House, $5. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.



This month the Studio has built a sun room with stucco walls which might form a part of the attractive exteriors which we illustrate. The background of the porch or terrace of this type of house is quite distinct from those with Colonial clapboards or English brick and mortar.

The stucco house, with its arched windows and doorways and deep slanting roof, seems bare indeed unless a setting is made for it. And so the sun room, porch, or terrace is cold unless colorful furnishings are added.

In the New York Flower Show of a year ago, the model of the stucco house illustrated above and on the following page, Spanish in character, stood on a sloping hillside framed by tall cedars which enclosed a little garden on two sides. A grassy bank

We are indebted to the New York Flower Show of 1928 for this charming stucco house and bit of landscape gardening designed by A. Kottmiller. Cooperating with the Studio for the sun room on the opposite page are: Iron furniture, Mayhew-Copley Shop; Stick reed furniture, Ypsilanti Reed Furniture Co.; Ivy stands, Darnley, Inc.; Japanese rush rug, W. & J. Sloane; Chintz, Morton-Sundour, Inc.

An enclosed porch or loggia colorfully furnished

to the right (of the picture shown in color) was sprinkled with purple, yellow, and white crocuses, while at the end of the garden away from the house was a sleepy little pool where water hyacinths, pond lilies, and water lilies grew. Strange tall grasses leaned over the water's edge, and near by dwarf iris admired their own reflection. Back of the pool, a rock garden reached a little way up the hill, and beyond it water trickled from a fountain. All this bit of enchantment was set on a plot 50 feet long by 18 feet wide, and holds many a suggestion for the maker of a small terrace or garden.

Perhaps you have a space now bare which you could turn into a summer living-room, and which would give endless hours of pleasure, not only in planting, but in the care of the flowers and shrubs, which will give privacy as well as color and life many months of the year. With outdoor life during the summer serviceable tables and chairs are essential, and in a garden a sun dial, a bird bath, or a fountain becomes a part of summer furnishings.

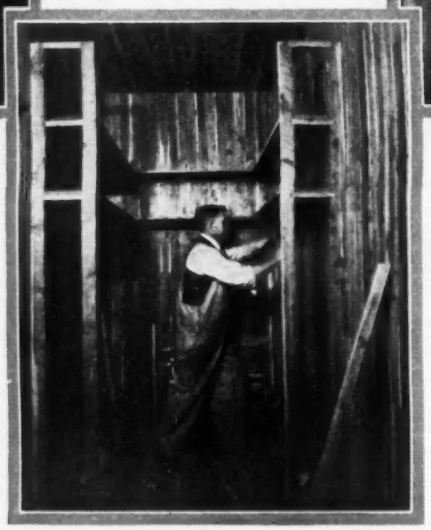
In planting as in furnishing, everything that can be done for permanence and year-round pleasure it is well to do. Therefore the evergreens (cedars for a small space), ivy for the walls, Japanese yew, and other evergreen shrubbery should be chosen for use in jars on the porch or terrace as well as for the garden.

The enclosed porch which the Studio built is distinctive for its architectural background. An arched doorway to the house is at the left of the picture above. Opposite it, to the right of the picture, is an open arch leading to the lawn. On either side of it are two open, arched niches through which the sun streams, and which look upon the lawn. The ceiling shows a modified groined construction,

(*Continued on page 332*)

THE STUDIO BUILDS A SPACIOUS CEDAR CLOSET

George C. Brown & Co. furnished the red cedar for this closet



THIS is the season of the year when protection against moths becomes all-important. More and more, in modern building, architects are planning for a built-in cedar closet in some convenient place in the house. Perhaps it is an available extra space on the second floor opening from the hall, or more often it occupies an otherwise unused space of the third floor of the moderate-sized house. In the more modern apartments, a cedar closet is considered as important as the linen closet, and the newer buildings provide them even in apartments of moderate price.

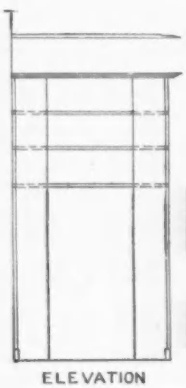
To those householders or house owners who have not this desirable convenience, the Studio suggests how one may be planned and built at a moderate cost. The amount to be expended depends, of course, upon the size of the closet, as both material and labor would be controlled by it, as well as the simple or elaborate cabinet work with which it is equipped. A simple hanging closet with shelves, without built-in drawers or cupboards, would be far less expensive than the same closet with a spacious cupboard like that illustrated. Which plan to follow can be determined by the amount to be spent. As with all building, the labor cost is the greatest. The cedar for such a closet as we show can be had for approximately one hundred and twenty-five dollars, while the labor amounts to two hundred dollars.

The closet built by the Studio is a spacious one—12 feet 7 inches by 4 feet 11 inches. The ordinary closet is only 20 inches by 3 feet, so this closet could be made a third or a half smaller. The cupboard, of course, would have to be omitted in the smaller closet. For those who are fortunate enough to have the space, we suggest using the dimensions we give. If the walls are plastered, no studding is necessary. If an open attic is to be used, it would be necessary to put up a two-by-four-inch stud wall as rough construction for the cedar lining.

The first step in the construction is to line the floor, walls, and ceiling of the closet throughout with the stock 3-inch by 3/8-inch tongue and groove cedar boards.

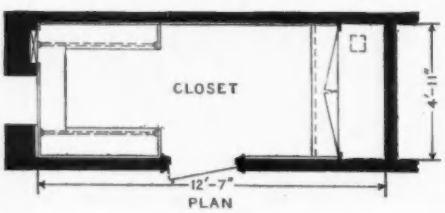
Inside this inclosure, the shelves, drawers, and cupboards are built of 7/8-inch by 12-inch cedar boards. (*Continued on page 331*)

This arrangement of shelves and poles gives ready access to the clothes and to the articles on the shelves. As the closet is large, mothproof garment bags, or the transparent ones, are a double protection



ELEVATION

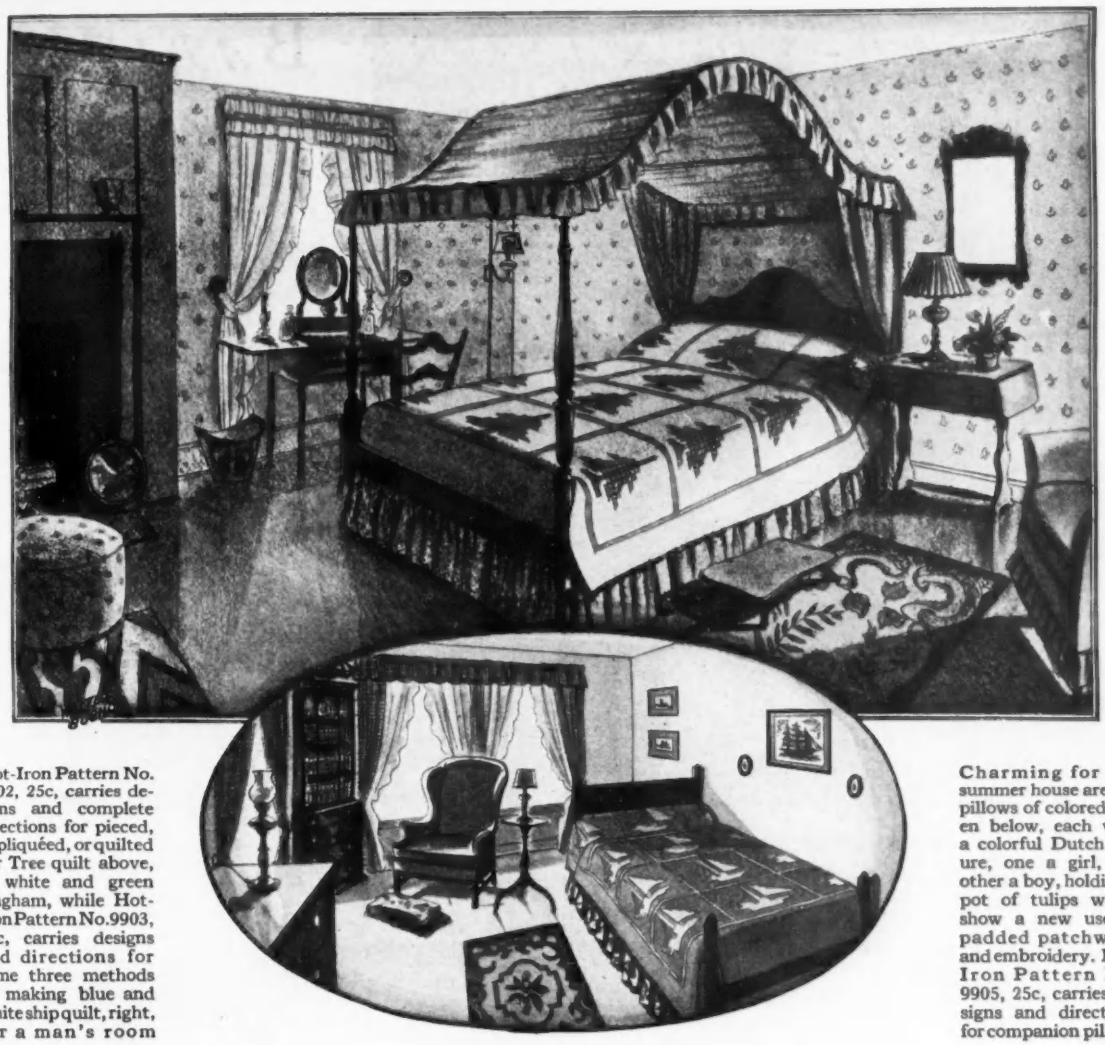
A cedar closet like the one illustrated is a decided addition to any house. This one is unusually spacious and has at one end a cupboard fitted with several compartments, while at the opposite end a pole is run around three sides of the closet at a height suitable for hanging clothes. Over this, three shelves offer additional space



PLAN

ELEVATION

This cupboard affords adequate space for clothes, while the small compartment at the top can store blankets and woolens not in everyday use. The drawer space below will be convenient



Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9902, 25c, carries designs and complete directions for pieced, appliquéed, or quilted Fir Tree quilt above, in white and green gingham, while Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9903, 25c, carries designs and directions for same three methods of making blue and white ship quilt, right, for a man's room

Charming for the summer house are the pillows of colored linen below, each with a colorful Dutch figure, one a girl, the other a boy, holding a pot of tulips which show a new use of padded patchwork and embroidery. Hot-Iron Pattern No. 9905, 25c, carries designs and directions for companion pillows

NEEDLEWORK FOR THE SUMMER HOUSE

By Anne Orr

Printed pamphlet No. 9904, 25c, carries hot-iron pattern for padded patchwork flag pillow above, and working diagrams and directions for pillow combining drawn-work and Italian embroidery on open-mesh material. Material for second pillow 65c, embroidery cotton 50c, total with pattern $1.40. Hot-Iron Transfer Pattern No. 9901, 25c, carries designs and directions for painting oilcloth table runner, chair back, and flower-pot cover, center

HOW TO ORDER

To order Hot-Iron Patterns or Printed Pamphlets on this page send correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping. For materials send correct amount to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service. For directions for Italian drawn-work set, left, send 10c for Anne Orr's New Needlework Supplement No. 11, containing other needlework suggestions. Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service

NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton

VERY little conies are a bunch of fuzzy friskers;
They will love you dearly if you do not twist their whiskers.

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I DO not need a suit-case, I do not need a trunk,"
Was the confidential chatter of the wee chipmunk.
"I can go away for days, I may even stay for weeks,
And I can pack all I need in my own two cheeks."

Harry Emerson Fosdick *Preaches* GOD

An Idea That Never Stops Growing

Illustrated By Thomas Webb

We can say of ourselves as Paul said of himself, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child"

OUR inherited idea of Deity, it is commonly insisted today, goes back to old Hebrew conceptions born in an ancient land where men still thought the earth flat, with Sheol, the place of the dead, a little way below and the heavens a few miles above. If in our modern world, the complainants say, God is to be credible and intelligible, we must grasp a new and more adequate conception of him, starting from different premises and scaled to different dimensions.

This demand for a more worthy and adequate conception of God has struck many people as news and shocking news at that. As a matter of fact, a larger and worthier idea of God always has been the problem of religion. Only a dead religion can escape it. Every living religion grows and, growing, seeks more adequate conceptions of the Eternal. Indeed, the glory of the Hebrew-Christian tradition lies in having done that—its history can be told in terms of that. Moreover, so far from condescending to the ancient Hebrews, we shall be fortunate if we handle our problem in this realm as courageously and fruitfully as they handled theirs. "The Lord is a great God," says the Psalmist. That sounds as though even then they were reaching out for a larger idea of God. Of course, they were!

Let us briefly summarize the amazing story of the development of the idea of God in the Hebrew-Christian tradition. Go back to the earliest stages of Hebrew thought, and Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews, is associated with a mountain, Sinai. I have been on top of that mountain where Jehovah once was supposed to have talked personally with Moses. Sometime I hope to climb Mount Olympus, on whose summit Zeus, the God of the Greeks, was supposed to dwell. The idea is precisely the same. Many a people had a mountain God. So Jehovah on Sinai's top could hide Moses in a cleft of rock, forbidding him to see his face but allowing him to see his back.

In such primitive fashion the Hebrews began their idea of God. They even pictured him walking in the garden in the cool of the day and hunting for Adam beneath the trees. But the centuries passed. The Hebrews were in Palestine, which, although it is no larger than Vermont, seemed to them a great land. No longer were they thinking of Jehovah as living on top of distant Sinai. He was with them in Palestine. They worshiped him on every high hill. He filled Canaan. Their idea of him had expanded and grown, and as they thought of that and then thought back to the old conception of God upon Sinai, they said, "The Lord is a great God."

Nevertheless, they had never conceived him outside of Canaan. No people at that stage of mankind's development had supposed that a people's God could be found outside of that people's land. All gods were geographically limited. That is what David meant when, driven out by Saul to the Philistine cities, he said, "They have driven me out this day that I should not cleave unto the inheritance of Jehovah, saying, Go, serve other gods." The Hebrews then did not dream that you could worship Jehovah except on Jehovah's ground. Other countries, other gods!

That is what the memorable words of Ruth meant when, coming across the Jordan gorge from the land of Moab, where she had always worshiped Moab's god, Chemosh, she accompanied Naomi to Bethlehem, where Jehovah was God. "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God *(Continued on page 134)*

The Incredible

Illustrated By Charles D. Mitchell

How Julie came to New York City

IF JOHN MONTGOMERY had had the knowledge of the world he coveted for his daughter, he would never have handed her over to the keeping of Jack and Hildreth Desmond for one of her most impressionable years. But he was trustful, with the trustfulness of a life lived in the North Woods, where things are either good or bad.

When he found that his heart might stop at at any moment, he took thought for the first time of Julie's future. She would be rich, and her riches would be a danger to her. She had spent her life with him, in the seclusion of their isolated home. She knew only the men he employed; she had no women friends. She would be as helpless with designing people as a child of ten.

So John Montgomery left behind him a strange will. Julie was to go to New York City and live for a year with the Desmonds, shipboard acquaintances, whom he had met only a few months before. They were to be paid well for taking care of her.

And so Julie had come. The wish of her dead father was law to her, and she obeyed, though it was like tearing her heart out to leave the home farm and old Cecile, who had mothered her ever since she could remember.

Weeks passed in her new environment, and Julie felt more and more like a wild animal in a trap. All the vanities of an artificial society were hers. She was supposed to dine and dance and flirt, to smoke cigarettes and rouge her sun-tanned cheeks. She met Pat Jordan, a friend of Jack and Hildreth, and hated the insolent manner of his half-mocking attentions.

One evening Pat's cousin, Naida Trevor, came in with a tall, broad-shouldered man who somehow reminded Julie of her father.

Her eyes met his and rested there. For the first time since she had come to New York she felt at home. This man was of her own people.

Pat told her more of him later. It was a not uncommon story. Bruce Stepney had been engaged to Naida when he lost all his money—and Naida promptly eloped with a rich old man. He had died a short time ago—and Naida—with the millions he had paid for her youth—was willing to resume her youthful romance with Bruce.

The story disgusted Julie. She felt a burning contempt for the woman who could sell herself to a man she did not love. And she hated her for the wrong she had done to Bruce.

For they became Bruce and Julie to each other in no time. Bruce constituted himself Julie's official guide to New York, and soon she was seeing the wonders of the city with all the delight of a child.

Little by little Julie opened her heart and mind to him. Often he wanted to say to her:

"Don't let them spoil you. Don't let them cloud your clear, crystal honesty."

But he was silent.

YEAR

FAITH BALDWIN'S

Story of a Girl Who Came to The City to Learn To Live, And Learned To Love, as Well

For one exquisite moment Bruce saw the old light flash into Julie's eyes, the old smile curve her beautiful painted mouth; but only for a moment. Then she said indifferently, "How nice to see you!"

CHAPTER XIV

JULIE-IN-LOVE wore love's livery openly. She was happy as she had never been in all her life. She had been happy at home with her father, but it had been the happiness of a child, unthinking and unconscious. Now she knew the source of the living joy which streamed through her, which colored her cheeks and deepened the dark beauty of her eyes, curved her red mouth to a gentler beauty, warmed the tones of her voice.

Hildreth, watching, was dismayed and doubtful. She said nothing to Jack at first, arguing with herself that it was too soon.

"She's still an infant," thought Hildreth, "she's going through a stage that most girls go through in their early teens. First love, puppy love. Bruce is the first man to attract her. He takes her seriously, he likes her—or is it more than liking? I don't know," poor Hildreth continued to ponder, and felt crushed momentarily with the weight of her responsibility. "But I *do* know that it is dangerous to meddle—yet. She shows it so plainly, and if I oppose her she's likely to do something foolish. And Bruce is a chivalrous sort of person. There's nothing to do but wait, as far as I can see, and if things go on I'll speak to Bruce, not to her. He must realize what a child in experience she is."

So Hildreth held her peace and her tongue, and Julie was permitted her little time of the loveliest, most evanescent, piercingly sweet of emotions—the time of love unconfessed to the beloved, the springtime of the senses. She knew it in all its phases. Knew the waking from dream to dream, the heart-stirring anticipation, the little shock of delight when after the weary hours had passed she saw him again. Knew the shaken, secret rapture of his hand on her hand, his eyes meeting her eyes, the thrill of hearing him saying some commonplace thing to which she did not, could not listen, the mere sound of his voice making her so achingly happy that the sense of his words was blotted out.

She had authentic beauty in those brief days—a beauty which exalted the body and rose to the spirit—a beauty of youth, of Maytime, a beauty of natural flowering, blossoming, burgeoning; a beauty which smote Bruce every time he saw her, making him a little breathless and more than a little disturbed. A beauty which other men saw—Pat Jordan among them.

Pat was not blind. It had been apparent to him that, from their initial meeting, Julie and Stepney had been more than casually attracted, one toward the other. It had seemed amusing at first, deep in Naida's confidence as Pat was. It had

entertained him to watch the comedy and to sift out the possibilities of the triangular situation. Bruce, a "good fellow," in Pat's easy phrase, but a sobersides and a rather dry stick to Pat's way of thinking—and the two women. The woman Bruce had once loved, with her exquisite sophistication, her thorough knowledge of the game she was playing, her knowledge of what she had lost—what now, with subtle weapons, she fought to regain. And Julie, younger than her years, crystal clear, honest as daylight, with no weapons of offense or defense save that same honesty and her clear, unartificial beauty. Yes, it amused Pat to see how Bruce would react.

Watching, thinking it over, he came to the conclusion that Julie was the victor. To a man of Bruce's type, her loveliness would appeal to his senses primarily through the spirit. Naida would never reach the soul of a man who loved her until that soul was shackled through the pink-and-white chains of the flesh. Naida would trouble, would haunt, would set a man in a fever, would be a sweet poison in his blood. She would never bring him strength and peace and surety—never grant him that curious freedom which serves as the closest unconscious bondage.

But it did not amuse Pat long. It came to anger him, for seeing Julie through another man's eyes, he came himself to see how desirable she was. But he reasoned as Hildreth had reasoned. It was too early. He would hold his hand and wait.

He had not forgotten what Naida had said to him over her delicate teacups in the house which had been built and furnished to gratify her every whim, to enhance her charm. Julie's "difference." That was what had attracted Stepney toward her. Her utter difference. When, if ever, she lost the uniqueness which set her apart from the other women of his world, he would cease to find that attraction. And sometime, Naida had prophesied, it might be worth some other man's while to reeducate her, and then—who knows?

That suggestion would bear thinking about. So Pat thought about it and said nothing. Meantime he was in and out of the Desmonds' as the old and valued friend he was to them, making himself as amusing to Julie as he could, treating her with the casual, accustomed, teasing affection of an old friend, an elder brother. Julie grew to accept him as she had grown to accept Jack Desmond.

She was friendly to every one in those first days of her love for Bruce. People grew to like her very much—people whom at first she had alienated and held at arm's length by her bruskness, her remoteness, which some one called "small-town high-hat." Young men who at first had observed her uneasily from a distance, or had tried to flirt with her and found themselves up against a stone wall of cool indifference, began to draw a little nearer, to find her more approachable. One or two fell in love with her for a little season. They could not know that this sudden friendliness and tolerance and warmth were the overflow of her inner happiness, a happiness which, for a little while, asked nothing and fed upon itself.

She was not particularly interested in the girls of her own age with whom she was thrown in contact. She found, as time went on, too many Lucy Warrens among them. In a rather shy fashion she liked the Barrett twins. The fact that they were athletic and reckless and laughing endeared them to her. They had a breezy way about them and were apt to dash into the apartment at almost any hour of the day and night. She had met them shortly after Naida's tea, and they had taken a fancy to her. Despite their notorious excesses—which, after all, were more the result of their superabundant vitality than a love of dubious gaiety for its own sake—they were wholesome girls. They danced all hours of the night in all sorts of places. They smoked. They were appallingly outspoken, and they were a law unto themselves. But they did not have the sly, sexual curiosity of girls of the Lucy Warren type. As a matter of fact, they rather scorned men. They could out-play most of them on the tennis court, on the golf links. They had about them, almost always, a flock of despairing young fellows whom they treated with good-natured contempt.

Julie, they decided, was their sort. What one twin liked, the other subscribed to. They had no secrets from each other—they were extraordinarily attached and in sympathy. So they bounded in upon Julie, told her their day's doings with amazing frankness, included her in their parties, informed her that when she came out to the country they'd give her no peace until they had dragged her out on court and links, and affected her, after their departure, as if she had been caught up by a small twin cyclone.

Bruce, she discovered, liked them.

"Three-quarters of their reputation is just reputation," he told her. "Each has enough vitality for three people. They've been in mischief of one sort or another since they were in their cradles. Mrs. Barrett dressed them like boys until they were in their early teens. They live in the country most of the year. There isn't a tree on the big Barrett estate they haven't climbed or fallen out of. I remember a time when one or the other or both was always in the hospital. Broken arms, collar bones, legs—all in the day's work. Now, more or less grown up, they are still letting off steam via the wildest horses, the fastest cars, the newest plane—they both hold pilot's licenses, did you know that? They are pretty fair shots—that should interest you, Julie—and Elsie holds a long-distance swimming record. Between them they've cups enough to stock a museum."

"But," said Julie, bewildered, "I don't see how they can do it. They dance all night, and they're never without a cigarette. I never saw anything like them."

"No, nor any one else. There's no harm in them really—and," said Bruce in the rather paternal manner he had adopted toward Julie, "if you are going to make friends your own age—and you must; it wouldn't be normal if you didn't—I'd rather see you friendly with the Heavenly Twins than with any of the other youngsters in this crowd. Take what you like of them and leave the rest."

Julie's chin went up, and she flushed warmly. "Youngsters? I'm not such an infant," she told him.

He looked, turning in the driving seat of Julie's car, at the scarlet cheeks and the brown eyes deepening to black, at the curving red mouth.

"Aren't you?" he asked and stepped busily on the gas.

His heart had turned over in his breast—and not for the first time. He was well aware of the appeal Julie made to him, yet he was not ready to acknowledge it to himself in all its implications and complications. He who had forsworn love of women when one woman had proved treacherous! He who had sublimated all his desire for love, for human happiness, in his work! He who had told himself on the first occasion of their meeting that he would look out for Julie, help her over the rough places of this new road, from motives entirely altruistic and disinterested!

But he could not be disinterested now, with Julie sitting near him, as they took the rising hills and dips of the motor parkway. Julie warm and alive and eager—and so obviously glad to be with him.

Spring was all about them—green in the trees, purple in the wayside violets, blue in the sky, and sweet in the wind. Lake Ronkonkoma, when they reached it, was the dark, deep color of sapphires. They lunched on the porch of the hotel overhanging the water. Bruce, watching Julie's healthy appetite, listening to her occasional comments on the people at near-by tables, thought, "What a child she is!"

Yet she had told him, her voice husky, that she was not a child.

He sighed, controlled his speculations,

If We Were You

WE SHOULD not want to miss Good Housekeeping at any time, but especially during the summer, when good reading is so important. And then there's Julie trying her experiment in "The Incredible Year" and Celia hunting her name "Around the World." We must keep up with them. And go to Alaska in June with "The Missionary." So just turn to page 20 and find out how nicely the subscription department has worked it all out for you

Naida had forgotten none of her old tricks—her provocative finger-tips and veiled eyes. When they were together Bruce could not help but remember

his wondering and his uneasiness, and spoke of trivial things.

Going home, they were unusually silent. Julie, never talkative by nature—save with her father—had found in Bruce her second perfect listener. But today his face was grave, and she sensed that he had shut himself away from her, surrounded himself with invisible barriers, so that she could not reach him. And therefore her face clouded, and her heart beat thickly, and her throat ached.

When he left her—

"You're not angry at me, are you?" she asked, her eyes raised to his.

For a moment he caught his breath at the revelation in their brown depths, then resolutely shut that revelation out of his mind. "Of course, not. Foolish! What makes you think so?"

"You were so quiet."

"Dull company? I'm sorry. I've been working on a problem there in the machine shop—and it's (*Continued on page 118*)

In midsummer, large-flowered pure white phlox takes the stage. Rambler and pillar roses wreathe the arches

A Garden At All Seasons

Madonna lilies are always lovely in the perennial border; here they are combined with peonies

WHEN planning and planting even a small garden, most garden-makers wish to design one that will be beautiful at all seasons.

It is true that many households migrate during the summer, in which case the spring and fall gardens are specialized. The great majority of us, however, who are "country" enough to own gardens, wish them to be attractive and beautiful during the entire season. Is this possible? And if so, how is it accomplished?

To the first question, I unhesitatingly answer yes. It is perfectly possible, if one has, or can obtain, the requisite knowledge of plants—their habits of growth, beginning and length of flowering time, and their general characteristics. It is of great importance, especially in the small garden, where varieties and number of plants must be limited, that the habit of growth should be ornamental and satisfactory. Many plants produce beautiful blossoms, but are sprawly and inelegant. As to flowering time, only the most worthy and beautiful of the seasonal bloomers are most desirable. All-season bloomers, as a rule, should be chosen when space is limited. Last, their general characteristics should be such that they contribute their share to the beauty of the whole.

In planning a garden beautiful at all seasons one often deals with the perennial border—sometimes the only garden possible, and always a joy and a glory if well planned and planted. Otherwise one deals with a garden proper, having a regular plan, however simple, and an ornamental, well-considered planting.

That either of these may be successful, one must in some way acquire a working knowledge of growing things, either by study, experience, or by the purchase of garden lore from some expert.

. . . "Such gardens are not made,
By saying, 'Oh, how beautiful!' and
sitting in the shade!"

Therefore, when starting a Garden Beautiful—if even a small one—unless one is horticulturally competent, it is best to devote a substantial portion of even a modest garden purse to obtaining the aid of a landscape architect. This is always money

In the same garden, in springtime, flowering bulbs reflect the pink and white of blossoming apple-trees and dogwoods

Beautiful

Is the Ideal of Every Gardener

Florence Taft Eaton

Tells You How to Attain It

Iris is a delightful garden guest, for its sheath-like leaves are green until autumn

well spent, as great attention should be paid to the original design. If this is right at the start, it is comparatively easy to change, or add to, the inclusions; if, however, it proves unsuccessful, no after efforts prove really satisfactory.

The perennial border has been more and more stressed of late years and has been brought to a great degree of perfection. This is easily within the scope of the interested garden-maker. It is a most satisfactory all-season garden in itself, and in small places the most convenient—often the only possible—method of flower-planting. It makes an attractive boundary to one's home grounds, and in some cases a lovely, low border on each side the entrance path. It is perfectly possible to make this sort of garden beautiful at all seasons, and often the easiest way to accomplish all-season beauty. Naturally, the inclusions must be carefully planned.

A perennial border is lovely against a brick—or other—wall or an evergreen hedge. One of the most beautiful perennial borders I ever saw was in the garden at Seven Oaks, Dorking, England. This was set against a background of trellised roses—no fence or wall. The rose-vines were planted by posts set at regular intervals, carefully trained around them, and the long sprays festooned at the top from pole to pole. They were in full bloom when I saw them and made a perfectly gorgeous background; the green foliage would be effective at all seasons. Any of the best pink ramblers, or alternate Silver Moon and Dr. R. Van Fleet, would be suitable for such planting. In front was a ten-foot border of perennials, carefully selected as to height, color, and season of bloom.

When setting an all-season perennial border, plant different varieties in small groups and not singly—as a rule. Good background perennials (tall) are the various Heleniums, heliopses, and helianthus—brilliant yellow, showy, fall-blooming flowers. Boltonia may be set among these, its feathery, lavender-pink blossoms filling in delightfully. In front of these place delphiniums in clumps with Madonna lilies as near neighbors, if you are not tired of the combination; I never am. The lilies also produce a brilliant effect beside tall, scarlet poppies— (*Continued on page 230*)

Blue FLAX

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

IN THE melodious just-before-dawn, Rachel Nash awoke. She had not slept well. Twitchings from an invisible cord no one can describe had kept signaling that Joie was in trouble. She was poignantly used to that signal —*the mother of it.* Once it had drawn her, stumbling, up the kitchen stairs to a small, sagging bed and a sudden case of pneumonia, and once it had guided to the sun-glare of the cotton slope where, with hoe clenched in his small, hard hand, Joie had fallen among the shimmering plants.

Times and times like that.

With Joie right there, the invisible cord had worked without thought or reason; but with him forty miles away in Stillwater high school, it had stretched so painfully that warnings came with a shock—as now, in the fragrant before-dawn of a May day.

Nothing to lying wide-eyed in the dimness. Rachel Nash arose. At this sensitive hour her husband slept so soundlessly she must move with caution. But necessary things had been left within reach of her fine, work-scarred hand—undergarments; low, scuffed shoes; carefully mended stockings. Tiptoeing to the dresser, she combed her cloudy hair by touch and pinned it smoothly in the back of her neck. When she had urged her stiffly-ironed dress of washed blue over her head, smoothed back the white collar, and looped the narrow sash-strings, she was ready for the day; the night, too, if she had but known.

Mrs. Nash took her time building the kitchen fire, yet managed to bruise her knuckles badly—worrier's luck. She put the coffee to "perk" and tossed up a pan of cream biscuits. Hands methodically busy, she thought of Joie. If he were sick or hurt (it seemed high-school boys were always breaking their bones!) Cynthia Ann, his sister, would telephone . . . Oh, he mustn't be laid up now, not when he was almost ready for college! Foolish to worry.

The fire lagged. Running out for more kindling, Rachel Nash stopped in the yard, face lifted, inner-self gone out of her work-a-day body. Such a dawn! From the curved line of Bear Creek on the north, where cottonwoods drew their traceries against the waking sky and wild plum blossoms drifted frail draperies like sweet, lingering ghosts, her gaze went eastward, flinched, *and steadied there.* It was terribly beautiful, the rose and gold of a sunrise on the red earth slope. If Joie could see it now; hear the cardinals . . .

Nash came with flapping shoestrings and stood in the doorway, tightening his belt. "Wish you'd hunt my clean socks, girl," he grumbled. "These darned shoes let in dirt. Gosh—" his big, almost handsome face contorted in a yawn—"I'm lame this morning! Good thing Joseph'll be here to finish the cotton chopping."

Ira Nash poured water in a pan on the white bench by the door and plunged his hands and face into it.

"Never mind," he grumbled, when his wife had mended the fire and was gone over-long in the bedroom, "I'll wear what

By Jennie Harris Oliver

The Story of A Day that Was Darkest Just Before Dawn

"The truth is," David Porter stated regretfully, "Joseph has stolen the book with his English grades. I'm sorry." Mother's sensitive face crimsoned, then went white. Her lips thinned against each other, forcing back a cry

I have on. Get breakfast on the table. I got work to do."

Mrs. Nash ran back and rescued her biscuits just in time. "I laid your socks on the dresser," she murmured, holding her hand palm out against the heat of the oven. "I'm sure I did."

She *was* sure. The socks, light tan of color with squares of exquisite darning across the heels, lay beside the night-lamp in plain sight. It was always that way when her husband spoke of Joie and *cotton*, she couldn't see what was under her nose. She knew it didn't hurt boys to chop and pick cotton, even to shovel cotton seed—most boys. But it was different with Joie, it quenched him. High school had worked a miracle. From an undersized, stooped rack-a-bones, her boy had grown straight as a steel bar. Joie Nash would never be as tall as his father; he took after the Culpepper side. But the Culpeppers were not hump-shouldered. No.

Breakfast over, Rachel began "ridding up." She worked absently, brow puckered. While tucking the mended socks in the dresser, her hand touched something that caressed its roughness—folds of linen shaped in a long oval, Margaret Foss's new tablecloth. The day Margaret made a drive to Stillwater—and, incidentally, brought back a letter from Joie—she had taken occasion to bring the cloth, too, and leave it till Joie's mother changed her mind about working the pattern stamped on it.

Mrs. Nash had explained why she couldn't embroider the spread; that her eyes were already at the point of needing glasses, maybe special glasses, and she mustn't do any more fine needlework. But Miss Foss was not thinking of her neighbor's eyes so much as of having the rarest tablecloth anywhere on Bear Creek.

The cloth was an exquisite bit of weaving. Without any pattern at all it was lovely. It was, the owner explained, the product of the long, flawless fiber of blue flax. There was other flax—pink, yellow—less valuable. This was of the *blue*. What the sun-bleached oval would be with frail yet firm swirls of five-petaled blossoms in loops around it and one indescribable swirl in the center, one would have to see that. As the linen would likely last as long as the owner did, maybe ten dollars wasn't enough for working it, though that price would seem a fortune to a woman who never had any money of her own to handle.

Rachel Nash did want that ten dollars, but it would, at best, take a whole season to earn it. She had planned to make up to wear at commencement the flowered summer goods Cynthia and Field sent for her birthday; had planned to read with Joie; to do something in a big way that would help him through his first year of college. And to tie herself down to an embroidery needle every spare minute of the day, every short remnant of an evening; to get nervous tremors over the picking out of a not-just-perfect flower; to hear Ira nagging and Joie scolding about Margaret Foss's "old tablecloth"—well, Margaret would have to do the work herself or get it done in town!

But it was diverting, thus ramblingly clinching her decision; restful, the handling of shimmery cloth of flax. *Blue flax*—she could see it growing, cerulean bells above swaying stalks—hair-fine stalks that were not so much green as silver; steaming harvests of flax retting away all its color that a big, dark, lone young woman might have an everlasting tablecloth.

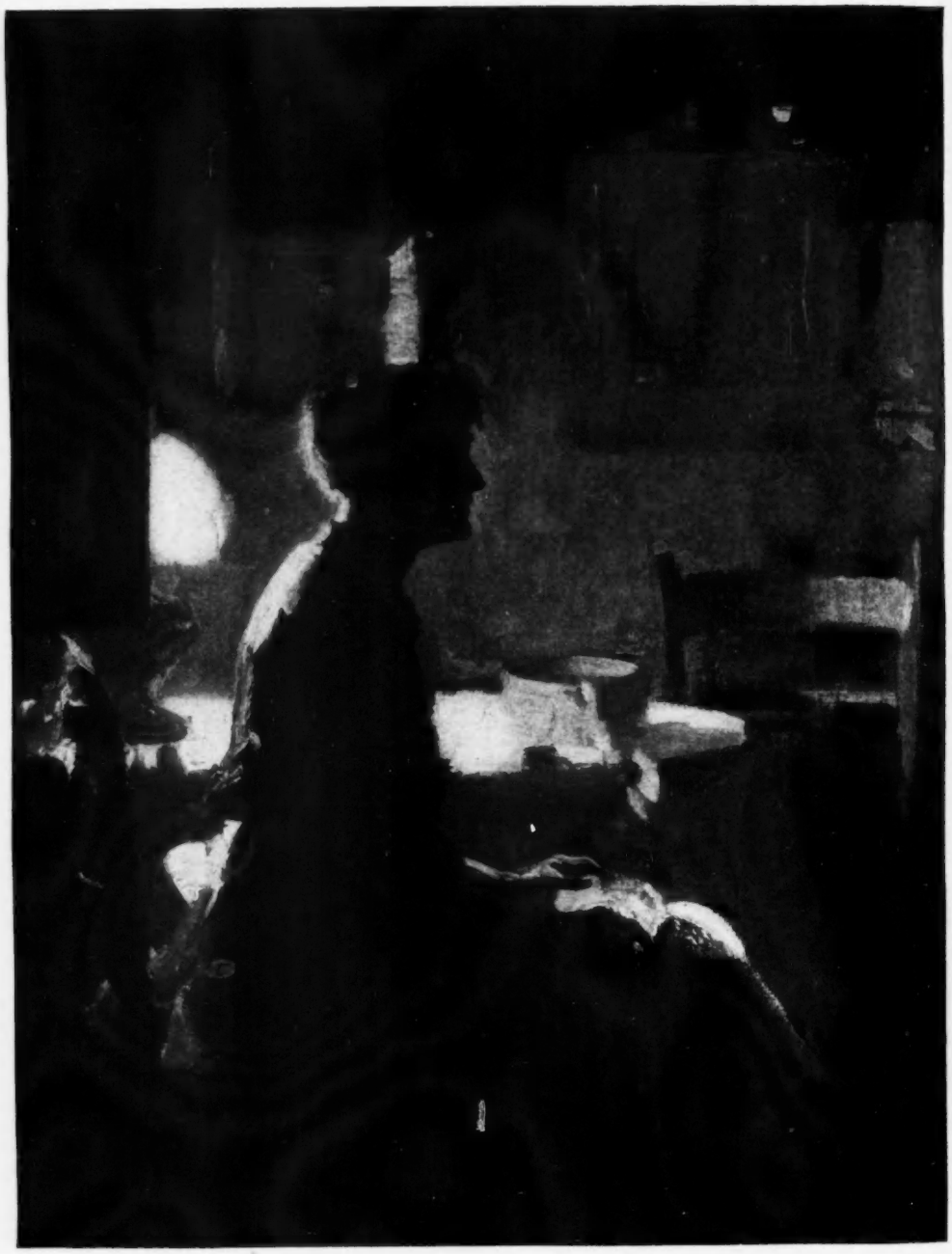
This was Wednesday, the washing and most of the ironing out of the way. But there was bread to bake, churning to do,

two hearty meals yet to prepare. It all passed smoothly under her practised hand. Rachel Nash was getting supper when suddenly she smiled. The telephone hadn't rung; likely it wouldn't ring. Wasn't a mother funny? When Nash stepped in and demanded what she was grinning about, she confessed.

"I woke up worried about Joie, but they haven't called us. They would, of course, if anything had happened."

"Huh," Ira grunted disgustedly, "you never do worry about me."

Ira Nash disapproved of high school—Lincoln studied by a pine-knot fire. It was like burying a son, giving him his head. Next he would be tangled up with some fool town girl, and what had it all been for? Take a boy raised on the farm, he'd bring home his wife and build for himself so close you could step to the door and watch him doing up his chores. And Rachel knew this was true. Still, if Joie hadn't gone away, she trembled for what a poor little *nothing* he would have gone on being—Joie, who never really lived with red earth and cotton, but sojourned in his forest of a thousand hopes.



So poignantly was Mother thinking of Joie that when she saw him opening the screen to the door. Mother laid her embroidery on the table, and trouble dropped from

God sometimes creates two mothers in one. Rachel Nash did not stop at pie-baking, but went on with her boy in the dimness toward his bright, particular star. Now, when her husband growled how little use Joie was, she murmured something placating. She was used to it. Later, when Nash laid down his Farm Journal and went off to bed, asleep instantly, she got her basket of mending and pulled a low chair to the kitchen table. It was a gentle hour, and Joie's mother smiled over her panic.

"The first time I've been mistaken," she told herself. "I must be getting old, imaginative."

The light was dim, too dim. Resting her eyes, Rachel saw the rising moon's full, clouded face at the east window; glimpsed the linen tablecloth she had placed on the sewing machine, half-folded in its wrapper like a pearl in a shell. She let her fancy extend the picture—low fields against rain-washed skies—the glimmery green and purply blue of flax growing, garnered, sweating, bleaching; combed and woven; shaped for a table . . . No use. Rachel Nash found herself listening, holding her breath to listen for the telephone; but it was after eleven o'clock, when she had put out the light and was fumbling in the pitch-blackness of the narrow bedroom closet for her nightgown, that what she had waited for happened. The phone rang.

Only one thing disturbed Ira Nash worse than the lighted lamp—what had just happened. At the sudden and violent long-distance jangle, "Dang that phone," he muttered and started to get up.

"I'll answer it," Rachel soothed, and almost at once he was snoring again.

Noiselessly the watcher went into the kitchen, circled the table, and took down the telephone receiver. Her heart was pounding. "Hello," she managed to say. And louder, "Hello—*Joie?*"

"Maw, that you?" came back. *It was Joie.*

"Oh, no," Rachel answered low, and with teasing, "it's my shadow."

"Say, Maw—" Joie tried to speak

door she was not surprised. He eased into the room and stood with his back her like a garment. "Maw," Joie whispered, "I'm not a bad egg any more"

matter-of-factly, "Maw. I'm leaving Stillwater in the morning. Going to work on a truck farm. Tell you where, later. Maw, you won't worry, will you?"

Rachel grew cold, very cold, but she kept her voice. "You—" she questioned—"you haven't finished school?"

There was silence, a stillness that shouted. Then, "No, Maw," Joie husked, "and I'm not going to finish—now. If I come home, I'll never finish. Dad . . ."

"I know," his mother whispered. "But why not finish now?"

"I—I'm expelled."

"Joie—no!"

"Suspended. Same thing, this close to commencement. I'm a bad egg—see, Maw?" Another pause and Joie choked. "Aw, Maw, I mean they *think* I'm a bad egg. Maw, you buck up. It won't kill me. Don't you—"

"I won't," promised "Maw." "Wait, Joie. Wait a minute."

Rachel leaned her forehead against the mouthpiece. Her thoughts flew wild; collected themselves. "Joie," she whispered, "you there?"

"Of course, Maw."

"Is it best to rush things?"

"If I don't go in the morning, I miss a chance to ride sixty miles—see, Maw? I wish I could—could see you."

"I know, son."

"But I can't now. 'By, *Mother*."

"'By, Joie," whispered Mother. Then, again, "'By."

But there was only silence.

As Rachel Nash stood still in the dimness, it was hard to disentangle her thoughts from discordant night sounds. The screech-owl scoffed in the vines; strident breathings came from the bedroom. But finally she took down the receiver again and called a number.

"Margaret," she murmured breathlessly, "if you'll get me to Stillwater by sun-up, I'll embroider that tablecloth—for the ride."

Miss Foss had been in bed asleep. She had, she said, been out all day in her truck—soft roads—bad casing; had to get a party over to Chandler by ten the next morning, and it looked like rain. Margaret wasn't craving a wild night ride. Still, for that rare embroidering and for no other reason, she'd go to Stillwater. This was midnight. Should she drive in, say, about two?

Two was all right, but Rachel said she'd walk as far as the Foss place. Nothing to be afraid of. If it rained, she'd have on her husband's old yellow slicker.

Mrs. Nash eased the receiver into the hook and fumbled a bit of wrapping paper and a pencil from the cupboard.

"Dear Ira," she wrote. "I've had to go to one of the neighbors. Be back in time to get an early dinner. Rachel."

This was not the exact truth, but necessity had warped the straightness of Rachel Nash. She had—that was three years back—told a plain lie that Joie's sister might have decent clothes to be married in. Rachel had not dared to pray for herself since that time, but only for "the children," as she prayed now, for Joie.

Of course, she mustn't blunder back into the bedroom for another dress, for her close little hat and nearly new slippers. She'd have to go as she was. Where was the slicker? . . . There, hung against the back door. The flaring oilcloth covered her from neck to heels, and she moved cautiously lest its flappings penetrate beyond the kitchen. To start right out was what she wanted to do, but this was not Ira's best hour to sleep—he might awaken and stop her. Sitting in her low chair, she rested her forehead (*Continued on page 277*)

FASHIONS

WHAT SMART WOMEN ARE WEARING IN PARIS

By Helen Kouer, Director

WHAT the smart woman of Paris wears, everybody wears. What was shown at the spring openings to the dressmakers and buyers of the world, the women of Paris are just beginning to wear as this issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING goes to press. As all the world knows, Europe has had a cold winter, and it is not until the spring sunshine comes that the mode is crystallized. At the races, the smart restaurants, and on the boulevards of Paris, each bright day does its part to crystallize and set the mode for the season.

From Paris come some of these smartest frocks, and pretty frocks they are, too, with a touch of femininity and the softer line which makes a charming woman more charming. At the French races, which, by the way, are just out the Champs Élysées from the heart of Paris, spring clothes are first seen.

This year, the silk ensemble, with its soft, feminine, little jacket, with a throw scarf instead of the heavy fur of former seasons, stands out as something delightful as well as something new. As in the silk suit on the opposite page, its skirt flares, and its blouse—its all-important blouse—is made of silk or handkerchief linen, with a bow at the neck, or fine tucking, or a soft jabot, as Lelong has done it in this ensemble, the jabot here following the outline of the flaring skirt. It is a trifle longer in general, and the belt is placed a trifle higher. Shoes are a bit more conservative, and hats, though still small, are always irregular in the brim. They may be up or down. They are now almost always off the face, showing a bit of forehead, but each individual one is made for the wearer. Uniformity has passed.

Another delightful fashion this year is the runabout, or casual little frock, such as the one designed by Molyneux, pictured on the opposite page. This one is of wool with a gilet of soft handkerchief linen, and a ruffle—think of that!—a ruffle of wool finishing the opening of the blouse and giving a new outline to the lower part of the sleeves. The skirt has its fulness, but it is confined to one side.

They both show the smart new black and white combination—one in wool, the other in silk.

Then there is the cape-backed street frock which so many smart women have chosen for spring in Paris. It is well demonstrated in the tweed frock, below, from London Trades, where the tweed is one of the new, soft, silky mixtures—blue-black-and-gray—that lends itself to this type of frock.

Navy-blue always appears for city wear in the spring, and this year is no exception, as illustrated in the printed satin frock of Redfern, below, in navy-blue and white, and with white and blue satin tied at the neck in charming and feminine manner.

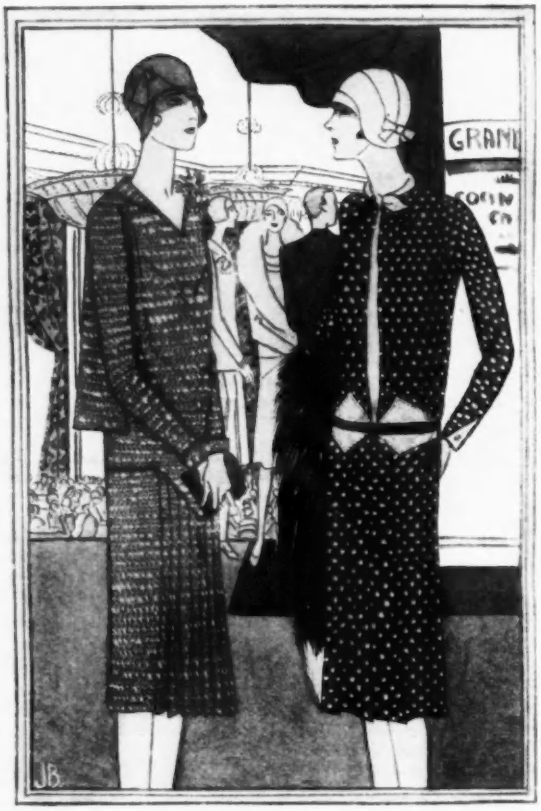
High-Lights

COMPLETE return to femininity. Everything has a softer feeling, a more hand-made look. Skirts longer except for sports. Waistlines higher, near the normal, especially for sports

THE newest silhouette is the one for evening—a modified princess line, or sheath, very long, with low-placed flares or jutting flounces at the hem, not heavy but transparent

THE ensemble reaches a new peak of importance—it is in silk, or wool, or tweed. The coats of the newest are either finger-tip or seven-eighths length, sometimes collarless

JACKETS of every variety, for day, for sports, for evening. Sweaters going out except for sports. Blouses coming in—hand-made ones in silk or handkerchief linen the smartest



LONDON TRADES

REDFERN

High-Lights

HATS have that hand-made look, too, the newest in straw-and-felt, or all-straw, or fabric combinations; close-fitting, off the forehead a little, brims to suit each wearer

SHEER wools like wool georgette and wool crêpe for the daytime. White tussor, white wool, white shantung for sports. Tulle, chiffon, printed taffeta, and lace for evening

ALL-BLACK, all-white, black-and-white combined, yellows, oranges, blues, pinks, greens. White and off-whites will be the warm-weather colors for both sports and evening

DETAILS: white collars and cuffs; cape backs; low flares; broken peplum lines; tucked-in blouses with sleeves halfway to the elbows; checks; bows, scarfs, jabots

MOLYNEUX LELONG

MOLYNEUX AND LELONG SEND TWO DAYTIME COSTUMES FROM THE SPRING OPENINGS

That black with white will be a smart daytime color combination for spring and summer is evidenced in both of these costumes—one, a wool frock with white handkerchief-linen gilet, designed by Molyneux; the other, a silk suit with a white silk blouse, designed by Lelong

HIGH-LIGHTS ON SUMMER CLOTHES WORN ON THE RIVIERA

By Elaine Neal,
Of Our Paris Staff

ONCE upon a time, and not so long ago at that, there was a lot of talk about uniformity and standardization being an impending evil on the horizon of women's clothes. Then last season the dressmakers allayed our fears by stressing the fact that they intended to revert to more feminine elegance, more individuality in each model, more personal dressing, in short. But after all is said and done, where is it, this complicated and individual elegance? Especially where is it for summer clothes for sports and for the evening?

Standardization may be a hard word to apply to anything as chic as the modern tennis frock, or to anything as lovely as the tulle sheath evening gown, with its sprays of flounces below the knees, but certainly there are distinct elements of dress that are standardized by women of good taste.

Take the present season on the Riviera for instance, and the question of color. White is the only thing that does not fade, therefore it is the best and smartest color, the easiest one to keep in condition, and the most becoming to almost everybody. White for many seasons has led the warm-weather frocks, and it is fitting that it should. This year white wool is excellent, with tussor and shantung weaves running a close second. Gray is much in favor for the South, too, then blues, then yellows. Of course, as the season advances, there will be pinks in abundance, and perhaps red—with white to offset it. But white and off-whites, blues, and yellows are the summer colors because they have been tried first in the South. After all, that boils down the colors so low as to be almost suitable to the word "standardized," and yet in wearing these colors you need not look like every one else. In fact, if you have any sense of chic at all, you never do look exactly like every one else, even if you wear a uniform. If you are chic, personality "will out." Or, rather, it will out just enough, but not too much, for a superabundance of personality demonstrated in the choice of clothes is sure to be a sad mistake. To hold to your own type is all right, but to look original or different is bad taste, unpleasantly conspicuous.

Now to the standardization of line: Of course, it simply is *not* standardized, particularly this year when it seems to have uncertain moments. Still there are types of gowns that are obviously the right thing to wear. On the Riviera, the one-piece tennis type of frock, sleeveless, but accompanied by a short jacket, either matching or contrasting, is the most generally seen frock. It is young, it is more comfortable than the old two-piece arrangement, it is wide at the hem, and markedly normal as to waistline. And there you are. Order six of these one-piece sleeveless tennis frocks—three of them white, three in color, and three little coats, and your day wardrobe is complete except for bathing suits and accessories.

For evening there is a correct line as well. There are many lines, many silhouettes, of course, but even in this abundance there is a right one, and it seems to be the rather tubular, rather sheath-like gown, that fits the figure not too tightly and is straight from bust to knees, with exceeding width from there to the floor, and a good part of that width transparent, to eliminate the danger of heaviness in such long skirts. Often there is a high waist indicated on this tube-like gown, often no waist. You may take your choice of details, but you must have a few all-white and a few all-black evening gowns. If color calls you strongly, all right, but a colored evening frock is not necessary. Perhaps a figured chiffon is called for, or a long-sleeved lace gown, but really a colored gown may be passed by no matter what the temptation.

Three beautiful examples of the white evening frock are shown in the sketch at the top of the next page. The one at the left, with its deep V

décolletage and its V of fulness at the back of the skirt, is of white satin. It is short in front, but dips long and smartly in the back. The center frock is of white chiffon. This gown is an excellent example of the semi-princess, semi-sheath gown inspiration, so much seen now at the smartest places and so much talked of since the spring openings in Paris. It shows clearly what is meant when the new evening silhouette is described as "a modified princess line, or sheath, with low-placed flares or jutting flounces at the hem." The third frock, which is very youthful, is of white tulle and silver mesh.

All of these gowns are white. All of the wearers are tanned from the Riviera sun, and the décolletage in each is low and in each case follows an outline that is above the tanned line. Bathing suits are now cut very low in back to give the full effect of sun and tan to the bather, and it is considered smart to get as brown as possible. Against this tanned skin, you can easily picture the beauty of white

White, in sheer fabrics, is the smartest for evening on the Riviera

smart and simple sports costume designed by Patou. This costume shows the shirt-front or *chemisier* blouse that Patou likes so well this season—the blouse, of course, tucked into the skirt. The material in the skirt is mixed blue-and-beige tweed, the blouse of white wash silk, the cardigan of plain white wool.

In the yachting costume, below, appears another sleeveless frock, this time of flannel in white, worn with a dark blue leather jacket, a white leather hat with a dark blue band, and a navy and white dotted tie.

Still another sleeveless frock is the one at the bottom of the opposite page. It is of tussor—white, of course. The fancy, woven-velvet jacket is of mixed yellows; the tussor scarf and parasol are of gray, white, and yellow. The hat is of fine white straw, trimmed with a twisted band of tussor in white, gray, and lemon-yellow; the bag has a silver handle, white leather ends, and diagonal pieces of tussor

Wool crêpe frocks, one in azure-blue, one in pure white, seen on the Riviera

frocks in contrast to it. Blonde or brunette, white with tanned skin is the smartest thing in the South.

Sleeves are conspicuous by their absence, and since the Riviera fashions set the mode for summer, the sleeveless vogue is certain to be an important one all through the season. Take the little, washable silk frocks I have just mentioned—the ones to wear with bright-colored cardigans. They have a chic all their own, which is enormously aided by the fact that they are sleeveless.

Two examples of this sleeveless mode are illustrated at the top of the opposite page, the middle one white crêpe de Chine, with a high waist, and a tie neck. The one at the right, a double-breasted, white, crêpe de Chine blouse, worn with a white flannel skirt. These two, as well as the one at the left—a dark blue and white silk blouse with white plaited skirt—are for tennis, a favorite game at smart places on the Riviera. The dark blue and white silk blouse is interesting because the heavier or darker color is worn above the lighter.

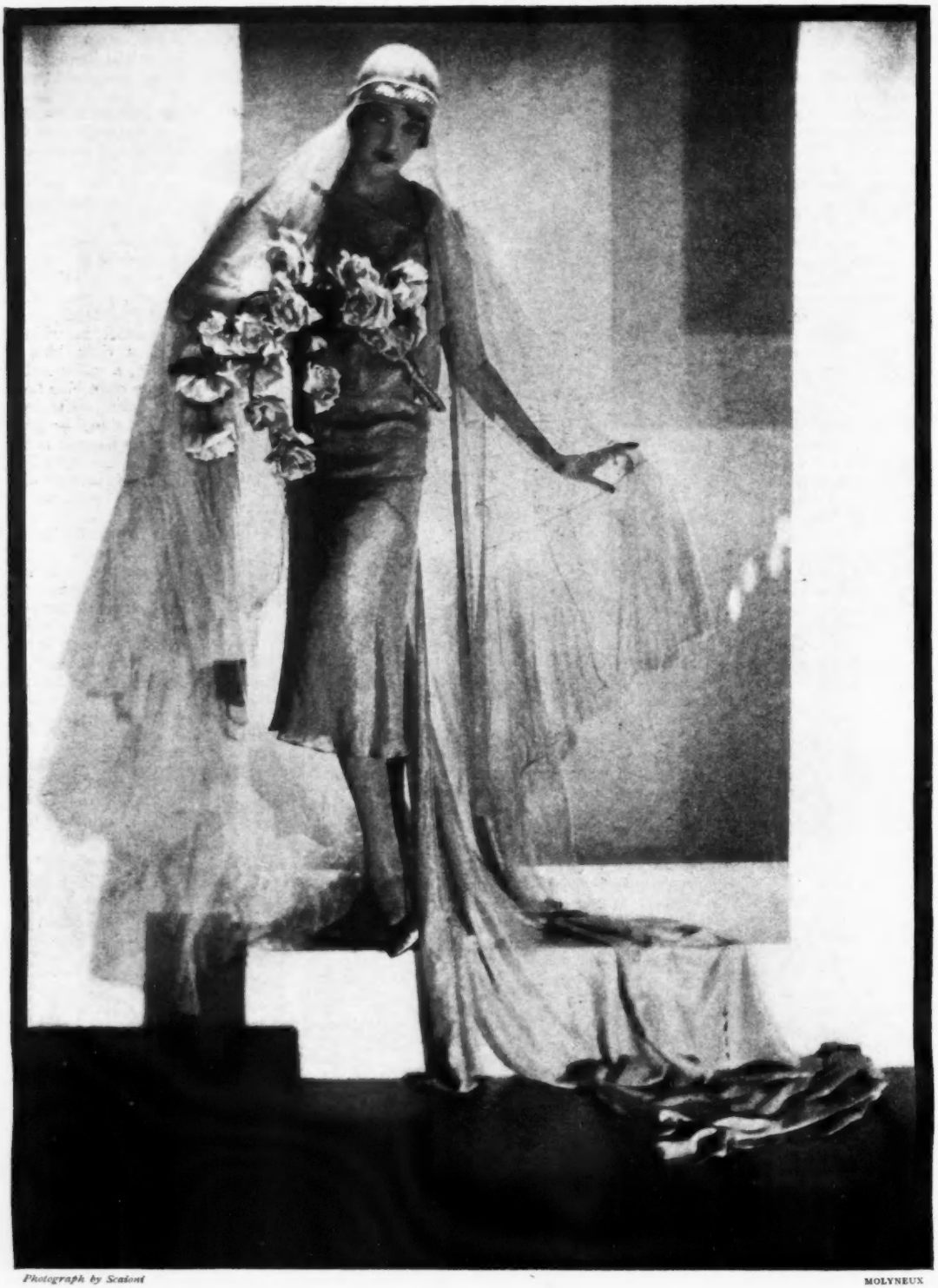
A new sleeve for sports is the one at the bottom of this page, illustrated in a

Patou's newest sports costume (left), the blouse tucked in, the sleeves short

in gray and yellow to match the costume.

As you see, these evening and sports clothes are not alike, yet there is a certain standardization about them, a certain same chic line, and certainly white is *the* color. But it is through the wearer that individuality is achieved, for even the simplest of sleeveless white frocks will look its part on the woman who knows how to wear it and when to wear it, whereas if it does not fit and is worn out of place by some one else not so smart, its chic is lost entirely.

Except for the evening, much less jewelry is worn than formerly, and, as you will notice from these sketches, the smart women wearing sports costumes have no jewelry at all.



Photograph by Scaioni MOLYNEUX

A HAZE OF TULLE AND SILVER IS THE SETTING FOR THE MODERN BRIDE

Photographed in Paris, this wedding gown and veil has all the airiness of a cloud, an effect which is achieved by ruffling the tulle of the veil in bands that become wider and wider as they descend. The gown is creamy white crêpe; the veil, held by a band of pearl, is cream

THE BRIDE OF TODAY GOES TO PARIS FOR HER TROUSSEAU

Paris,
April 15, 1929

DEAREST HELEN,

I can't tell you how delighted I am to have your letter which came this morning, bringing the news of Ann's marriage in June and asking me to help her buy her trousseau when she comes to Paris. I shall remain in Paris until the middle of May and can easily play the part of "guide and counselor," as you put it in your letter, any time that Ann arrives. Besides, I'd love to.

This year the clothes are too enchanting for words. You know how I adore them anyway, and I have just finished a most exciting round of all the dressmakers to see everything. Knowing Ann's exquisite taste and her lovely figure, it will be a joy to help her buy her things. And since I'm in a writing mood this morning, I'll tell you what I think she should have.

First of all, Paris is just the place to buy the bride's lingerie—the foundation of the trousseau. And even though you say Ann hopes to buy everything for that certain amount which her father has allowed her, I am sure it is not too much to say: 1 dozen chemises, with nightgowns to match, all with some kind of real lace to suit Ann's taste. A half-dozen slips, perhaps lace-trimmed, too. All these things are so beautifully made here, and so much, much cheaper than at home. Twelve pairs of evening stockings and twelve pairs of daytime ones. The French stockings are perishable, but heavenly in texture and colors, and I believe twelve of each will be enough, for Ann can buy others at home. The American stockings are really excellent, and many French women send to New York for theirs.

Two or three girdles or corsets, or the new type of brassière and girdle combined. Six of these, then, because they must be laundered often. Two or three dozen fine white linen handkerchiefs.

Now for the matter of dress. Ann will need two ensembles, at least—a tweed one and a silk one. I am sure she already has a tweed, but she will undoubtedly want a new one for her wedding voyage and to have as a general costume. The new tweeds are so lovely, worn with bright-colored blouses, soft and feminine-looking. The silk ensemble will be for smart luncheons and for afternoon occasions, and should be black with a white blouse. Ann wears black beautifully, and (*Continued on page 236*)

The Trousseau

LINGERIE is the foundation of the trousseau, and even in these modern times the most charming idea is to have everything match. The bride will want a lovely tea-gown, too, of lace or chiffon

TWO new ensembles belong in the wardrobe, one of tweed, one of silk, both with finger-tip jackets. At least two afternoon frocks, perhaps three or four evening gowns, and an evening wrap

TO BE smart and to simplify the choice of hats, shoes, stockings, and accessories like gloves and bags, let one color predominate, and choose everything to harmonize or brightly contrast with it

LUGGAGE need not run into quantity of numbers, but it should unquestionably show quality of style and material. Therefore it should be carefully selected and the best that the bride can afford

MOLYNEUX

The Wedding

"SOMETHING old, something new, something borrowed and something blue," is a quaint, old-fashioned fancy that even the modern bride clings to, and around which she plans her own trousseau

AGE-OLD custom has established satin as the material for the wedding dress, but taffeta, tulle, lace, or chiffon is just as smart and effective. And some of the loveliest veils are made of vaporous tulle

BECAUSE they make up into the most graceful and feathery bouquets, most brides prefer lilies-of-the-valley with sweet peas and gardenias, but any flowers may be used, provided they are white

APRICOT tulle for both the frock and the turban (left) makes this exceedingly new and smart gown, designed by Molyneux for the bridesmaid, a perfect complement for the ivory tulle of the bride

A flared hem is smart, but preferably in back, as shown in the Patou ensemble of black crêpe Elizabeth, left, and in the Lelong coat of black flat crêpe which has the new dressmaker feeling

PATOU MODEL
FROM BONWIT TELLER

LELONG MODEL
FROM BONWIT TELLER

TALBOT MODEL
FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

THE MODE BECOMES MORE FORMAL AS INTEREST CENTERS IN THE BACK WHERE A LOW-PLACED FLARE IS NEW

Suzanne Talbot selects printed challis in tones of black and red to make this jacket ensemble, which features a smartly girdled hip-line and cuffs neatly tied at wrist

Characteristic of Patou's new evening silhouette is the model of black crêpe Elizabeth, right, while Cheruit's distinctive gown of warp-printed taffeta shows a revers neckline and tie

PATOU MODEL
FROM JAY THORPE

CHERUIT MODEL
FROM JAY THORPE

PATOU MODEL
FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

PATOU'S NEW PRINCESS SILHOUETTE ACCENTUATES SLIMNESS AT SIDES AND FLARE FRONT AND BACK

Waist-lines are higher and skirts longer back and front in Patou's new collection, as shown in this gown of Lyons lace, cut on princess lines and flared at hem-line

M-35 M-36 M-37 M-38

PATTERNS
FOR WASHABLE COUNTRY FROCKS

By Caroline Gray

The useful street frock above, of printed and plain linen, is made from pattern M-36, 34 to 42, 60c. Next il is an afternoon dress of printed voile, pattern M-35, 34 to 42, 60c. White piqué makes the tennis frock, pattern M-37, 34 to 42, 50c, while pattern M-38, 34 to 42, 50c, is a simple house dress of checked gingham

FOR the bride planning her trousseau, or her sister assembling an attractive summer wardrobe, the smart patterns shown above were designed. They represent the four types of daytime frocks which are necessary to every smart wardrobe today: the house or morning dress, the sports dress, the shopping dress, and the afternoon frock which can be worn to a formal luncheon or tea, or to an informal dinner. While these frocks are made of colorful cotton fabrics which launder perfectly—an advantage appreciated in hot weather—they are equally charming developed in summer silks. However, cotton fabrics of all sorts are important this season and are lovelier and more tempting than ever.

Among the materials most in vogue for the earlier hours of the day are ginghams, plain and printed linens, cottons, and lawns; for sports, piqué in a fine wale and, of course, linen; and for more formal occasions printed voiles, Bemberg—a new fiber which is washable—and handkerchief linen.

The printed voile afternoon dress trimmed with narrow folds of self material, at the left above, is youthful and charming. It slips on over the head and is simplicity itself to make. The two semi-circular skirt flounces are attached to a slip with a bodice top. The bolero blouse with set-in sleeves is slipped over this bodice top and tacked in place on the shoulders. Narrow folds of the fabric are stitched around the neck, cuffs, and hip yoke and tied in flat little bows. After cutting out the (*Continued on page 214*)

HOW TO ORDER

To order any of the attractive patterns shown on this page give size and send correct remittance in stamps, check, or money-order to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

For Bridge

Straight from Paris is this charming afternoon frock of georgette with cape-bolero back, slim hips, fulness at the hem, and the skirt a little longer in back. It is inexpensive, too, only $16.50, and its matching crêpe de Chine slip is attached at the top where the upper outline is in flesh-colored georgette. In the colors navy, black, beige, or light green; 14 to 20, 36 to 40; $16.50.

In May you will want a new spring frock, and here are five lovely ones to choose from — georgette, checked silk, flowered georgette, a printed batiste, and a dotted silk, all new, all smart. And perhaps you will want our Bride's Book, too. It is 25c and tells all about the trousseau, wedding invitations, decorations, the linen list, etc. Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C.

For Tea

Spring's special frock for afternoon parties and evening as well is this lovely flowered georgette dress. It is fitted at the hips in the new fashion, and the skirt is in two tiers of low ruffles stitched on in semi-circular effect to form a cascade at the side. It has a crêpe foundation and comes in either navy or beige background with gay colorings; 14 to 18, 38 to 40; $19.75.

Checked silk bow-frocks are very new and very smart for spring, and this one (center) is two-piece, the skirt plaited all around, box-plaits and tiny plaits alternating, and on a silk bodice. There are two large, white, rounded buttons at the cuffs and a smart suède belt to harmonize with the frock in a small red-and-white, or blue-and-white, or amber-and-white, or green-and-white check; 14 to 20; 36 to 40; $35.

LET US BUY FOR YOU THESE FROCKS FROM FIFTH AVENUE SHOPS

How to Order

All you have to do to buy these pretty and smartly new frocks for your spring wardrobe is to send description of the size and color wanted, together with check or money-order to cover the amount, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, and your order will be gladly and promptly filled

Semi-Made Batiste Frock

All cut out to your own size from printed batiste, this pretty sleeveless frock with the little bows (left) is semi-made. It comes with the difficult sewing finished, material included, and complete directions—all you have to do is sew up the seams and hem, easily done in a few hours' time, and you have a lovely frock to wear in or out of the house. It is one-piece, plain in back with the skirt plaited in front, and the tucking, the bows, and the plaiting are all finished; the narrow belt ties at the side; in light rose and gray, green and orange, or blue and dark rose, printed on a white ground; 14 to 42; only $2.95.

Spring-like and gay is this charmingly youthful frock with polka-dots large and polka-dots small, those in the skirt and the bows the larger. Just the frock to wear under your coat for early spring and later with only a hat, or to wear at home for afternoon informal parties. It is two-piece, of flat crêpe, with the skirt on a bodice and cut with a circular flare at the side in the front. The V neck is gathered with a bow of the silk, and the blouse, which is straight in back, is caught tightly over the hips with a bow in front. The long sleeves are bound and snapped. It comes in black with white dots, or red with white dots, or black with chartreuse-green dots; in the sizes 16 to 42; the price is only $15.

For spring and summer, the ensemble of printed crêpe de Chine frock and dark silk coat is ideal. This coat is straight; has patch pockets, open cuffs, a wide hem, no buttons; the long-sleeved surplice frock opens at the front of the blouse, and narrow plaited ruffling edges the collar and hem; the skirt flares in front, but is straight in back; it comes in navy, black, or brown coat, the frock in soft harmonizing tones on a blue or black or brown background; 14 to 20; 36 to 44; $29.50

New and smart is the one-piece semi-made tweed dress, center, the neck with a button and buttonhole, and a white crêpe de Chine gilet. All the difficult sewing is finished; in gray, tan, blue, or green; black suède belt; 14 to 42; $6.75. In the two-piece silk ensemble of printed jacket and simulated two-piece dress, skirt is plaited all around; blouse sleeveless; collar forms a scarf; hand-fagoted bands edge pockets and neck; brown or navy with gay print; 14 to 18, 38 to 42; $29

SEND TO OUR SHOPPING SERVICE FOR THESE SMART CLOTHES IN NEW YORK

HOW TO ORDER

Let us buy these smart clothes for you. They are from Fifth Avenue shops, and all you have to do is send check or money-order to cover, together with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. See page 193 for some lovely and inexpensive lingerie

Smartly slenderizing is this new and graceful afternoon frock (left) in an excellent quality of soft silk material in one of the new small-check designs. It is a woman's dress and has a plaited crêpe vest bound in the silk; the tiered drapery of the skirt is caught in front with a rhinestone pin; in black-and-white with a white crêpe vest, or navy-and-beige, or beige-and-red, or beige-and-green with a beige vest; 34 to 44; $25

Cut out to your own size, with all the difficult sewing completed for you, the sleeveless frock and matching crêpe de Chine cardigan (right) is semi-made. On the one-piece frock the tucking is finished, collar and vest are made up, plaits stitched, buckle for belt is included; on the jacket the shoulders are joined; in maize, green, hydrangea-blue, orchid, or all-white; 14 to 42; only $11.50 for both

Silk sleeveless frocks are all the vogue for spring and summer and are especially smart when worn with bright - colored wool jersey jackets, as in this youthful costume (1st, right). The dress has a turn-over collar, and a removable vest with pearl-button trimming, and the skirt is box - plaited all around. The frock is in white, and the cardigan may be had in any gay color—red, orange, green, light or dark blue, and it comes in all sizes, from 14 to 42; price is only $15.95

With every bit of the difficult sewing completed for you, this one-piece sleeveless semi-made flannel sports frock comes cut out to your own size, with all the directions included, and all you have to do is sew up the seams and hem—easily done in a few hours' time. The tucking on the front of the blouse is all finished, the plaiting in the skirt is also finished, and the wide suède belt and the pin are included. It comes in green, beige, light - blue, or white, in all the sizes, 14 to 42, and is only $5.95

SLEEVELESS FROCKS AND LONG OR SHORT JACKETS IN GAY SPRING FABRICS WE WILL BUY FOR YOU

POLKA DOTS ON LINEN FOR SUMMER

What could be gayer or smarter than this attractive linen ensemble (above, center), the frock white, the little coat polka-dotted in copen blue, rose, or green! It is semi-made and comes with the difficult sewing finished; sleeveless frock, trimmed with the dot, the skirt plaited in front; pearl buttons; 14 to 42; $8.95

A complete out-of-doors sports costume (left)—leather jacket, kasha or flannel skirt, all-wool zephyr sweater, and béret cap to match—all for $20. The jacket is rayon-lined; brown, green, red, or black; $12.95; skirt on a bodice, $3.95; sweater, $3.95; béret, 95c, all matching, 12 to 20; separately or all, $20

Tweed-knit in its newest, smartest version, showing the tucked-in sweater, collarless cardigan, and skirt with a hip yoke, makes the sports costume (right). The sweater is kashmir jersey and matches the tweed-knit, which may be had in black with natural, beige with beige, green with natural, blue with blue, rose with pink, or red and navy with natural; sizes, 14 to 42; $19.50

TO ORDER
See directions for ordering on opposite page

TRADE-MARKED CLOTHES AVAILABLE IN YOUR OWN SHOPS

Smart is the Déjà jacket suit of navy companionate dot printed silk, above, showing a one-piece dress with a two-piece effect and jacket to match. The blouse suggests encrusted bows at neck and hip-line. The Daventree double-breasted dress is generally becoming and features green Mimosa, a new rayon and wool mixture flecked in black

Palm Beach definitely established the smartness of sleeveless dresses, no wardrobe being complete without two or three, whether for spectator or active sports. Charming is the Tuxedo model of maize washable crêpe de Chine, at left, showing a bosom front trimmed in bows, and a skirt plaited in front and finished with a narrow belt

ASK YOUR DEALER

The trade-marked clothes on these pages are selected from manufacturers whose distribution is wide enough to insure your finding them in your local shops. Ask your dealer for them under their trade-name. If you can not find them, write Good Housekeeping

GOLFLEX

DARTMOOR

TOWNFIELD

MANGONE

FASHION REQUIRES COLORFUL TWEEDS FOR SPORTS OR STREET

Appropriate for either street or spectator sports is the Golflex unlined cardigan jacket suit of green crêpe Georgia, a sheer wool and rayon material, at left above, which, as the mode now dictates, is completed by a softly feminine blouse of white crêpe de Chine boasting a jabot and fitted hip-line. Narrow plaits form the skirt

For general wear the Dartmoor coat of brown and white light-weight tweed, above, shows a scarf which may be worn cape-fashion or folded across the shoulders. The Townfield ensemble of tan Gun Club checked Cumberland tweed beside it is smart for travel, with its flared skirt and yellow jersey blouse tucked in or out, as preferred

Capes return to favor, and a distinctly new silhouette is achieved in the Mangone ensemble of unlined tweed, at right, which features a hip-length cape with a yoke back, scarf collar, and trimly fitted shoulders. The wrapped skirt buttons at side, while the blouse, of printed challis, emphasizes the high waist-line now ordained by fashion

Sabina was thankful she had brought the children. She was profoundly moved as she watched her husband, knowing the fever that was running behind his drawn face

Illustrated By Henry Raleigh

CHAPTER XXVII

CARL telephoned the next afternoon that he was staying in town for several days. Sabina was under no illusions; there was still a struggle ahead. Eileen was to be reckoned with. Her pride, of course, was involved. It was common knowledge that only the accident to Tam had delayed the divorce and their marriage. Pride with Eileen was a fierce, primitive instinct. She would not acquiesce tamely. If it had been only another caprice with her, the situation would resolve itself quickly. But if she really loved him, and was determined to hold him—what then?

The days of suspense kept Sabina in a nerve-wracking strain. She found herself avoiding Caroline and the children, for under their searching eyes she was obliged to make exhausting efforts to dissemble her anxiety. On the third morning, Philip Sandhurst's voice on the telephone, asking her to play a round of golf with him, was a welcome interruption.

On this exhilarating October morning a brisk wind from the Connecticut shore sent the whirling spirals of yellow leaves across the Creek Club fairway. It whipped the color into her face and awakened her spirits. Sandhurst, under cover of his detached, agreeable manner, stole an occasional glance at her. He had observed her pallor and lassitude without comment, but as something of her customary gaiety returned, his solicitude subsided. Of late he had been surprised at the obsessing hunger of his feeling for Sabina. The distinction of her beauty and charm, which always had attracted him, had now an ominous suggestion of aloofness that whetted his appetite for the thing withheld.

As they made their way up the rise of ground toward the eighteenth hole, he said:

"Lunch with me at the new house? A lot of things arrived from the American Galleries last week. I need your advice."

She shook her head and suggested that they lunch instead on the club terrace. He acquiesced at once, disguising his surprise and annoyance. On this mid-week morning the terrace was deserted, and the luncheon, lacking the stimulus of the customary Sunday gatherings, was mediocre.

"You would have fared better at my house," he said.

He had been watching her covertly, for he was far too astute not to realize the significance of her refusal.

Since her return from Paris no reference had been made to the conversation that had taken place between them on the day of her departure for Europe a year before.

By OWEN JOHNSON

The Story of a Husband And a Wife Who Set Their Children's Happiness Above Their Own

SACRIFICE

But he had managed to convey, in a discreetly proprietary manner, the suggestion that he was merely biding his time. Until now Sabina had been content to let things run their course, grateful for the little attentions which he spread about her. It had been vaguely comforting. Her contacts with him were stimulating. He did interesting things, knew interesting people, and it amused her that this self-centered epicurean should have been caught in nets of his own spinning.

He sat down opposite her and said,

"Well, when do you want the housewarming?"

She understood at once, but pretended surprise. "House-warming?"

"You know perfectly well I have been keeping it back for you."

"Phil, how nice!"

"Naturally. Your touch is everywhere. The house was built for you, and it will be waiting for you."

"You have a right to know certain things," she said after a moment.

"Not the slightest right in the world, Sabina," he said earnestly. "I know your problem, and I intend to wait for you whatever time it is necessary. I shouldn't have made any reference. I didn't mean to. But seeing you sitting there just as I've waited for you for months, I let go of myself. I'm sorry. Forgive me, please. At the present moment I want you to think of me simply at your side to call upon whenever you want. I am asking nothing."

He was smiling as he spoke. It was done gracefully and adroitly. But underneath she realized that his instinct had divined the danger in her mood and sought to evade it.

"You are asking nothing because you probably feel that a change has come into my life and you know it is not the moment. But I owe you the truth. I am not going to get a divorce, Phil. That is settled between Carl and me."

"Yes," he said without undue surprise, "I am aware of your state of mind—at present. But just the same, I'll be laying for you back of a tree somewhere, like old Brer Fox!"

The tension relaxed. They began to laugh.

"Very well, Phil, but I've warned you."

"So I perceive," he answered, smiling. An elusive, skeptical expression stole into the corners of her eyes. "If I choose to believe that at a later date things you can not foresee may change your mind, that is my look-out, isn't it?"

"You don't believe it will work out?" she said abruptly.

Sandhurst's lids dropped over his too revealing eyes. "I don't expect you will divorce Carl for a year or two," he said carefully. "But what is true today is not true tomorrow."

She hesitated. "Phil, don't imagine that you are in love with me just because you can't have what you want."

"I wish I weren't," he said without departing from his light manner. "But I am."

She raised her eyebrows in a little deprecatory amusement.

"You know whenever I set my heart on anything I've never been content with second best. But I don't intend, now or later, to indulge in dramatics. Perhaps it will convince you more to state the fact impersonally. I am in love with you. How do I know? Because other women bore me. Sometimes in the beginning, always in the end. You never have, and you never could! There you are!"

Her eyes sparkled. "That's the real Sandhurst. I adore your frankness!"

"It's nothing to laugh about! Oh, I've tried desperately," he retorted ruefully. "And each time it has been a failure. I've always said, 'The cure for one woman is another.' In this case it's not true. They bore me—good heavens, how they bore me!"

"Of course, I'm pleased," she said, laughing. "I'll admit I should have missed you. But don't do anything to break up our feeling of being good pals!"

"On the contrary," he said obstinately. His glance rested on her and filled with her precious loveliness. "I am going to do everything I can to make you love me."

He walked to the driveway with her and put her into her shining, little roadster. As he stood beside the car, she took a fleeting look at him, appraising the smooth and polished veneer of his exterior, a perfection and simplicity that somehow, none the less, conveyed a sense of the Medicean magnificence that was his true atmosphere. In spite of his fastidiousness and poise, it struck her suddenly this perfect surface represented only the shell of a man.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CARL returned on the fourth day, and Sabina saw at once, by the way he avoided her look, that he was in a frantic mood. The reaction had come; she felt Eileen in the background pulling mysterious strings.

Seeing him rummaging in the bookshelves, she said,

"Would it disturb you if I played a little?"

"What? No, indeed. Please do," he said with a look of relief.

She went to the piano in the shadowy, far end of the room and began to play the "*Warum*" of Schumann, while he lit a pipe and, screening his face with his hand, opened a book. Her music was the intimate part of her life, the release of her emotional nature, and her return had been filled with the hunger to be back with her great friends—Wagner, Bach, and Brahms. Carl was not musical beyond a certain pleasant reaction to the more obvious rhythms.

"Anything you'd like especially?"

"Well, Chopin," he said after a moment.

When Sabina heard Eileen's voice in the hall, for a moment she was
and recovered herself at once. Eileen appeared in the doorway, and
Their meeting was faultless. With the uncanny instinct of women

unable to go forward. She caught the look of alarm on Carl's face in one glance Sabina perceived the breathless beauty of the woman. for dramatic values, they hit upon the exact note of casual cordiality

She laughed at his naïveté, put aside her score, and began to play fragments of "La Bohème" and "Carmen," which were the only operas he could be induced to sit through. But when the swaying rhythm had swung into the provocative allure of Carmen's invitation to the inn of Lillas Pastia, he jumped up.

"Don't play that," he said abruptly. "It sets my nerves to jumping. I'm sorry. Forgive me. Can't help it."

He closed the book, went into the hall, flung into an overcoat, and went out the door.

Her fingers wandered aimlessly about the keys, stopped. She had never seen Carl in such a state of disorganization before. She had become accustomed to a man well balanced, unruffled by business worries, of a quiet, steady force and a poise that had smoothed away the little annoyances and vexations of married life. What was Eileen's reaction that all at once she had flung him into this frantic mood? How far had she gone? If she were Carl's mistress, she would fight for him to the last ditch. With that hold over him, and Carl's quixotic sense of chivalry, there was no telling what he might do in his infatuation.

When Carl returned toward midnight, she called him as he was going up the stairs. He came in reluctantly and stood worn and haggard, waiting. The wind had ruffled his hair and sent it over his forehead, giving him a boyish look that was strikingly like Tam. She went to him with an impulse of tenderness.

"Can I help?"

He shook his head.

"If you want to go dashing off to the North Pole, take me along."

"Thanks, old dear," he said, turning away.

"I have done something you may not like," she said. "But I have done it to make things a little easier for all of us."

He stopped and came back, frowning.

"I have written Eileen." She returned to the desk and handed him the letter she had been moved to write during his absence. "Read it and decide."

He held the letter a long while reluctantly, staring at her once or twice before opening it.

"My Dear Eileen,

Carl has told you, of course, of the decision I have come to for the sake of the children. I realize how hard this is going to be for you and for Carl. For all involved I think it would be a part of discretion to resume an appearance of our old friendship. When you are staying with Mimi next week, won't you come and dine with us? Sabina."

His face darkened. "She won't come."

She took the letter and sealed it. Eileen was an extremely clever woman. She would perceive at once the advantage to her.

"Do you mind if I send it?"

"No, but it's asking too much!"

"What, of Eileen?"

"No, of you," he blurted out.

She saw that he really wanted her to come.

"It is your house, Carl, as much as mine."

"Yes, but—"

"It's protecting us all. Eileen will see that, herself." (*Continued on page 257*)

The buffet table is brilliant with spring flowers, pale green tapers, and gleaming silver

Silverware, by courtesy of International Silver Company, and Towle Silversmiths

Glassware, Courtesy Ovington Bros.

BUFFET LUNCHEONS

Ham Mousse

Tiny Baking-Powder Biscuits — Coffee

Olives — Nuts — Bonbons

Strawberry Ice-Cream Sandwich

Crab Meat en Casserole

Heart Sandwiches — Coffee

Nuts — Mints

Orange Ice Cream — Fancy Cakes

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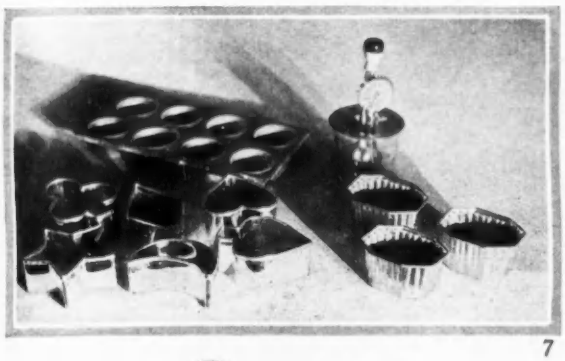
INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher
Director



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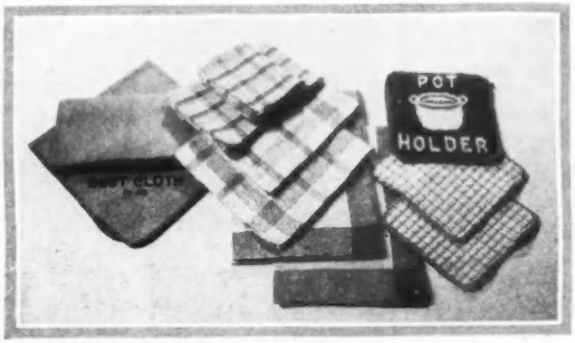

8

Shower the Bride

With Useful Devices for Her Kitchen

By Helen M. Whitson

Of the Institute Staff

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THE truly successful shower to the bride is the one which brings with it a variety of gifts—gifts that would be the bride's own choice in equipping her new home.

If we can picture the wedding day with its abundance of silver and china and glass, we can also picture, perhaps, the bride's first cookery attempts, and the lack of the many all-important minor necessities which have been forgotten in making up the household trousseau. Then we decide once and for all, it will be a kitchen shower.

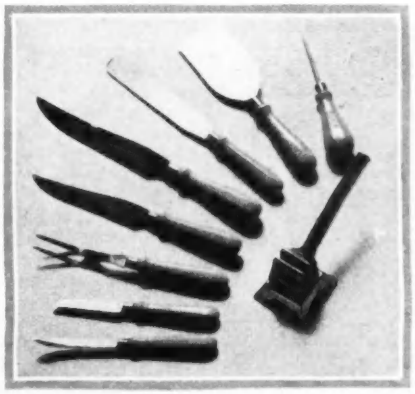
Good Housekeeping Institute's lists of Tested and Approved Devices are rich in suggestions for just such a shower. The shower which was planned at the Institute included all the devices which we have shown on these pages.

Kitchen gifts do not lend themselves easily to tumbling from an umbrella or a Jack Horner Pie, so the tiny hearts attached to the ribbons on the buffet table tell the name of the giver, and the numbers correspond with numbers on the gifts.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute — Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Many thousands of housekeepers have learned to depend upon the Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of Approval as a guide in purchasing equipment that will give them satisfactory service. So look for the Seal when equipping your new home, or send fifteen cents for our List of Tested and Approved Devices to the Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

11



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The table pictured here, with the spring green candles and ribbons and the pale pink flowers and hearts, was brilliant with green glass and gleaming silver. This may be your color scheme, or you may plan your colors to correspond with the flowers which are plentiful in your spring garden.

And now for the gifts! Most of these speak for themselves. Casseroles of heat-proof glass and china (2), a collection of fancy cutters and molds (7), a truly satisfactory can-opener (10), a set of stainless steel tools with sharpener (11), a tiny chopper and bowl (3)—all these will delight the new bride. Number 5 is a group of devices for the bride who uses precision in her measurements and methods for uniform results. What better addition to these than the Good Housekeeping Cook Book! Number 8 is a collection of dishcloths, dustcloths, glass towels, and pot-holders. And they match in color.

If you will write to Good Housekeeping Institute, we will send you promptly complete lists of any of the devices in which you are interested.

Photograph Courtesy Schrafft's Stores, operated by the Frank G. Shattuck Co., N. Y.

The uniform excellence of food, high standards of cleanliness, and attractive surroundings found in this tea-room are becoming more prevalent today

A well-chosen midday meal consisting of a vegetable casserole, whole-wheat toast, milk and fresh fruit for dessert

A ham sandwich, hot coffee, and ice-cold soda hastily swallowed make your stomach indignant! Don't do it too often!

For Those Who Do Not Eat at Home

By Demetria M. Taylor

Of Good Housekeeping Institute Staff

A BUSINESS man traveling in the West was ordering his lunch in the dining-car. Across the table another man was in earnest consultation with the waiter. They were studying two cards, one of which was the menu. Finally the man wrote his order and leaned back, apparently well-satisfied. Out of curiosity the business man asked his table companion what the other card might be.

"Oh, this is a card that Good Housekeeping Institute sends out as a help in checking up on meals," he replied. "I'm finding it an interesting game to see whether I am getting my quota of milk and vegetables and all the other things they say we should have."

On his next visit to the Institute the business man told us of the incident! It was a surprise to us to find the usefulness of our card extended in this way, and it brought out the fact that people today are giving more thought to what they eat, with the idea of keeping fit.

Each year the proportion of people who eat one or more of their meals in restaurants, tea-rooms, or hotels is increasing. Every year, too, the knowledge that efficiency depends on good health, and that good health depends to a large extent on well-chosen food, is brought home to the public with increasing force. Choosing food is a harder proposition for those who "eat out," where variety is bewildering, than for those who eat at home, where a wise home-manager plans their well-balanced fare. Thus people who do not eat at home need some simple guide which they can use as a check, to assure themselves that they are ordering foods that make up an adequate diet. They can find this guide in the Good Housekeeping Institute card, "Balancing the Day's Meals for Adults," which the man on the dining-car found so helpful. This card, which is shown in the photograph on the next page, contains in simple and concise form the *application* of principles which authorities on nutrition have found best. When some food from each of the five groups listed is eaten in a sufficient amount every day, one is assured of an adequate supply of energy-giving foods, body-building proteins, and the all-important minerals and vitamins. With a tempting menu spread before us, it is not easy to choose wisely or well. Too often we choose all the foods we like best, regardless of the resulting combination! When you are in a hurry, do you not too often rapidly dispose of a ham sandwich, hot coffee, and ice-cold soda, to your stomach's great indignation, when a salad of fresh greens, a roll, and a glass of milk would take no longer? By following the Institute card a wise choice will be much easier, and your health will benefit accordingly.

People who have been "eating out" over

a period of several years have witnessed great changes in the restaurant business, changes for the better in every case. Fifteen years ago there were approximately 40,000 commercial restaurants in the United States, and these restaurants served less than 3 percent of the food consumed in the country. Today, 110,000 restaurants serve 17 percent of the total food that we consume, and every year about 9000 ew eating places are opening. The restaurant business has become one of the leaders in American business.

Many factors have brought about this sweeping change. People in the restaurant field consider that prohibition, war, women in business, advertising, the cost of living, automobiles, and city dwelling are leading factors, but we are interested above all in the *results* of these changes as they affect business people. Therefore Good Housekeeping Institute is keeping in touch with food standards and food service in public dining-rooms as well as in the home dining-room. Just recently we have visited many tea-rooms, restaurants, and hotels and have talked with the managers and with others directly concerned with the business of catering to the public. We have talked also to many men and women who take one or more of their meals away from home every day, to find out something about their eating habits.

Fashions in foods are interesting. Business men with whom I have talked tell me that there is a great change in their mid-day luncheon. They can not afford to feel "logy" and sleepy during the valuable afternoon hours, and they have turned to the light luncheon with a view to greater efficiency. Chefs, stewards, hotel managers, all tell the same story: the light mid-day lunch is now the vogue for both men and women and doubtless will remain so. Vegetables are extremely popular at luncheon and dinner both, men are ordering more salads, and more people are becoming fond of fish. Women are being very careful of their figures, men do not want to put on weight, and the result of this fashion is easily seen in the types of food which are chosen.

Among the people who patronize restaurants and hotels, and among those who run them, there is a great difference of opinion concerning the merits of the table d'hôte meal versus the meal ordered à la carte. I have found that the larger hotels, the more exclusive and higher priced restaurants, and the railroads are all in favor of the à la carte menu, since their patrons like to choose each course from first to last and are not worried concerning the cost. Many of the smaller hotels and restaurants have found the table d'hôte indispensable. Their customers do not like to spend time on choosing from a long menu, and they also like to know just what the meal is going to cost them. In restaurants of the latter type the person responsible for the menus should consider that he or she owes it to the public to plan table d'hôte meals that are well balanced and adequate in every respect. Poor combinations are too often prevalent, meals which consist almost wholly of fried foods and pastries, or of foods leaning too far in the direction of starch. Vegetables are too often flavorless, having been over-cooked in a large quantity of water. Happily the trend is toward a better balanced meal, and we hope that the future will bring into the restaurants and hotels more people who are especially trained in the art of menu-making. Whichever type of service you prefer, find a place where you can be sure that the foods you need will be on the menu. Even when you are ordering a table d'hôte meal, you can choose wisely. For example, it is usually possible to substitute a green vegetable for a starchy one if you know that you have had your quota of starchy foods for the day. If you are anxious about your weight, or see that the rest of the meal is rather heavy, you can choose a consommé rather than a cream soup. If the main course leaves you feeling that a heavy dessert would be unwise, order half a grapefruit instead, if no light dessert is listed. (*Continued on page 254*)

Following the Institute card below, we find that an orange, cereal, poached egg on toast, and coffee form an adequate breakfast

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Balancing the Day's Meals for Adults

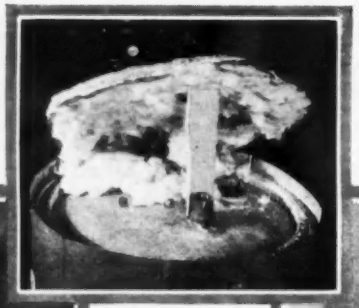
1. Check up on your weight, according to age and height.
2. If you are the right weight, aim to keep this weight and weigh weekly.
3. Balance your meals for the day as follows:
   (1) One pint of milk a day either as a beverage or partly in soups, sauces or desserts.
   (2) Two generous servings of non-starchy vegetables (such as carrots, lettuce, spinach, string beans, cabbage, beets), at least one of these raw whenever possible.
   (3) One serving of fresh fruit, raw if possible.
   (4) Meat, or a meat substitute such as cheese or egg dish.
   (5) To make up the energy requirements for the day add breads (including whole wheat), starchy vegetables (such as potatoes and baked beans), cereals (including whole grains), desserts, butter and cream.
4. Drink plenty of water.
5. If you are overweight cut down on the foods in (5) above, sufficiently to lose weight steadily. If you are underweight increase the amounts of foods in (5) sufficiently to gain steadily. Also follow directions in our article "How to Change Your Weight". Keep a daily diet diary.
6. Take outdoor exercise daily.

The Institute card is a simple guide to the selection of foods. It helps you to eat wisely by applying principles which authorities find best

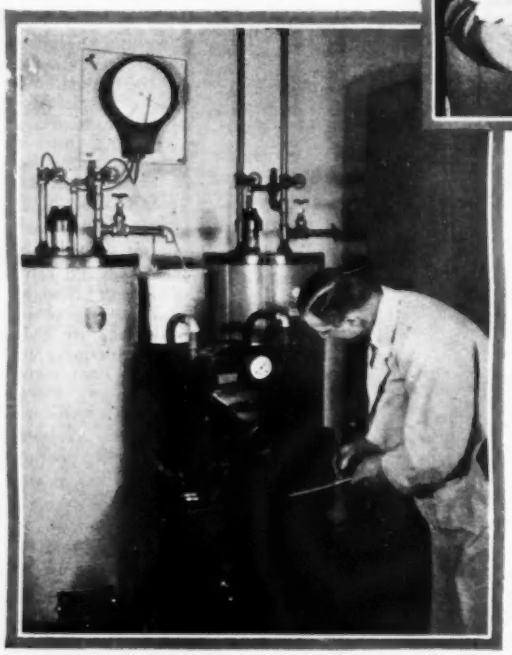
Following the card, a salad of fresh greens and raw vegetables, a roll, butter, and a glass of milk provide a delicious luncheon

Fruit cocktail, broiled halibut, fresh asparagus, new potatoes, bread, butter, and ice-cream for dinner complete a "balanced" day

In the Good Housekeeping Institute tests made on water heaters, the effectiveness of the insulation is always carefully checked



Heaters, to be approved, must supply sufficient quantities of hot water to the Institute laundries and kitchens at all times



The insulating material must give every assurance of lasting service

The Hot Water Supply

By T. L. Henderson

Of the Institute Staff

AN ADEQUATE supply of hot water is one of the greatest conveniences in the home today. In fact, it has become a necessity. Fortunately the need generally is not a difficult one to fill. Most of us would like to have a supply of hot water available at all times without care or attention on our part. This would mean automatic operation of the water heater. In some instances this might prove relatively expensive, but against the expense we must balance the service received. Of course, to lessen the cost of the hot water supply we must be satisfied with something less than complete automatic operation. It is impossible to lay down any general rules to meet every home condition, but fortunately there is a wide variety of choice in water heaters.

A number of fuels may be used for supplying us with hot water. Gas and electricity, because they lend themselves so readily to automatic control, are well adapted to this purpose. They may be so used that no attention is needed on the part of the user to secure a hot water supply at any desired temperature.

Full automatic gas water heaters can be had in either the instantaneous or the storage types. In the instantaneous heater no water is stored in a storage tank, the capacity of the heating burner being adequate to heat the water as it runs through the heating coils. The opening of any hot water faucet starts the heater operating, and the closing of the faucet stops it. The automatic storage type heaters have a tank in which the hot water is stored, and a thermostat controls the heating burner to keep the water at any uniform temperature desired. Whenever hot water is drawn from a faucet and sufficient cold water enters the tank to affect the thermostat, the heating burner lights automatically from the constantly burning pilot, and the heating goes on until the temperature of the water has been restored. Either of these systems provides hot water automatically, up to the capacity of the heater.

Perhaps one of the oldest types of water heaters is the so-called side-arm type, which consists of a storage tank having a heater mounted on the side of it. Generally these heaters are manually controlled, that is, they must be lit when hot water is wanted and turned off when the supply is adequate for the need at that time. However, such heaters may now be equipped with a thermostat which will maintain any desired water temperature in the storage tank. If a thermostat is installed and the heater is made automatic, an insulating jacket should be placed on the tank to reduce the radiation losses resulting from having a tank full of hot water at a temperature above that of the surrounding air. Which type to use will depend upon the need for hot water in any household, and upon what we are willing to pay for the cost of operation. The cost of operation will not be unusually high if care is taken to eliminate wasting of the hot water. The natural tendency to leave the hot water faucet open, when we know that a plentiful supply of hot water is available, is an expensive habit to form, and one which should be guarded against.

Coal is also used extensively for heating the domestic hot water supply. Coal heating attachments may be used in conjunction with the kitchen range or the central house heating plant when it is in use. Coal hot-water heaters which operate independently are also obtainable. The attachments used in conjunction with kitchen ranges are called "water backs," and consist of castings which are mounted in the firebox and connected to the storage tank. Such heaters will furnish an adequate supply of hot water during the periods when the range is in use. The attachment used with

the steam or vapor house heating plant consists of heating coils around which hot water from the boiler circulates. For use with a hot water or warm air plant, firepot attachments may be used. These are castings which are placed in the firepot immediately above the fire bed.

All these attachments must be used in conjunction with some other form of water heater during the periods when either the coal range or the house heating plant is not in service. The coal-burning hot-water heaters which operate independently may be complete with the firepot and the storage tank, or they may consist of a separate heater attached to a storage tank. Such heaters are obtainable with a partly automatic feature, in that the drafts are controlled to some extent by the temperature of the water in the storage tank.

Kerosene hot-water heaters are also available. Such heaters may be obtained having the heater built-in with the storage tank, or they may be of the side-arm type to be attached to a storage tank. Kerosene heaters with more than one burner may be obtained, thus increasing the capacity of the hot water supply. Under ordinary conditions an oil heater may be attached to the hot-water tank, and a maximum of hot-water service can be obtained by operating the burner continuously with a reduced flame, to maintain the tank approximately full of hot water all the time. The requirements must be carefully studied before operating the heater in this manner. Under such conditions of operation, heat will be radiated from the tank into the room or cellar. To reduce this heat loss to a minimum, the tank should be insulated with some sort of jacket. The tank can be covered in the same way as the house heating boiler, that is, with a coating of asbestos cement; or a jacket like the one illustrated may be laced on the boiler. Such a covering serves three purposes: It reduces cost by lessening heat radiation; it prevents the hot-water boiler from acting as a room heater; and it presents a neat appearance. There is available a kerosene-burning heater in which the burner flame is automatically extinguished when a predetermined water temperature is reached in the tank.

Some general considerations are involved in installing every water heater. The installation must be made by a reliable workman if satisfactory results are to be expected. If a gas heater is installed, any necessary adjustments must be made by one competent to make them, and once made, they should not be disturbed. With a gas hot-water heater it is always advisable to have it connected to a flue leading to the outdoors. Usually a hood is provided with the heater to prevent down drafts from extinguishing either the burner or the pilot. Some heaters are equipped with a safety valve which prevents gas escaping from the burner should the pilot become accidently extinguished. The use of brass piping and a copper storage tank should be seriously considered in every case. In localities where the water supply is such that corrosive action is comparatively rapid, the material used is of the utmost importance. In such instances it is almost imperative, to insure satisfactory operation over an extended period of years, to use brass pipes and a copper storage tank. Also, when using brass piping and a copper tank, there is no possibility of rusting, with consequent discoloration of the water.

A relief valve which acts as a safety valve should be placed in the hot-water outlet of every heater. This should be done regardless of the type, in order to relieve any excessive pressure which might be reached in the system and thus avoid serious accidents. It is advisable to connect all gas-burning heaters to a flue, and to install safety devices which will shut off the flow of gas automatically if the burner or pilot should go out itself.

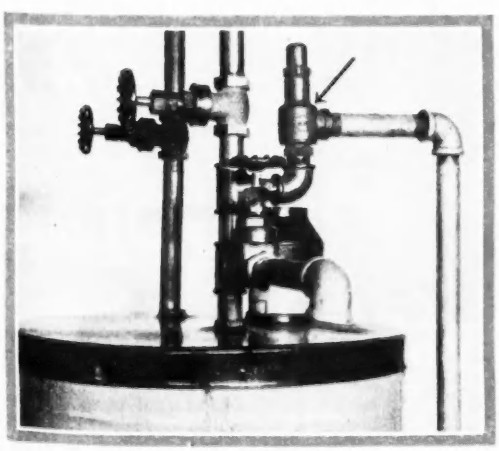
In our tests of hot-water heaters at Good Housekeeping Institute, particular attention is paid to the capacity of the heater, the quality of the insulation, and its general operating characteristics. All the heaters tested are tested for months, and they must in every way give the service expected of them in any home. The effectiveness of the insulation is determined by noting the temperature in the tank, and the quantity of gas consumed to maintain this temperature for a period varying from one to two weeks. The heaters supply the Institute kitchens and laundries, thus checking up on their capacity and the operating characteristics of the heater, attention required, and reliability are noted daily. All of the hot-water heaters on the Good Housekeeping Institute approved list have met definite standards which have been developed from the results of tests made on many heaters. Therefore, all of the heaters on our list should give satisfactory service if they are installed and operated according to the manufacturers' directions.

Good Housekeeping Institute receives many inquiries with respect to the cost of operating hot-water heaters. This is a difficult question to answer, since it is necessary to know not only the cost of the fuel being used, but also the actual quantity of water required in any given home. Obviously the needs of families for a sufficient supply of hot water vary so largely that it is not possible to give a general figure that could be applied to any particular family.

MAY BULLETINS

Fish and Shellfish Cookery	25c
Canning Methods Up-to-Date	25c
Cooking Time and Temperature Chart	25c
Full-Flavored Vegetables	25c
Cooking with Electricity	25c
Sandwiches and Hors d'Œuvres	25c
House Wiring and Lighting for Service	25c
Cleaning Equipment and Methods	25c

The tank should be insulated when using a kerosene heater continuously

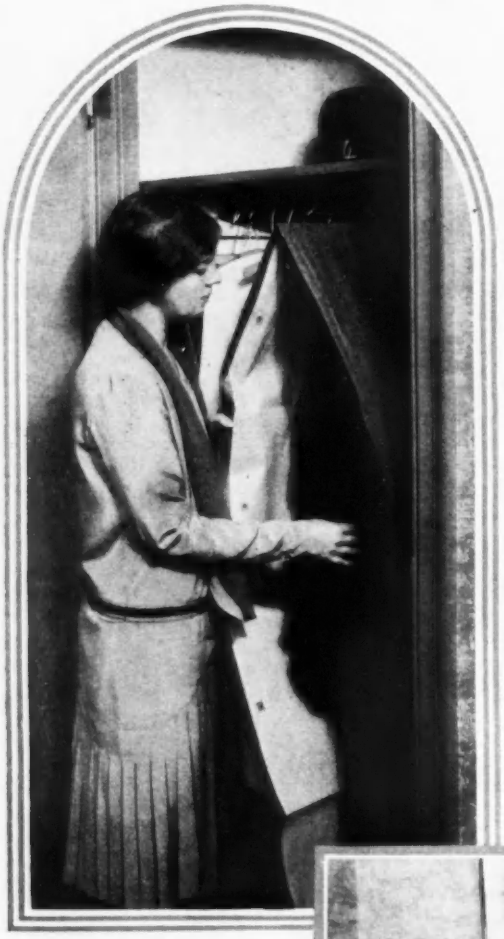


Every hot-water heater should have a relief valve to insure relieving any excessive pressure

Foiling the Moth

Is an Every-Day Problem

Photographs by H. I. Williams



Garment bags made of heavy paper and with tight closures are excellent for storage, but the clothes must be free of moths before packing

EVERY housekeeper knows that clothing in daily use and exposed to sunlight and air does not suffer from moth damage—it is only when it is carelessly stored away or kept in dark closets that the moths do their work. Frequently a winter coat or other winter clothing is left hanging in a closet in the spring with the thought that it may be needed for a sudden cold spell which does not materialize. Even in this short period the garments may become infested with moths. In the belief that these clothes are free of moths they sometimes are carefully wrapped and stored away. When the package is opened, the housewife finds to her sorrow that the moths have had their feast, for unknown to her they were present when the garments were packed. Doesn't this all-too-frequent experience give a clue to one phase of the moth problem?

Clothes should not be stored away without thorough cleaning, brushing, beating, and sunning. Further than this, clothes kept in closets should be periodically brushed and aired, otherwise moths will have an opportunity to breed and cause damage. This suggests immediately that the moth problem is an every-day one requiring regular and careful attention. If moths are kept out of garments that are in use, and the house is free of moths, there is much less danger occurring when garments are stored away. In brushing clothing be sure to go over every part, paying particular attention to coat lapels, pockets, pocket flaps, seams, and crevices to dislodge all the moths, their eggs, or the larvæ. Your vacuum cleaner attachments, particularly the one with the brush, or hand vacuum cleaners will prove very helpful for these cleaning operations that are so important.

Now just a word as to the package or container in which to store garments. No package is mothproof that has openings in it through which moths can find their way to the inside. There are many well-made mothproof bags on the market that can be sealed against any possible entry of moths. It is, of course, possible to make a paper package, either with sturdy wrapping paper or layers of newspapers, that can be sealed tight. Gummed paper tape is excellent for sealing the openings. It is well to sprinkle on the garments and to enclose in the package some napthalene crystals or crystals of paradichlorobenzene, for the gases which result from the evaporation of these chemicals will destroy moths, but *the gas must be confined* to be effective.

Real dry cleaning by a good dry cleaning establishment kills moth larvæ and eggs and is an excellent way to be sure that clothes are free of moths. However, clothing that has been thus cleaned should be packed immediately to provide against the possibility of re-infestation. Some dry cleaning establishments are using effective moth preventives, but to be sure that this mothproofing is properly and carefully done, garments should be entrusted only to reputable cleaning establishments which guarantee their processes. Furs are an exceptional problem because it is so difficult to make sure they are clean and free of moths before they are packed away. Reliable cold storage is no doubt the safest way to protect expensive furs or expensive rugs. Of course, immediately after anything is taken from cold storage it is again subject to the attack of moths, so great care should be exercised to prevent infestation from the time garments are removed from storage until the time they are used.

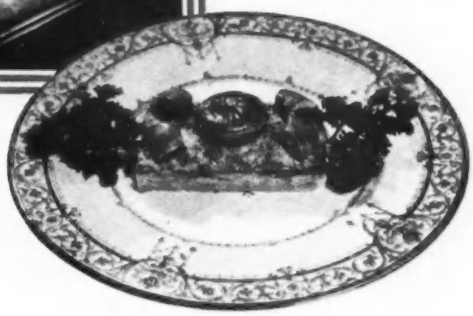
The effectiveness of the cedar chest is due to the presence of volatile oils in the wood. Therefore it should have a tight cover and should be kept closed to afford protection

One trying problem the housewife sometimes has to meet is a house infested with moths. Even the regular cleaning of garments, rugs, and furniture provides only temporary relief, for the moths are in the house in cracks and crevices and will resume their attacks at the first opportunity. The only remedy is thorough fumigation of the house—or at least the rooms where the moths are established. (*Continued on page 210*)

Egg Canapés garnished with balls of pâté de foie gras and topped with a piquant butter sauce are tempting as a first course

Toasted oblongs of bread, spread with deviled ham and garnished with sautéed fresh or canned mushrooms, are most enticing

Caviar, pâté de foie gras, anchovies, shrimp, and chicken suggest only a few of the canned products that make most interesting spreads for canapés



Canapés as We Make Them

By Dorothy B. Marsh

Of Good Housekeeping Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

THERE was a time when strict convention decreed that the first course of a formal dinner must be soup, but that custom is no longer binding. Other dishes introduce both formal and informal dinners, and because of their savoriness they often precede the soup course, or the main course if no soup or fish course is being served. Appetizers they are usually called.

In the article, "A Choice in Hors d'Œuvres," appearing in last month's GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, we discussed one group of appetizers known as hors d'oeuvres. Equally popular, however, are canapés, which are really individual appetizers. Served in the form of fancy cuts of toast or bread spread with savory pastes of fish, meat, vegetables, and the like, canapés as a first course pique the appetite for what is to follow. Occasionally, assorted canapés are arranged on a platter, as illustrated, and served to the guests at the table. In this event the waitress places a small plate on each service plate, after the guests are seated, and then passes the canapés. More often, however, canapés are arranged on individual small plates which are in place, one at each cover, when the guests sit down. Canapés are eaten with a small fork, usually a breakfast fork, which should be placed at the extreme left of the service plate.

Because canapés served at the table are usually eaten with a fork, the foundation must not be so hard that a fork will not cut it. Bread is sometimes used plain, but usually it is browned. Bread at least twenty-four hours old is best. It should be cut into one-quarter-inch slices and then shaped in circles, rectangles, oblongs, squares, strips, diamonds, or other fancy shapes. Next, these portions of bread are either toasted on one side, sautéed in just enough fat to keep from burning, fried in deep fat and drained on absorbent paper, or buttered and browned in the oven. The bread is then ready to be spread with the mixture. Crackers are used for canapés, too.

There are as many possible spreads for canapés as there are sandwich fillings, and a well-stocked emergency shelf can provide a variety with little preparation. The following recipes by no means include all the canapés that may be served as the introductory course, but they are tempting and interesting, and may suggest other unusual combinations to the imaginative hostess.

For *Caviar Canapés*, cut bread into quarter-inch slices and then into oblongs two inches wide and four inches long. Toast on one side only. Spread one-half of each oblong, on the untoasted side, with finely minced onion, and the other half with caviar. A thin strip of green pepper may divide the two mixtures.

For *Cream of Cheese Wafers*, select long, narrow wafers, which have been crisped in the oven. Meanwhile cream together one small cream cheese and two tablespoonfuls of caviar. Spread this mixture on the wafers, sprinkle with finely-chopped onion, and top with anchovies. Makes twelve canapés.

For *Tomato and Bacon Canapés*, cut rounds of bread one-quarter of an inch thick and sauté in hot fat until brown on one side. Spread the untoasted side of each round with chopped, crisp bacon mixed with mayonnaise. On top of the bacon lay thin slices of tomato which have been marinated in French Dressing. Garnish with stuffed olives and serve each one on a bed of watercress.

For *Caviar Sticks*, cut thin slices of graham bread into oblongs one and one-half inches wide and three inches long. Sauté until golden brown on one side. Spread the untoasted side with caviar, and over the caviar place diagonally across the center a small mound of chopped pickle, on one end finely-

(*Continued on page 133*)

Flat Silver, Courtesy The Gorham Co., N. Y.
Fostoria Glassware, Courtesy Ovington Bros., N. Y.

Dining Room Setting —G. H. Studio
China, Courtesy Theodore Haviland & Co., N. Y.
Silver Candlesticks & Bowl, Courtesy Reed & Barton, N. Y.

A jolly spirit of informality reigns supreme at a progressive dinner party

The Progressive DINNER PARTY

By Phyllis Pulliam

WITH the call of spring upon us, an overpowering urge to be constantly on the move in search of new adventures takes possession of even the most confirmed stay-at-homes, and a progressive dinner party seems to fulfill that demand for action which the tonic-giving air inspires.

This is one of the liveliest and most diverting forms of entertaining a medium-sized group of people and incidentally one of the most economical, for the share of expenses is divided among five or six couples. This type of affair is also the most popular way of introducing newcomers to a community, for they readily fall into the jolly spirit of informality that then reigns supreme.

A progressive dinner usually consists of four or five courses, each course served at a different house. About ten days before the party is to take place, the joint hostesses discuss the additional number of people to be invited—guests of honor and newcomers, who, of course, do not share in the expense or preparation. With the number to be served decided upon, the menu is planned and the courses are distributed among the various hostesses. Furthermore, in order that every one may know where each course is to be served, cards, in the form of menus with addresses and courses given in order of "progression," are distributed to car owners at the initial rendezvous.

If the progressive dinner party is to be one of five courses, a fish or fruit cocktail may be served at the first "stop," though hors d'œuvres or individual canapés, served at the table, give an equally attractive start to the dinner. For the next course in this house-to-house campaign, a delicate cream or fresh vegetable soup is delightful.

The hostess with the most outside help will no doubt agree to manage the main course, and, as this is the largest undertaking, two hostesses may share in the expense and the cooking besides, if they are maidless.

Dishes that can be prepared well in advance and kept warm without impairing texture or flavor should be chosen as the *pièce de resistance* for the main course. It is also very convenient, and quite appropriate, to serve this course Blue Plate fashion.

Jellied salads adapt themselves very well to a dinner of this kind. They are light and colorful and easily prepared the day before the party, requiring only a few moments for unmolding and arranging on beds of lettuce after the guests have assembled. Jellied desserts, cold puddings, mousses, ice creams, and ices are likewise particularly suitable for the last course as they can be prepared several hours in advance.

Two hostesses may again combine in this last course when the demi-tasse, mints, cigars and cigarettes are passed after the dessert. If the guests remain to play cards or to dance, then punch and perhaps sandwiches are provided later on in the evening. Still another hostess might handle these refreshments either at her own home or at the same one where the dessert has been served.

When bridge is planned at the last house, it is sometimes more convenient to serve the dessert and coffee at bridge tables, so that the same tables may afterward be used for the game.

To insure the success and thorough enjoyment of a progressive dinner, each hostess should be certain that every detail has been attended to at her own house *before* she herself joins the merry crusaders in their quest for nourishment. The house should be in perfect order, table set, flowers arranged, and her course as nearly ready to serve as is possible. Naturally some final touches are always essential, but dishes requiring a minimum amount should be selected.

As some may desire a progressive dinner of fewer courses, and one that can be served from a buffet, I have worked out a menu for this simpler version as well as one for the four-course and another for the five-course affair. Most of the recipes suggested can easily be made in advance, with only those last-minute improvements that could not possibly be avoided.

FIVE-COURSE DINNER

First House
Assorted Hors d'Œuvres

Second House
Cream of Vegetable Soup

Third House
(Two hostesses)
Mushroom Veal Loaf — Deviled Potatoes
Buttered Asparagus — Clover Leaf Rolls

Fourth House
Ginger Ale Salad — Cheese Straws

Fifth House
(Two hostesses)
Coffee Cream
Walnut Wafers
Demi-tasse — Mints

FOUR-COURSE DINNER

First House
Cream of Corn and Almond Soup
Saltines
Celery Curls — Ripe Olives

Second House
(Two hostesses)
Casserole of Chicken
Sweet Potato Pudding — Baked Fresh Peas
Spiced Peaches — Buttered Rolls

Third House
Cheese Ring Salad
Italian Breadsticks

Fourth House
(Two hostesses if desired)
Loganberry Ice
Spice Cake
Coffee — Salted Nuts

THREE-COURSE BUFFET DINNER

First House
Avocado Cocktail
Tiny Assorted Canapés

Second House
(Two hostesses)
Pressed Ham
Scalloped Potatoes with Bacon
Jellied Spring Salad — Rolls
Celery Stuffed with Roquefort Cheese

Third House
Apricot Freeze
Assorted Sugar Wafers
Demi-tasse

For *Assorted Hors d'Œuvres* served in the Five-Course Dinner, arrange on a dish divided into compartments, or on a large silver platter divided into sections by crisp parsley, the following assortment: sardines or small kippered herring; blanched celery stuffed with cream cheese and pâté-de-foies-gras, which has been seasoned with lemon juice, salt, and paprika (cream cheese and crushed pineapple mashed together with a little cream and sprinkled with paprika is also delicious for such a filling); lemons cut in half (two halves to a person), the pulp almost entirely removed, and each filled with anchovy or caviar, seasoned with onion juice and decorated with minced parsley; deviled hard-cooked eggs; pickled beets; sliced ripe tomatoes, or small ones hollowed out and filled with marinated shrimp or crab flakes; thinly sliced cucumbers, also previously marinated in French Dressing and drained before serving; ripe or green olives, tiny pickles and pickled onions, radishes, hearts of artichoke, and watercress form attractive garnishes for such a collection of hors d'œuvres.

Cream of Vegetable Soup may serve as the second course in this menu. In making it empty the contents of two cans of condensed vegetable soup into a saucepan. Add two cans of milk, or one of milk and one of thin cream (using the soup can as a measure). Heat thoroughly, add seasonings if needed, and serve at once. This delicious soup is easily made. The recipe serves eight.

The *Mushroom Veal Loaf* found in this same menu is delicious. To make this have the butcher grind two and a half pounds of choice veal from the round together with half a pound of ham. Season the meat with a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, four tablespoonfuls of catchup, and four tablespoonfuls of prepared horseradish. Add one cupful of cracker crumbs, one seeded green pepper finely chopped, one onion finely chopped, one beaten egg, and one cupful mushrooms, either canned or fresh, that have been cut into small pieces. If fresh mushrooms are used, they should be wiped with a damp cloth and sautéed for five minutes in melted fat before adding to meat. Mix well together and place in well-oiled loaf tin in the bottom of which four slices of bacon have been arranged; place a slice or two of bacon on top. Bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for one and one-quarter hours, basting frequently. When serving this loaf turn it out on a hot platter and serve with gravy made as follows: to two tablespoonfuls of the liquid left in the pan, add one cupful sour cream, one tablespoonful butter, and one tablespoonful flour rubbed to a smooth paste in two tablespoonfuls of water. Add salt, pepper, and paprika to taste. When serving it cold, garnish the platter with thinly sliced tomatoes, sprays of watercress, and cucumbers dipped in French dressing. Grape or currant jelly is nice served with it. This loaf serves eight to ten persons.

Deviled Potatoes may be almost completely prepared before the hostess leaves the house. Cook, peel, and cut eight medium-sized potatoes into dice. Keep in refrigerator. Meanwhile prepare the following sauce: Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat in the top of a double-boiler. Add one tablespoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful chopped onion, two teaspoonfuls of prepared mustard, and one-half teaspoonful salt. Stir until smooth, then pour over one egg and one-fourth cupful of vinegar which have been beaten together. Return to the double-boiler and cook three minutes more. When the hostess returns, she may sauté the potatoes in a frying pan until golden brown on both sides, arrange in a serving dish, and pour over all the reheated sauce. This recipe serves six.

For *Ginger Ale Salad*, pour one-half cupful of boiling water over one package of lemon-flavored gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Cool and add one and one-half cupfuls of ginger ale. Again set in a cool place until the mixture begins to thicken, then add one-fourth cupful each of chopped nuts and celery, one cupful of assorted canned fruits, and one tablespoonful of chopped ginger. Pour into cold, wet, individual molds and when set, unmold on individual beds of lettuce or other salad greens. Serve with a dressing made by combining three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one beaten egg. Cook over hot water until thickened and then add gradually to one cupful of cream whipped. Cool and serve. This makes eight individual molds of small size.

For *Coffee Cream*, soften one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve in one-third cupful of boiling water. Add one-fourth cupful of sugar and one cupful of strained coffee infusion. Fill eight cold, wet, individual molds half-full of this jelly. Meanwhile soften two teaspoonfuls of gelatine in one tablespoonful of water. Beat slightly one egg, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth cupful of filtered

(*Continued on page 274*)

Emily Newell Blair *Chooses* *A Hamper of Books* *For Frances Parkinson Keyes— And Other Travelers, Too*

Four years ago, when this picture was taken, Mrs. Keyes was just starting on her round-the-world tour for Good Housekeeping. April 19th she sailed again—by way of Spain—for South America. Her "Letters" will follow soon

IT IS estimated by the steamship companies that an average of one hundred dollars is spent on each saloon passenger for bon voyage gifts. Flowers, of course, to bring a touch of land into the cabin and, too, a touch of color; baskets of fruit to please the eye as well as the palate; books for the quiet, restful hours; surprise boxes with a gaily wrapped package a day to beguile the tedium; games and picture puzzles to keep one company; pictures and even toys to amuse; queer little containers of bath salts or powders; and articles like steamer rugs and pillows, leather traveling trays, bottles, photograph frames, to fill practical needs.

Among those travelers there goes this month a friend of many years and many kindnesses for a tour of South America, a friend shared by my GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers, whom I like to think they may, in a sense, owe to me—Frances Parkinson Keyes. For long ago, a graceful young matron sitting at tea in a Washington clubhouse, she asked me to advise her how she might secure a regular magazine connection.

"What have you to sell that no one else has?" I asked her.

And looking under the smart, brown hat at the bright eyes that were so soon to win Washington society, and realizing that here was one who would savor official life to the fullest, I added, with just a tinge of envy,

"Does any senator's wife write about these official experiences that every woman longs to share?"

Only the suggestion traces to me. It was the gift for superlative reporting that loses no essential detail while recording only the agreeable, the delightful, the interesting—be the subject a person, an experience, an event—and the editor who ever widened her opportunities to meet people, enjoy experiences, and witness events that have made the "Senator's Wife" into an "Unofficial Ambassadress to the World." And now that she is adding the other America to the countries she interprets to our women, it behooves friends like me to think upon a fitting steamer gift.

I think of her love for flowers, recalling the violets running down her luncheon table at the Congressional Club and the long-stemmed roses in the tall vases in her Washington apartment; of her appreciation of good food, remembering her high praise of Kathie's dumplings; of her enthusiasm for bridge and other games at which she excels; of her search for anything which will increase the efficiency of her traveling kit. Which shall I strive to please? And then I remember the glee with which she confided to me on her departure for Bermuda last year that she was taking along a whole hamper of books. A hamper of books! What more perfect gift? As much color for the cabin as any bouquet, mental stimulus, and food—Mrs. Keyes is not the woman to live by bread alone—a surprise package for each day, a puzzle in each plot, each binding a container of something satisfying, and articles useful to furnish conversation if not, perhaps, information and knowledge. A combination in one gift of everything gifts might offer.

All this provided, of course, that the hamper contains the right books. The right books! That was a difficulty. In the first place they *(Continued on page 173)*

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Negligée from Kurzman

Powder-Puff Philosophy

By Ruth Murrin

A FACE powder of high quality is good for the skin, and rouge of good quality will not do it any harm. We women have always suspected it, and now that the doctors admit it, we need worry no longer about ruining our complexions. All we need wonder about is how to get the very best effect with the powder-puff and the rouge-pat. Fashions change in make-up as they do in clothes. One season it is applied secretly and sparingly; the next it is used lavishly and publicly. At present, I am glad to say, we are able to follow a happy medium. Every woman is expected to take advantage of every subtle aid to good looks that she finds enhances her appearance, but she is not permitted to flaunt them. This change may be due to reaction against the public appearance in buses, trains, and restaurants of so many sticky lipsticks and not-quite-clean powder-puffs, or it may have resulted from the discovery that the casual application of make-up leaves the subject looking worse than she did before.

However it has come about, women generally are beginning to practise and to preach a sensible make-up philosophy, which may be boiled down to these crisp commandments:

Keep your skin smooth and healthy; powder will not disguise a bad complexion.

Put make-up on a clean skin only.

Keep your puffs immaculate, or use bits of clean cotton.

Take your time. Blend rouge and powder well into the skin.

Face a good light when you powder.

Select preparations of the best quality.

Choose the shade of powder and rouge which enhances your general coloring.

Be careful to use a lipstick that does not quarrel with the shade of your dress.

It is always a difficult thing to prescribe make-up shades for another person without much experimentation on the actual skin. There are so many variations of blonde and brunette coloring, aside from the brunettes with fair skins and the blondes with olive complexions, that prescriptions without actual practical tests are apt to be wrong.

Experience has taught us that no skin can stand a dead-white powder; that natural and flesh are becoming to true blondes, but that many of them find a light rachel or cream flattering; that peach, ochre, rachel, banana, and the various sunburn shades offer a wide choice to the brunettes.

We know that the basic color of the true blonde's skin is a delicate violet pink; that the basic color of the brunette's skin is orange. It is important to remember this in choosing rouge. The violet-pink rouges harmonize better with the fair-haired girl's coloring, and orange-red rouge with the dark-haired girl's complexion.

If you wear a red hat or a red dress, ask an artist or some other person with a discriminating eye to tell you whether or not the rouge and lipstick you are using harmonize with the red you wear. A clash in color between make-up and clothes will spoil the effectiveness of your costume, and will in a curious way emphasize the artificiality of the rouge.

A mistake that many women make is to use in summer the powder they find becoming in winter. Even with care to prevent sunburn, the skin tans somewhat in summer and requires powder a shade or two darker. If you follow the present vogue for a sun-tan complexion, you will need a powder several shades darker. If you decide to be tanned for a season, do it gradually, using one of the new preparations which prevent burning and blistering and help you get a perfectly even tan over the whole surface of the exposed skin.

Your Beauty Problems

"Powder and Rouge" is Ruth Murrin's new leaflet describing modern make-up. She will send it to you and answer your personal questions, if you will write her, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

If you want 32 pages of suggestions on how to be good-looking, send 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Ave., N.Y.C., for "A Primer of Personal Loveliness"

YOUR Money's Worth

A Department Conducted for The Sole Purpose of Helping You to Get Full Value for Every Dollar You Invest

Par Value

By Ruth Boyle

THE question of what par value is and how it differs from market value troubles many investors who are making their initial investment in stocks. The perplexity expressed in the letter which follows is typical of the confusion which arises in the mind of a person who has previously bought only bonds, but is now trying to gain some understanding of the stock market.

"My husband," writes one of our readers, "works for a concern which has a savings fund for its employees and allows them to buy stock of the corporation on the instalment plan. He now has fifteen shares of the stock, which people say is very good. The corporation says they are willing to buy this back at any time, and if he wishes to sell now will pay $81 a share. Now, this is what worries me. The stock is only $10 par value. I do not see why they should want to pay $81 for something that is really worth only $10, and even if that is the market value, as they tell us, isn't it very precarious, and if something happens to start stocks going down, won't the profit on our stock probably be wiped out overnight?"

Knowing that the face value of a bond means that the corporation issuing it promises to pay back on a specified date the sum named on the bond, the woman who wrote this letter assumes that the par value of a stock has a similar significance and indicates what the stock is really worth. The difference, of course, is that while the corporation owes the bondholder a debt which it is pledged to pay, it owes the stockholder nothing. He has purchased only a right to share in the fortunes of the business, and the par value of his shares is merely a nominal valuation of his right. He can never go to the corporation and collect it as a bondholder expects to do.

When a company is newly incorporated, the par value of the shares may represent the actual value of the assets of the concern—the cash, the plant, the equipment, the patent, the mine. But usually this is not the case. What the stockholder gets for his invested capital is an equity in the property of the corporation, over and above its debts, and a share in the *prospective earning power*. The par value and the market value of the stock are practically never the same, and one has little relation to the other. The one is set forth in the charter of the corporation; the other depends on the earnings of the business. The moment an enterprise becomes a going concern—the wheels begin to turn, the buying and selling start—the market value of the shares changes with every fluctuation in the fortunes of the business. The par value remains the same, while the shares may be selling on the market for more or less than par, according to whether the business is poor or good, and whether or not the public is interested in the stock. On a certain day recently the stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with a par of $50 a share, was selling at $77; American Telephone and Telegraph, par value $100, was selling at $217; American Woolen, par $100, was selling for $21; General Motors, par value $10, was selling at $83.

The investor need not bother much about the par value except when the dividends are quoted in percent. If a stock selling at $200, with a par value of $100, pays a dividend of ten percent, the owner receives ten percent of the par value, or $10. Dividends quoted in percent are based on the par value, a fact which inexperienced investors often do not realize until they receive their first dividend check.

Recently a woman spoke to me of a bank stock which was selling for about $7000 a share, and with wide eyes told me that it paid one hundred percent dividend. "Imagine getting a dividend of $7000 a share," she said.

Her interest rapidly evaporated when she was told that the dividend was one hundred percent of $100, the par value of the share, an exceedingly modest return of less than two percent on the market price.

During the past ten years a new fashion in corporation finance has come into favor which does away with much of the confusion caused by the difference in par value and market value. This is the introduction of no-par stock. The capital stock is divided into a given number of shares without (*Continued on page 114*)

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell: we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

Follow your nose to a BARGAIN

WHAT, smell a bargain?

Certainly!—for Fels-Naptha's clean naptha odor says plainer than words, "Here is *extra* help"... and of course you know that the real bargain in laundry soap is not how many bars, but *how much help* you get for your money.

That's what makes Fels-Naptha such a find!—because it gives you the *extra* help of two effective cleaners instead of one. Not "just soap," but *good golden* soap, and plenty of naptha, the safe, gentle dirt-loosener used by dry cleaners.

So, when you wash with Fels-Naptha you get the *extra* help of these two active cleaners working together. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt-remover, joining hands to bring you clean, sweet-smelling, home-washed clothes without hard rubbing.

SMELL THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Fels-Naptha is gentle both to clothes and to hands. Use it in machine or tub—in hot, cool or lukewarm water; or for soaking or boiling your clothes, if you wish. Use it for household cleaning, too. But, *use* it—and discover for yourself the *extra* help it gives—the *extra* help that makes Fels-Naptha a real bargain in value!

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Order it from him today—by the bar or in the convenient ten-bar carton. Fels & Company, Philadelphia.

© 1929, Fels & Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

Compton's

Can any MOTHER afford to be without COMPTON'S any longer?

Literally millions of children now depend on it for leadership and better marks in school. That's why teachers say they can readily tell a child with COMPTON training.

Compton's Is the Only Thing of Its Kind in the World

COMPTON'S is the only complete set of reference works in encyclopedic form that has ever been written for children in terms of their own interest and understanding. A real ten-volume encyclopedia of complete knowledge, absolutely accurate; and yet so intensely interesting in picture and story that children take these books to bed with them as they would old fairy tales.

And my! How they learn! And how they love to learn!

Compton's Now on 1st Payment of Only $3.50

Can you afford to be without COMPTON'S any longer when so many millions of children now have its extra advantages and when a first payment of as little as $3.50 puts it in the hands of your children right away?

Fill in this valuable coupon and mail it now to our Educational Director. It will show you better than all the advertisements we can write how much COMPTON'S can mean to your children every day of their entire school lives.

Compton's
***Pictured* Encyclopedia**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Here is the coupon. Mail it now.

Educational Director
F. E. COMPTON & COMPANY
Dept. 6-25, Compton Bldg.
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, please send me at once your big FREE Pictured Sample Section of COMPTON'S together with your FREE Questionaire Game which measures the general knowledge of any boy or girl of any age. And also give me full information as to how and where I can get COMPTON'S on the easy terms you have mentioned in this ad.

Parent's Name----------

Address----------

City----------State----------

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

Taking Out TONSILS

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

"The doctor thinks Johnnie should have his tonsils out—shall we?" That question comes to us in letters many times. We never can answer yes or no, because in every instance careful judgment is required to weigh the pros and cons. It is not like a case of acute appendicitis, where something must be done quickly or the appendix will burst!

No one knows the use of tonsil tissue. At one time the two tonsils were thought to "strain out" infection, i. e., to be guards at the door, challenging each germ and allowing themselves to become saturated with the dangerous ones to save the rest of the body. That theory explains why some people still argue that it is better to leave their old, ragged tonsils in. But it is a poor theory, for it does not work because the body is not saved. Tonsils *can* become filled with pus, even though there has never been an acute tonsillitis. Then the glands at the angle of the jaw become tender and enlarged because the infection drains through them. Sometimes these glands form abscesses which must be opened. For the most part they remain enlarged, ready to make you uncomfortable with every fresh cold or to give you a stiff neck or tender, round lumps along the diagonal muscles in the neck.

The Eustachian tubes leading to the ears may carry infection from bad tonsils and adenoids. Then there will be an earache or real pain and swelling, leading up to a spontaneous discharge, or to a necessity for opening the ear drum. Too many ear punctures tend toward deafness. Whenever there is a choice between having some surgery done on one's nose and throat or becoming gradually deaf, you would naturally choose the operation, if other conditions were favorable, rather than the deafness.

A tonsil may be large and yet not be a menace unless infected. There is no disadvantage in keeping unimpaired tonsils, however large or small. No surgeon operates unless he is convinced that the tonsils are bad and that the child will benefit from the procedure. Often a small, deeply-imbedded tonsil may have poison in the crypts which does not show, and pus can be pressed or sucked out only during the doctor's examination. Cultures made from this pus will determine whether the germ is a dangerous one or not.

When these dangerous germs affect the heart, they may leave a real heart valve damage which the child will always have to reckon with. When that has happened, taking out tonsils is like locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

"Growing pains," which, while they may shift from one part of the body to another, are mainly found in legs and thighs, and acute rheumatic fever are often traced to early or repeated tonsillitis. Even St. Vitus' Dance (Chorea) is usually put in this same category.

We are coming to believe that there is a direct connection between sinus troubles and infected tonsils. Also that children have sinusitis far more frequently than we thought, and that the constant dropping of secretion in the back of the throat may keep reinfecting the tonsils. If this is the case, you can easily see that merely a removal of the tonsils will not clear up the condition. The sinus itself must be treated.

With all this as a background, shall we have Johnnie's tonsils out? The first point is to decide whether there are enough points against those special tonsils. Repeated attacks of tonsillitis, enlarged lymph glands, ear pain or discharge, a heart murmur or other signs of toxic absorption, loss of appetite, underweight, anemia, etc. Next we want to know whether he can safely stand an operation which involves an anesthetic, and this will be decided after a careful medical examination of his heart, lungs, and urine, and an x-ray of his chest to see whether he has a persistent thymus gland or not This x-ray is essential for a child up to four or five years old. After that age doctors differ as to the necessity of looking for the thymus. I myself think that in a child it is always a wise precaution as, in addition to a possible shadow of a thymus gland, the x-ray will show any disease of the lung.

It is frequently desirable also to have a blood coagulation test made to determine whether the child is a "bleeder" or not, in which case treatment would be necessary before one could operate.

It is well to choose a time when there are no epidemics in the neighborhood. The future welfare of the child is largely dependent upon the complete removal of *all* the tonsil tissue, and his after care. This consists of careful feeding; protection from respiratory diseases during convalescence; the treatment of any anemia which might have been caused by the infectious process before its removal; sunshine, etc.

It is gratifying to see the majority of these children regain their strength and vitality, eat as they never ate before, and gain in all ways beyond your fondest expectations!

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Lady Violet Astor

Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.

She is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in English Society. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

LOVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and her good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite convictions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows, and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected! And the Skin Freshener, the filmy Tissues for removing cream—all four are delightful!"

THIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after ★ exposure.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

The finishing touch—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day. Always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

Lady Violet leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.

You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—the famous Two Creams, new tonic Skin Freshener and soft, snow-white Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. S
109 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company

In using advertisements see page 6

"This is how we care for soft wee woolens" says famous Maternity Center

Rose-petal skin must never be chafed by harsh, rough woolens! Yet baby's things are washed so often. Use this safe method.

"We use Lux (cool suds) to keep baby woolens soft," New York's famous Maternity Center says.

"We rinse in 3 cool waters, dry flat to fit measurements, or on a frame, in a cool, shady place."

"Lux does not shrink or fade knitted things — they stay like new, if cared for this safe way."

"We use Lux for all *baby's things —clothes, bottles, toys. Lux is not only gentle, but truly sanitary because, unlike cake soap, the same Lux is never used twice."*

The INSTITUTE FORUM

Welcomes the Merry Month of May

"We've been a-rambling all the night,
And sometime of this day;
And now returning back again,
We bring a garland gay."

THESE lines from the "Mayers' Song," a melody of great antiquity, refer to the ancient custom of "Going a-Maying." On May-Eve the young people rose early, often before midnight, and walked to some near-by wood accompanied by music and horns. While some cut branches from the trees and wove garlands, others sat about and made the "May-music." The gathering and the music finished, they returned home about five or six o'clock in the morning adorned with flowers. Branches of hawthorn and boughs of the narrow-leaved elm were both called "May"; therefore, cutting these and carrying them home constituted "bringing in the May." This done, the boys and girls went about in groups displaying their garlands and singing carols. Choosing the Queen of May and May-pole dancing were also part of the day's festivities. Although the way in which this day was observed differed in various countries, the first of May marked the joyous celebration of a new season.

Due to the efforts of the American Child Health Association, the first of May is now observed in America as Child Health Day. This has been done to promote, in general, interest in the health of the child. Plans for May-day are now made with this thought in mind. They should be such as will stimulate health activities not merely for the day, but throughout the year. May is an ideal month to interest the younger children in trees, birds, and flowers. And it is not too late for them to plant their garden plot, plan a bird bath, or build some bird-houses. A single package of mixed flower seeds holds many surprises. Trying to identify the blooms as they appear may develop an interest in flowers that will last a lifetime.

Institute Notes

"What can I do with the top of my dining table to make it heat-proof?" is a question which comes to us frequently. Some manufacturers or dealers will give the top of a dining table a heat-resisting finish if the customer requests it at the time of purchase. There are varnishes which will not show heat or water spots. A table top with a rubbed wax or oil finish is durable and requires little care to maintain its attractiveness. If a table with such a finish is stained, one must be sure it is with a stain that will not discolor the table linen if water or other liquids are spilled on it, otherwise a coat of shellac or varnish must be applied to hold the stain in the wood. Unless one has some knowledge of finishes and how to apply them, it is more satisfactory to have the work done by a professional refinisher.

White spots on a table, if not too deep, may frequently be removed by laying a blotter, or unglazed paper, over the spot and passing a moderately heated iron just above the paper. This will absorb the moisture which caused the white spot. Another method is to wipe the table with a cloth wrung as dry as possible from water containing a few drops of ammonia. This should be followed immediately with a furniture oil or polish. Other marks from hot dishes may be made less noticeable by rubbing the table with rottenstone and lemon oil mixed to the consistency of thick cream. Rub well, then wipe off the table with clean oil and a clean, soft cloth, rubbing with the grain of the wood. Wipe off all excess oil, then the table may be polished or waxed as preferred.

Complaints regarding the staining of porcelain enamel table tops prompt us to say that food acids, such as are in milk and citrus fruits, will often dull the high surface gloss of such table tops. Although it is impossible to restore the glossy finish, these dull spots do not affect the sanitary aspect of the porcelain, nor the serviceability of the table top.

Those who have difficulty in cleaning asparagus will find it a help to remove the scales from the stalks when washing them. Then try plunging the stalks, tips downward, into a pan of water. The force with which the stalk strikes the water helps to dislodge the dirt.

Before washing spinach, first cut off the roots. One easy way of cleaning this vegetable is to use two large pans. Fill both with water; put the spinach into one and then lift it into the other. Put fresh water in the first pan and lift back again. Repeat, using clean water each time, until no sediment is left. Using warm water for the last cleaning will also help.

Reader Discoveries

More About Asparagus

When cooking asparagus for several people, I find it saves time and effort to divide the asparagus into portions before cooking, tying each portion securely with a cord. It can then, at serving time, be lifted out with a fork, placed on the plate, and the string cut and removed, leaving it neatly arranged.

Mrs. S. R., Montclair, N. J.

To Repair Mothproof Bags

In getting out my mothproof bags for putting away woolens and furs, I found some of them had developed small breaks, some only cracks, some real holes. This rendered them non-mothproof, of course. As the best bags are expensive, and are to me the most convenient way of putting away garments, I felt this was a problem that called for a solution. So here it is: At a book bindery shop I found gummed cloth in strips about 4 inches wide, which could be bought by the yard for a few cents. This, being really strong and secure as gummed paper is not, made the bags as good as new. It was a quick job to cut this into any size or shape and stick over the holes. I also used it to paste over the cracks where lid and box meet in hat boxes and other boxes, thus making them secure also for storing winter hats, scarfs, and other small articles.

Mrs. C. S. N., Ithaca, N. Y.

To Wash Berries

Whenever I have berries of any kind to wash, I place them in a colander. I then place an aluminum perforated cork (the kind used in bottles for sprinkling clothes), on the cold water faucet. This makes many fine streams, which penetrate and cleanse the berries more thoroughly, and the berries are not crushed. It is also an excellent and most efficient way to wash vegetables such as spinach and lettuce.

Mrs. R. F. C., Corning, N. Y.

"...but you can do more than merely *talk* about your *floors*"

says well-known weather man of southern California

Colonel H. B. Hersey, of Sierra Madre, head of the U. S. Weather Bureau of southern California, believes that most people live with old-fashioned, uncomfortable things purely out of habit. In his new home he has boldly discarded old ideas about floors, with the eye-pleasing results you see pictured here. But Armstrong Floors brought more than beauty alone to this modern home.

A comfortable room in the home of Col. H. B. Hersey . . . and a comfortable floor in flagstone effect—Embossed Inlaid, 6060. Colors can't fade or scuff; they're inlaid to burlap back.

Like a wind-wrinkled sea, this Armstrong's Jaspé floor in tones of green adds refreshing coolness and color to Colonel Hersey's dining-room. It's spot-proof, stain-proof, too. (Pattern No. 19.)

"You can't do much about the weather . . . but you can do more than merely talk about your floors!" Colonel Hersey, weather forecaster, can prove both these statements. In fact, he has sent us graphic evidence of what can be done to have floors of unchanging beauty in homes new or old.

It was an advertisement such as this that first suggested Armstrong's Linoleum to the Colonel. He stopped at a local store to see just what Armstrong Floors looked like, just how they would fit in with the modern Spanish-type home he was planning to build.

Just as you might do yourself, he selected floor effects to suit his own tastes—for in Armstrong's Linoleum today there are designs to meet almost any decorative desire. (And prices, too, that meet any budget.)

But the ten rooms in Colonel Hersey's home have floors that are more than just beautiful to look at. They're permanent, for one thing—trimly fitted to each room and then cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. That means foot comfort and quietness, too.

And as for cleaning . . . imagine a floor that won't spot and stain, whose surface is protected by the dirt-resisting Accolac Process. The lightest waxing and polishing keeps it like new. Or in such rooms as kitchens, where floor-washing may be necessary, a mere going over occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer, and your floor is satin-smooth, gleaming again. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

There are other good-housekeeping features to these new-type Armstrong Floors. You'll find them pictured and described in Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Printed in full color. Free offer of personal service. Sent for 10c. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 917 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

PLAIN - INLAID - EMBOSSED - JASPÉ - ARABESQ - PRINTED and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

Another muffin recipe

rich in the flavor of peanut butter

HERE is a recipe for muffins we want you to try. Their delicious nutty flavor will, we are sure, bring forth exclamations of approval from the whole family.

Beech-Nut
Peanut Butter Muffins

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter, melted

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Rub into them the peanut butter with tips of fingers. Add the milk and egg gradually. Beat well, add the melted butter. Bake in hot, well-greased muffin pans in a rather hot oven (400° F. to 425° F.) twenty to twenty-five minutes.

When you've made these muffins we know you'll want to send for our leaflet of many other dishes and cooked foods to which Beech-Nut Peanut Butter imparts a tempting and entirely new flavor. Just fill out the coupon below.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. GH-5-29
Canajoharie, New York

Please send the FREE folder featuring new Peanut Butter recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Help Find the Source of Your Trouble

My husband has been drinking whisky at intervals for three years, and the habit is so strong now that I feel he will never quit of his own accord, and neither will he take anything to kill the desire for it. Could you give me the address of some reliable house or company where I could get something to put in his food?

Anonymous.

Before the advent of prohibition numerous Keeley Cures for the alcohol habit were established in various parts of the country. In these cures a medicine formed from gold was claimed to be useful in diminishing the desire for alcoholic beverages. Whether or not this was so is doubtful. The good effects from going to asylums of this kind was in being removed from temptation. In other words, in not being able to get any alcoholic beverages to drink. You can help the matter considerably if you will inform the prohibition units active in your vicinity of the identity of the bootlegger who supplies your husband with whisky. There is no legal way of getting whisky now, except to get a prescription from a physician. To patronize a bootlegger is a violation of the law. Only the bootlegger, however, is punished and not the purchaser. Where a family is likely to be disrupted as yours is by beverages of this kind, all efforts to destroy the source of supply are helpful. You may rest assured that your husband will not be implicated if you send the bootlegger to jail. It is well worth while to use every effort to save your husband, yourself, and your children from the terror, disgrace, and impecuniosity which always attend the illegal traffic in liquor.

The Nurse Knows Too Much

I am twenty-eight years of age and weigh 109 pounds. I have bladder trouble and was told by a nurse that a diet of the juice from half a lemon in a glass of water every two hours for two days and a half—nothing more, not even sugar—would cleanse the blood stream and cure this trouble. Would you advise it?

Mrs. R. McC., Ind.

The nurse is entirely too accurate in her statement as to the time that the cure will require. She says it is exactly two days and a half. It is seldom that such accurate information can be obtained respecting the time any kind of disease will last. In so far as I can see, a treatment of this kind will produce no effect whatever of a curative character. You should take your advice from a competent diagnostician and physician and not from a nurse. I think the nurse is very considerate in limiting this diet to two days and a half. By that time the patient would certainly acquire an appetite for a more generous food supply.

Sulphur Is the Guilty Party

My sister has noticed for a year or more that the silver used at mealtimes leaves dark marks on her fingers. It happens just after the silver is cleaned, and it does not affect any of the rest of the family in this way. Also the effect is just the same, whether the silver is sterling or plated. Will you please tell me if this indicates an acid condition?

Miss E. P., N. Y.

The human skin is made up almost exclusively of protein which contains a large percentage of sulphur. In some cases there is a great deal more of it in some members of the family than in the others. In handling silver there is a tendency to abrade it in fine particles. The sulphur in the skin unites with these minute particles of silver and converts them into silver sulphide, which is brown or black in color. This is the origin of the black stain which you describe. It does not indicate acidity.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," "Diet in Diabetes" and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire of The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

Distilled Water Not the Best

I have very hard water here. Would the lime in it tend to make stiff muscles? Is it known if people who drink rain water keep more flexible? Could I mix distilled water with the hard water to advantage?

M. G. D., N. J.

I do not think the presence of lime in drinking water would tend to make muscles stiff. There is no deposition of lime in muscular fiber or even in the joints. Lime is deposited only in the teeth and bones. The presence of lime in drinking water is considered healthful by most experts, both for the production of good bones and good teeth and for the preservation of the general alkalinity of the tissues. Water that contains an excess of lime may be softened considerably by boiling. When the carbon dioxide which is in the water is driven off by the steam, a large part of the lime is deposited. Incrustations on the teakettles, and other vessels in which water is heated, indicate the extent of such deposition. I do not think the arteries of people who drink rain water are any more flexible than the arteries of those who drink spring or well water. Distilled water is almost devoid of any mineral salts so important to human welfare, such as lime, iron, magnesia, and a trace of iodine. If the hard water is very hard, it may be improved by being mixed with distilled water, and the distilled water would be improved by being mixed with the hard water.

Iron Rust Frequently Useful

Is it injurious to health to drink water from rusty water pipes and, if so, in what way?

Mrs. D. T. J., Calif.

Sometimes it may be advisable to drink water from rusty pipes—provided there is no other mineral except iron rust in the pipe, and the iron rust is clean. Rusty pipes, however, are likely to be dirty also, and to have other things besides iron rust in their make-up. A little extra iron in the water now and then will do no harm, but other things besides iron rust may. It is, therefore, a safe rule to get iron through spinach and other vegetables, and not depend upon a rusty pipe for the necessary supply of iron to keep the blood in proper condition.

Many people do not realize the value of a proper iron content in food. The first effect of a deficient iron supply is incipient anemia. Even a slight attack of anemia is marked in diminishing vitality and inability to perform ordinary functions of life. All foods rich in iron are valuable in preventing this condition, but nothing is quite so good as a liver diet.

Can We Safely Bring the Sun Indoors?

Asks Dr. Walter H. Eddy

WITH spring about us, it may seem untimely to introduce the subject of sun lamps. We do not have to buy them now, hence leisure for reflection. Perhaps a discussion of their properties at this time may help us to reasoned selection later, and at the same time help to better use of the sun itself in the months that are immediately ahead.

The study of the causes of rickets brought appreciation of certain sections of the sun's rays formerly ignored or at least little understood. Hold a glass prism in the path of a beam of white sunlight, and it breaks into a rainbow of colors ranging from red to violet. The physicists speak of this rainbow as the sun's spectrum. They explain that the prism bends the ray and that separation into colors results because the ray is composed of light of different wave lengths, each length is bent at a different angle, and hence the separation into bands. The study of rickets revealed the fact that out beyond the violet band there are invisible rays of peculiar potency in healing this disease. These rays, called from their position ultra-violet, create in the living body when they reach the skin the antirachitic vitamin (vitamin D). Without this vitamin we do not utilize lime properly for either bone building or other uses. Later study has taught that this vitamin D is a chemical substance called ergosterol, which may be present in inactive form but becomes the vitamin when acted upon by the ultra-violet rays. Since this ergosterol is found in some foods as well as in animal skins, we now have "irradiated" foods; that is, foods that have been bathed in ultra-violet rays and therefore contain active ergosterol or vitamin D.

In previous articles we have discussed some of the practical applications of this new knowledge. The above facts are reviewed here to make clear the sudden creation and public offering of ultra-violet-ray producing lamps. The increasing multiplicity of these lamps, the claims made by their makers or vendors, the fact that the offerings differ markedly in potency and in kind, also in collateral benefits due to other factors than ultra-violet rays—all this tends to bewilder the prospective customer. Combine with this the equally important evidence that unless properly used they can hurt as well as bless, and some exposition of what may be expected from them seems worth while.

The medical profession has viewed with considerable alarm the unskilled use of these tools by the layman. Some have gone so far as to express the view that their sale should be prohibited and their use permitted only under the direction of the doctor. Others feel that while it is unsafe for any one untrained in medicine to attempt self-medication the use of these tools to bring indoors some of the benefits of a tramp in the open sunshine is not only justified but to be urged.

The editor of a famous British Medical Journal has summarized this latter viewpoint so concisely and clearly that I can not do better than give you extracts from his editorial:

"A vast amount of confusion exists regarding what is permissible or not in this matter. Many trading firms which deal mainly with the medical profession are naturally anxious not to forfeit the profession's regard by going counter to their wishes in this matter. Many doctors are in doubt about the usefulness or danger of the growing popularity of sunlight lamps in the home. And the general public is bewildered by statements which are, or appear to them to be, diametrically opposed. The medical profession could not—even in the very unlikely event that it wished to—prohibit the general public from taking whatever advantage it cared of the sunlight which Nature has provided for the benefit of the world. There is a deep-rooted feeling that what is natural is good, and that sunlight, being the most natural thing possible, is a thing of benefit and not of harm. If natural sunlight, used with reasonable precautions, is free and beneficial, the question arises as to whether artificially produced sunlight should not be equally at the disposal of the general public. No one has yet devised an apparatus which will precisely reproduce the various health-giving properties loosely grouped together under the term 'sunlight.' These include exposure of the skin to the moving air, breathing of fresh air, and usually bodily exercise as well. Further, the relative intensity of different portions of the spectrum in natural sunlight is not duplicated in any artificial light source. It is obvious, therefore, that the analogy between sunlight and 'artificial sunlight' must not be pushed too far. But there seems to us no adequate reason why the use of ultra-violet lamps which produce only a radiation of mild intensity, and emit no wave lengths shorter than those found in the solar spectrum, should be denied to the general public in conjunction with suitable precautions. We can not advocate the wholesale use of such lamps unless we are satisfied that they are not to be used in substitution for natural sunlight and outdoor exercise. What positive benefit will accrue to the users of such lamps is not so certain, though there are those who think that any method of supplementing, to however small a degree, the lack of sunlight in the darker months of the year is to be welcomed. It is at least possible that the public use in moderation of 'certificated' ultra-violet lamps may lead to a greater appreciation of the benefit of sunlight and fresh air, on the one hand; and on the other, to a desire for the known benefits of ultra-violet irradiation in medical hands being made available to them in the case of illness, which would be a considerable encouragement to all those medical men who have taken the trouble to study and practise such treatment."

I quote this opinion at some length because it seems to me an eminently sane view, because it outlines concisely some of the problems involved in lamp selection, and because of its caution that sitting in a closed room before an artificial sun is not a complete substitute for a tramp in the open, with moving muscles and deep breaths, under the beams of Sol himself.

Have you the LEFT-ALL-ALONE BLUES?

Is there a nightly performance of everyone leaving the house—everyone out except you? You're left alone—a sit-by-the-fire with the blues. There's a very simple way to change this program—in a modern Cinderella manner.

Let Europe be your fairy godmother! Hie yourself there on a White Star, Red Star or Atlantic Transport liner. They are ships with understanding ways with solitary women travelers. Before you're a day out the relaxation has worked wonders with your point of view—solicitous stewardesses improve your disposition—your appetite perks up under the influence of ravishing dishes—the people you meet give you a new slant on life...

And after Paris, London, or the continent, you'll never suffer from the left-all-alone blues. You'll be transformed into a woman of the world—sophisticated, interesting and ever so charming.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE · ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship agents.

"And She Lived Happily Ever After", is a most interesting little booklet written especially for women travelers. A guide to ocean traveling etiquette . . . You'll be interested in it—We'll be delighted to send you a copy. Send your request to No. 1 Broadway, New York City.

In using advertisements see page 6

Now..... let's have a real southern dish..

How the family will enjoy delicious Chicken Creole—"as prepared in New Orleans."

It is so appetizing, so easy to serve—and so economical—when made with the delicious R & R Boned Chicken.* The tender meat of these specially selected birds, enhanced by the southern flavoring of this delightful recipe, makes a dish that any chef would be proud to serve.

You can make it in your own home—in about ten minutes. Try it tonight. Your grocer sells R & R Boned chicken.

CHICKEN CREOLE

1 small tin R & R Boned Chicken	1 small Green Pepper (Minced)
1 tablespoonful Butter	4 tablespoonfuls Flour
2 cupfuls Milk	Salt and Pepper to taste
1 small Onion (Minced)	Several slices of Toast

Cook (without browning) the butter and onion for five minutes, then add the flour and cook two minutes longer. Add the milk and seasoning, the minced green pepper and the boned chicken (cut in small pieces). Heat but do not boil. Lay the slices of toast on a hot platter, and pour the Chicken Creole over it.

** Every chicken is certified and passed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.*

Richardson & Robbins

Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.

Can We Safely Bring the Sun Indoors?

There are various ways in which you can produce ultra-violet rays artificially. The discharge of an electric current through mercury vapor enclosed in a vacuum tube made of quartz is one method. Lamps built on this principle give a small amount of visible light and a wide range of intense ultra-violet. They actually supply ultra-violet of greater intensity and shorter wave lengths than you and I get from the sun itself, for sunlight before reaching the earth loses by absorption and reflection many of the shorter rays. Such lamps, unless provided with suitable filters, must not be allowed to act on the human skin except very briefly, and the rays should never be allowed to strike the eye or other sensitive parts. Failure in such precautions means severe burns, easily incurred, because you are unconscious of the burn until too late. These lamps are extremely valuable when intensity is desired for brief periods, as in food irradiation or for special medical uses. They can be made safe for general use by using suitable filters to cut down intensity or to screen out certain wave lengths altogether. More of these filters later.

The ordinary carbon arc, such as you see in certain types of street lamps, also produces ultra-violet rays. By changing the composition of the cores of these carbons it is possible to increase or decrease the ultra-violet range and intensity. By the same means it is possible to produce a light more closely simulating natural sunlight than can be done with the mercury-vapor tube alone. The manufacture of these special carbons is now an established industry. When used in an ordinary electric lamp with suitable reflector, they supply another type of "sun" lamp. Like the mercury-vapor type, they will be intense or mild in accordance with the carbon used and the type of filter placed between the flaming arc and the exposed surface.

What is a filter? Ultra-violet rays pass freely through quartz. A clear, fused quartz window will then transmit all the ultra-violet produced, with little diminution in intensity. Ordinary window glass, on the contrary, will transmit practically no ultra-violet. It is a modern triumph of the glass makers to have devised modifications of glass, much cheaper than fused quartz, that will transmit certain wave lengths of ultra-violet. By proper choice of materials they can today produce glasses that will transmit practically any range desired. Such modifications constitute the ultra-violet transmitting glasses now being offered for solaria and home use. These same glasses are being used by the lamp makers to form doors or screens for insertion between the source and the exposed materials. The lamp makers call them filters.

If, then, I construct an ultra-violet source and place a suitable filter in front of it, I can make the lamp deliver to you only such ultra-violet rays as are in natural sunlight. To open this window or remove the screen and let the rays of the source fall directly upon the skin would be a direct nullification of the precaution taken in installing the screen. Lamps equipped with filters should then be used as built, not experimented with by the uninformed.

Perhaps this is a good place also to point out that heat and visible rays pass freely through ordinary glass. Heating lamps, usually glass bulbs enclosing suitable filaments and fitted with reflectors, should not be confused with ultra-violet ray lamps. They are useful therapeutic agents where heat is desired, but must not be confused with the two types described above. The fact that they can be constructed cheaply, and the public interest in sun lamps, have led certain unscrupulous dealers to give to these heating type lamps names which at least imply sun properties. Hence warning is necessary to the unwary.

From the editorial comment I have cited and the above descriptions you will see that it is possible to use either an arc or a vacuum tube lamp with filters and construct a machine which gives the ultra-violet intensity of natural sunlight.

Length of exposure of the skin to such lamps is subject to the same precautions as in the use of direct sun rays. Don't try to acquire a "sunburn" too fast. Many people in using these lamps recline in front of them, grow drowsy, and drop off to sleep. They may wake up badly burned unless some protective measure is installed to cut off the current automatically at the danger point. Obviously, also, this danger point will vary with the character of the skin exposed.

The space allotted for this review is obviously too limited for extended discussion of what benefits the use of such a tool may confer. Vitamin D formation is today only one of several values obtainable. The effects to be expected are not at all well understood by the medical profession as a whole, for the use of these lamps is in its infancy. As with most new tools we may expect new values to emerge with use and study, but do not be foolhardy. Buy if you like, use as directed, and be content with following directions which have been devised to safeguard you and avoid hurt. When in doubt, consult an expert; don't experiment. Do not try to diagnose yourself. In that direction lies danger.

Par Value

(*Continued from page 102*)

any nominal value, arbitrarily determined by the directors, written on the face of the shares. Many financial authorities believe that the use of no-par stock will simplify the problems of the uninformed and inexperienced investor, but just now it seems to cause more bewilderment than ever to some people. The following letter is an illustration:

"Will you kindly explain the meaning of the term 'no par value,' when it is used in connection with either common or preferred stock? My understanding of it is that you are unable to determine what dividends you will receive on such a stock, and that therefore it is of less value than one with a known par. Is this correct?"

The young business woman who wrote this letter has not grasped the fact that any share of stock, with or without par value, represents simply a fractional participation in the assets and profits of a business over and above the debts. The dividends paid are determined largely by the earning power of the corporation quite aside from par value. If there is a known par, the dividend may be stated in percent. If the stock is no-par, the dividend is stated in dollars. Consolidated Gas common is a no-par stock; the dividend is $3 a share.

Whether stock should have a par value or not is principally a matter of corporate accounting and management. To the investor it makes little difference which class his stock belongs to. No-par shares may be an advantage to the unsophisticated investor, since, without par value to dazzle him, he may investigate more fully the true value of the stock offered him. Another advantage is that no-par stock permits a new enterprise to obtain its working capital without puffing up the value of its assets on its books and giving highly inflated values to such items as good will. From the corporation's point of view there are both advantages and disadvantages. The average investor can leave the argument as to which is best to the economists, and need not be troubled one way or the other as long as the stocks he holds are those of good, strong, well-managed corporations.

Voted the Loveliest of *WIVES* by

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE

Mrs. Hester, snapped beside the Plaza fountain in New York City. She has used Woodbury's ever since she can remember, and has a skin like a child's.

Mrs. George Franklin Hester of Richmond, Virginia . . chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the loveliest of wives

SHE is tall, slim as a wand, with beautiful bright brown eyes, full of golden lights, and a skin like a Marechal Niel rose.

Her face, seen in repose, is grave and rather dreamy. When she smiles it breaks into a look of enchanting mischief—of lovely archness.

She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and comes of a long line of Southern beauties. She made her debut at eighteen, and four years later she married—a young Southerner like herself. She is still in her early twenties.

The things that interest her are music and books, beautiful color, texture, line. She is a musician, and has studied the violin since she was five. She plays golf to please her husband and the piano to please herself. "*Butterfly*" is her favorite among modern operas; "*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*" among recent books.

She opens her eyes in wonder at Northern women—their energy, dash, ambition. "They all *do* things—in the South we just live."

Marriage seems to her an absorbing career in itself. She doesn't see how married women find time for outside jobs—"especially when they have babies." She says she isn't an old-fashioned wife or a new-fashioned wife—"just a wife!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she can remember, and she has the loveliest skin in the world; soft as a child's, dazzlingly white, with deep, vivid color in lips and cheeks.

"I am thrilled at being chosen a Woodbury beauty by three such distinguished men," she declared. "I love Woodbury's Facial Soap. To me it is the perfect soap for the skin. It has a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2909 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2909 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.

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3
Dangers
to skin beauty

1. Germ-covered cloths
2. Harsh towels
3. Non-absorbent cotton

Avoid them in this way: rub cold cream off, not in

DO you rid your pores of the day's grimy, poisonous accumulations or do you rub cold cream and dirt further into your already abused skin?

Absorb cold cream by using Kleenex Cleansing Tissues. Their gentle softness lifts embedded impurities to the surface. They leave the skin smooth, fresh, healthy, clean! And they cost only a few cents a day, though you use three sheets at a time and discard them after one use. Send for a sample package. Try it. You'll be delighted.

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to G-5

Name.....

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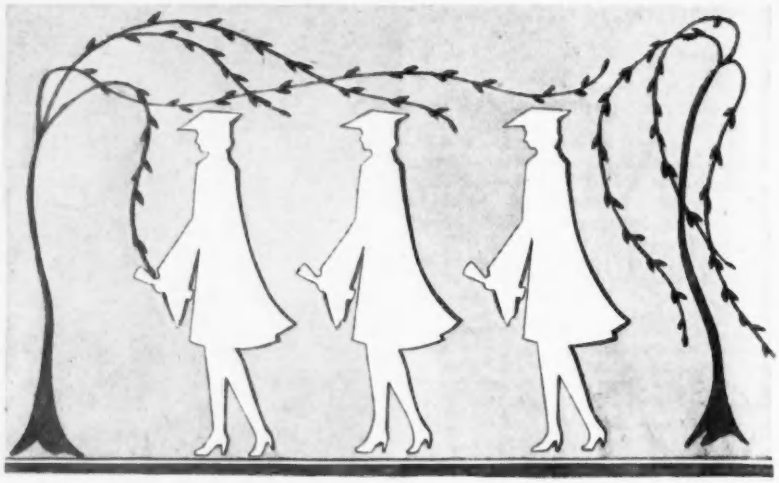


COMMENCEMENT GAMES

By Elaine, Entertainment Editor

Don't go near the water, child,
Until you learn to swim;
Never go near the primrose path
Unless you're strictly prim!

All the world is young, lass,
And youth makes time pass;
Yet you must remember, lass,
Time makes youth pass!

AS THE CAMERA SEES YOU GAME: Collect as many old snapshots of the class and its guests as possible. New snapshots may easily be taken also and developed before the day of the party. Put a snapshot of every girl at the party in one box, and a snapshot of every boy in another. When the guests are assembled, allow the boys to reach a hand in the box of the girls' pictures without looking, and draw one. Have the girls do the same with the boys' pictures. The partners are thus drawn by the camera. On the back of each snapshot drawn in this way may be pasted a piece of note paper with this verse written on it:

Fate has drawn your partner
Nor stopped to ask you whether;
Tonight gives you a chance
To draw your fate together.

Present each couple with a snapshot book, of black paper leaves, with slits cut in which to insert pictures, and with a large number of snapshots of themselves and of all the other guests, individual snapshots and also group snapshots of all sizes. Very old snapshots are most amusing when obtainable, but new ones are also amusing. On the front cover of each snapshot book have pasted a snapshot of some familiar scene in the neighborhood, a park, a building, view of a city, picnic grounds. Each may be different, or all may be alike. Written in white also on the cover, have the date, and this verse:

The future is today, lass,
And Auld Lang Syne is now;
Money's what you make it, lad,
So make it talk—and how!

Also provide each couple with scissors and a tube of paste. Provide for general use a great collection of magazines. Explain that pictures are to be cut from the magazine illustrations and advertisements, and the heads are to be cut off the snapshots and pasted on to the magazine pictures instead of the heads that appear on them in the publications. Announce that a prize will be given to the couple pasting up the most amusing book of snapshots.

For instance, the head of the class president stuck on the body of a little boy on roller skates or on a bicycle is extremely funny when you know the person. Such a picture could be labeled "Synthetic Life." An added touch would be to paste the head of the prettiest girl at the party on the picture of a funny old maid picture from the magazine and paste it in the book so it appears to be chasing the class president on rollers. As another example, it is funny to stick the head of some student on the body of a man lying on the floor in a magazine illustration, and stick the head of some faculty member on the head of a man or woman standing over him and pointing a pistol at him, or lashing at him with a whip. There is no end to the startling and ludicrous combinations that may be achieved.

RHYMES WITH REASON: Half the players go outside the room in which the game is to be played. The other half decide upon some simple word in connection with their studies. For instance the word map, or book, or grade.

When those outside are called in, they are told they must guess, and act out without speaking, the word those inside have agreed upon. To start them off a word that rhymes with the one chosen is given to them. Then they may retire to the other room and decide together how to act it out.

As an example, if the word chosen is "grade," the word "spade" may be given out. At first the actors may guess "jade" or "frayed." At last they guess and act out "grade." To act out this word the actors represent an upgrade by one lying flat on the floor, the next lying on the floor humped a little, the next stooping, and so on, each a little higher than the other until the last is standing on a chair to represent the highest point in the grade.

For any leaflet below send 10 cents to Elaine, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

Games Leaflet	10c
Bright Bowknot Booklet	20c
Heart Afire Party	10c
Tons of Money Brides' Shower	10c
Bridge Rules in Rhyme Party	10c
Mascots and Mottoes Birthday Party	10c
Wedding Anniversary Verses	10c

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

A new spirit entered the Scutari hospitals with the coming of Florence Nightingale

"500 more wounded—no blankets or bandages!"

The beginning of trained nursing

"We have 4 miles of beds, not 18 inches apart," wrote Florence Nightingale from the base hospitals of the Crimean War in 1855. "Tomorrow 500 more wounded men are due, and no blankets, sheets, or bandages!"

Before many weeks this resolute, grey-eyed girl and her little band of volunteers—the first modern trained nurses—had brought order out of chaos. Recoveries among sick and wounded soldiers rose steadily from *fifty-eight* to *ninety-seven* out of every hundred!

In the World War of 1914-1918 desperate calls for "More nurses!" brought increasing thousands of women into scenes of horror and suffering. And their heroism is a vivid memory to the men whose lives they helped to save.

Today in the United States alone a quarter of a million registered nurses stand ready night and day to respond to the physician's need for expert care of the sick.

The nurse's professional attitude is impersonal, scientific. Yet her hand smooths the pillow under childish curls, or curtains the light from feverish eyes with a sympathy only a woman can give.

* * *

In the scientific training of nurses, there is never-ending insistence upon absolute accuracy in the administering of medicines prescribed by the physician.

It has been the privilege of Parke, Davis & Company to produce dependable medicines ever since 1866—medicines prepared according to the highest standards of scientific purity and accuracy.

Brim full of Sunshine!

Each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is brim full of sunshine! Your physician will tell you that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong, healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D. It is light in color, practically odorless, and so nearly tasteless that children find it easy to take. Ask your druggist for ★ Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

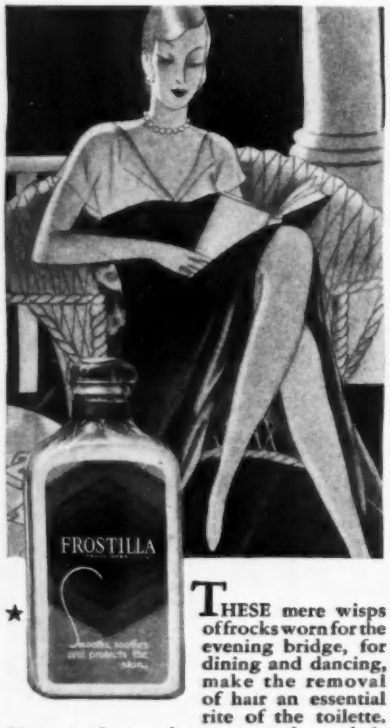
The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

In using advertisements see page 6

after hair is removed

FROSTILLA

smooths, soothes, protects!



★ **THESE mere wisps of frocks worn for the evening bridge, for dining and dancing, make the removal of hair an essential rite of the toilette. Yet too often such treatments leave their mark—a tell-tale touch of red on arm or leg or face—irritating to your skin—irritating to your self esteem.**

It is then that you will find Frostilla a most consoling confidant.

Its instant touch cools, soothes, and banishes that offending redness. Its delightful fragrance counteracts all unpleasant odor—for Frostilla contains a subtle, lasting perfume, imported from the shores of France.

Look smart—Show your skin as fashion dictates—but be sure to use Frostilla!

Now that Style has stolen sleeves from dresses, backs from bathing suits, and stockings from shoes—now that your skin *is exposed* more than ever before—Frostilla will prove a friend indeed.

It is more than a comfort and a complement to daytime decolleté. It keeps your skin supple and silken; it gives it enticing softness and smoothness. It prepares it for a gracious pat of powder and makes that powder "stay put."

In beautiful blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and $1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. *Or write for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request.* Department 341, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.)

The Incredible Year

(Continued from page 63)

bothered me, rather. Forgive me, won't you."

"Then it wasn't me?" asked Julie, instantly joyous, and ungrammatical.

"Of course, not."

The sunlight came back to her then, enfolded her in its radiant warmth. She put her hand into his, laughed a little, and presently, on leaving him, the last thing she said was,

"When are you going to let me see that engine?"

He promised to take her to the machine shop—and walked downtown, thinking deeply.

Perhaps he should stop seeing her so much.

At the utter blankness of mind this thought engendered in him, he was appalled. Had seeing her grown to mean so much to him then?

She was so young—so apt to turn where her inexperienced heart led her. He had become, through his "impersonal" interest in her, her closest friend, perhaps her only real friend.

No, he would not see her so often. He would plead work; he would shut himself away with the mysterious workings of his engine.

But that would hurt her. And he could not endure to hurt her. And it would hurt him even more.

NAIDA had never shown her preference for him as Julie did. Naida, before he asked her to marry him, had played with him, had advanced and retreated, had sulked and been silent, had been tender one moment and repelling the next. Naida had led him a pretty little dance, using the routine technique which she had known—and still knew—so well how to use.

But Julie was frankly glad when he came—as frankly sorry when he left her. Therefore, he argued to himself, she couldn't be seriously involved. Women didn't act like that when they were. Women in love were reticent, moody. Women in love coquetted. And Julie never did.

It was only, he consoled himself—yet the consolation was not entirely pleasant—friendship—bred of her loneliness and her bewilderment.

He managed a happy medium, and while he ceased to see her every day, he still saw her a great deal. For if two days passed without his coming, she telephoned him.

He kept his promise and took her to his workroom in the machine shop, where she prowled about and asked, to his delight, extremely intelligent questions.

"It will be a great success," she told him.

"Perhaps. I hope so. It won't revolutionize flying by any manner of means," he said, "but I think it's an advance on present methods. If I can once find the capital—get my models built—approach the Government with my plans . . . "

Julie said impulsively: "I'll be of age pretty soon. I—I'll have a lot of money. Can't you let me finance it for you?"

Bruce laughed. "Julie, what a dear you are!" he said, and regretted saying it as soon as he saw her instant flush. "No, you can't. I won't let any friend of mine risk money on me," he explained lamely.

"But," answered Julie shrewdly, "if you wouldn't let a friend risk it, you *couldn't* let a stranger, could you?"

He was caught. Laughed again, and said apologetically: "Well, perhaps I don't consider it a risk, after all. If a man—or group of men, say—would put up the money, I'd feel pretty safe in assuring them that they'd get an adequate return on their investment, some day."

"Then, if it isn't a risk," said Julie triumphantly, "and if it is an investment, you'd far better benefit your friends than strangers!" And added in the next breath, "So why not me?"

Stepney shook his head. "Not you—first of all, not you," he replied gently. "Men don't go about accepting large gifts of money from women, Julie."

"Why not? If a woman has the money and a man needs it and they're friends?"

"Well, put that way, of course," said Bruce in despair, "it sounds all right. But it isn't a conventional procedure, Julie."

"Oh, convention!" She shrugged that away, and her eyes shone. "I don't know what you people mean down here by convention! Half of Hildreth's friends do things that we'd think downright *bad*, at home. But they're all right here. And then they talk about convention! Hildreth's always talking about it. As far as I can make out, convention is wearing your clothes the right way, and being able to walk straight no matter how much you've been drinking, and not getting caught. Convention!"

She was very pretty in her scorn. Bruce laughed again and gave it up.

"Oh, you'll learn, after a while," he said, "to distinguish between convention and codes. You'll see."

"And you won't take the money—when I come of age?" she persisted.

"Are you really serious?"

"Of course!" She was frankly indignant.

Bruce said hastily: "Then I beg your pardon for treating your offer lightly. It is dear and generous of you, Julie, but I can't accept. It's out of the question."

"But why?"

"Oh, how stubborn you are!" he said, observing her mutinous little face. "How stubborn! I can't, and that's that. I *won't*, if you prefer it. And no matter how rude that sounds, I'm really very grateful. So forgive me—and let's forget it, for good."

After a moment he said slowly: "More than your offer, I appreciate your belief in me. The engine is my dream. Every man has his dream, and that is mine now—a dream which must come true."

Later, he wondered, a little startled, more than a little apprehensive, if he were not beginning to dream another dream—a dearer dream—and one—he did not deliberately shut his eyes to signs and portents—which would come true for the asking.

CHAPTER XV

THE date of the Desmonds' removal to Oyster Bay was postponed from the end of May to sometime early in June. People were staying rather late in town, that season. There were some important parties to be considered, and although the weather was warm, the roof gardens were cool and attractive, the roads good, and the general spirits of Julie's little world high.

Until the Desmonds and Julie moved to the country, Julie was caught up in a continuous round of what is sometimes sardonically known as "gaiety." Luncheons, teas, dancing at all hours of the day and night, theatres, shopping—her days were brimmed over with activity.

Her past knowledge of the theatre had been limited to motion pictures, an occasional stock company in the infrequent trips to the towns nearest her home, and a road company performance in Montreal. So Hildreth was amused and startled at some of her reactions to the current drama as played in New York. During one matinée, at the fall of a second-act curtain, Julie gathered up her things and stalked out. Hildreth followed with a hasty word to the other women with whom they were.

She caught up with Julie in the lobby.

"Child, what on earth is the matter?"

"I won't sit through any more of that," answered Julie scornfully.

And as Hildreth was unable to persuade her to return, she went on home with her, after dashing back, telling the rest of the party to send the car home at the end of the matinée,

Tools that eat DIRT!

more d.p.m.
—DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is d.p.m.

Hoover dusting tools live on dirt.

Let them but touch the draperies, the walls, the door and window frames—dust is gobbled up. Let them delve in the corners of the piano and radio, among the radiator coils, in the depths of the upholstery of furniture and automobiles—fluff and dirt are instantly devoured. Give them a chance to poke in the corners of the stairs, around the tufts of mattresses, among the books on the bookshelves, in the fireplace—you'll see how cleverly they search out, how greedily they swallow, all the dust and lint and elusive bits of dirt.

Hungry dusting tools! Hoover dusting tools!

Light and easy to handle, their swivel joints make it unnecessary for you to twist your wrist, their spring catches lock the units instantly in place. Such helpers give to your housecleaning, to all your routine dusting, a very special speed and ease.

Yet above-the-floor cleaning is a small matter compared with that of cleaning floor coverings, which store about ninety per cent of the dirt in your home. Helpful as are the Hoover dusting tools, of even greater importance is the faster, easier, more thorough cleaning of rugs which results from the exclusive Hoover cleaning principle, "Positive Agitation." It is so effective against the embedded grit which eludes ordinary cleaning that The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner.

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ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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And prolongs those
FIRST FEW WEEKS OF NEW CAR BEAUTY *for years*

You buy a new car! It is beautiful and you are proud of it! Now, that it is yours, why let sun, rain, dust, dirt, traffic fumes, and other pirates of motor car beauty rob the finish of its lustre and brilliance . . . when Simoniz will keep your car looking new and beautiful for years. And, after years it will be worth more when traded in.

Whether finished in Duco or lacquer a new car should be Simonized at once. The hard durable surface of protection that Simoniz provides, guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

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and making what apologies she could for her.

At home, they had it out.

"But you *can't* do things like that!" Hildreth remonstrated. "It isn't as if just you and I were there. It was Naida's party for you. That should count for something. I told her, of course, that you had a splitting headache, and I was going to take you home and put you to bed."

"You needn't lie for me," said Julie. "I'd just as soon tell her the truth as not."

"But—"

Hildreth paused in despair. The girl's lovely, mutinous face was shut against her. She shook her fair head and said:

"It was really too bad of you, Julie. You might have sacrificed your own principles for your hostess' comfort."

"I wasn't thinking of principles," Julie told her. "But I don't see why I have to look at that sort of thing. It was silly and stupid and vulgar."

Hildreth said nothing more. Julie, she knew, was right. Yet the farce had been funny enough. She and the other women had laughed rather self-consciously and a good deal. She had thought that a good deal of the rapid-fire smut—sex sauced with whipped cream and red pepper—would go over Julie's head. Had hoped so. Julie wasn't, as she put it to herself, as quick on the uptake as most girls of her age. Not that she was ignorant.

She was correct. Much of it had passed Julie by. But the action upon the stage had been plain and unvarnished enough.

BRUCE STEPNEY came to see Julie that night. And, as was her custom, Julie took her little problem to him.

"I was right, wasn't I?"

"Julie," Stepney answered, half laughing and half serious, "the trouble with you is, you're almost always right. But nevertheless, if you are going to live in this particular world, you'll have to learn to discriminate. In other words, you'll have to stifle your conscience."

"It isn't conscience."

"I beg your pardon—your fastidiousness, then—stifle it occasionally. I admit the show is rotten. I've seen it. I also admit I laughed at it. It's clever and well acted, and the lines are almost brilliant in their limited way. Yes, I admit that. But leaving a party which has been given for you, because your sense of the proprieties are offended by a stage show, simply isn't done—not in New York. People haven't the courage to insult their hostess in order that their personal intelligence should not be more insulted than necessary."

"I'm always doing something wrong," sighed Julie. "Hildreth told Mrs. Trevor I had a headache. I didn't. I never had one in my life. I'll write and apologize and tell her the truth."

"That wouldn't be kind to Hildreth," Bruce reminded her. "Let it go—if you'll take my advice."

"All right."

She sat curled up on the couch, her superb, red-golden hair loose about her face. She had lost much of her tan, but not all of it, and the complexion care which Hildreth insisted upon had given her a smooth, glowing, golden skin, untouched as yet, despite all Hildreth's insistence, by rouge. She was perfect, thought Bruce, watching her with satisfaction and with a leaping of the heart which he could no longer control.

He could no longer conceal his case from himself. He had, and knew he had, fallen deeply in love with this girl of the North Woods. And he knew, entirely without conceit, that her heart turned to him. It would be so easy to take advantage of this first frank stirring of her young heart. So easy!

But he held back. It was not fair to Julie, he thought. She was so entirely inexperienced—she had not yet had her chance. But he loved her so much, had done so, he thought, from his very first glimpse of her. She had seemed to him then as lovely and gallant and fresh as a silver birch on a wind-swept hill. The other women had looked like hothouse blooms, forced and already fading and scented with artificiality beside her youth and her fearless, high-held head.

That she preferred him, he knew. Her rare laughter was for him, and her gravity, and her welcome each time she saw him—and it was often—was radiant in her face and deep in her eyes and brilliant in her smile. She was perfectly frank about singling him out in a crowd and openly managing to have him sit with her, talk with her, and even—now that she had grown accustomed to it—dance with her. She gave herself into his arms with such a wholehearted surrender that his own heart was tremulous, shaken with her nearness and her communicable happiness. He told himself that such a mortal realization of an impossible dream couldn't be. Here was a woman who would stand by a man through any imaginable disaster. Here was a woman who would give herself, all of herself, without pettiness or reservation. A woman whose love would be clear water to the thirsty, flame to the cold, bread and wine to the starving. There was nothing in her but truth and honesty and courage. And she would be his for the asking—almost, he thought, reverently, without the asking.

But it was not fair. It had happened that he was the first man she had met in this life so new to her who spoke her own language—who understood. It was to him that she came with each small tangle of the unaccustomed existence; to him that she spoke of her father, of her home, of her long, quiet, sun-warmed years in the woods. It was to him she came with her sudden angers and dismays and lack of comprehension.

HE WOULD wait. There was yet time. He would watch, he would help her, protect her where and when and how he could. And hope unutterably that she would not alter—that the new life would make no permanent change in her, that her beauty of body and spirit would not dim, nor her fineness be imperiled, nor the gold of her honesty become tarnished. He would wait. And if, at the end of a year, she was the same, if the inclination toward himself had not weakened nor been turned aside, he would speak . . .

Her money bothered him. He had grown to hate money. Money—or rather the lack of it—had dealt him a bitter blow—one that he was now beginning to look upon as a providential discipline, as escape. For Naida he had nothing but contempt now, and yet, so strong is the habit of the senses, even loving Julie passionately and deeply and purely, he was not unmoved in Naida's presence. Her absence distressed him not at all. But when they were together—and they were together often, Naida saw to that; she knew that Julie attracted him and, failing anything else, used Julie for bait—when they were together, he could not help but *remember*. His mind and his heart had, so to speak, forgotten, but his hands and his eyes and the very blood of his body remembered.

Naida, on her part, had forgotten none of her old tricks—her little wistful clingings, her provocative finger-tips and veiled eyes, her broken sighs and skilful raking among old ashes in which an ember, an unworthy ember, still burned.

At last Hildreth spoke her mind to Jack, and they discussed the situation.

"I'm not worried," said Hildreth not altogether truthfully. "I think it's just—oh, almost a school-girl thing. Bruce is attractive. That strong, silent sort with a smash-up in his past never fails to attract romantic infants."

"Julie—romantic?"

"Very. Haven't you seen? Have you no sense?"

"It won't be so good for us if she marries right off the bat like that," said Jack gloomily.

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"We'll feel like twin Cinderellas. The chime of Julie's wedding bells will mean back to the inglenook for us."

"I know." Hildreth laughed a little, but her eyes remained grave. "Still—we can't stand in her way. And Bruce Stepney is no fortune-hunter—we both know that. We couldn't interfere on those grounds. But I do feel that Julie hasn't had her chance. I feel that honestly," said Hildreth, and she meant it. "She hasn't met enough men as yet, she hasn't been out enough, she hasn't had her little time of flirtation and excitement and in and out of love all in a breath. Every girl's entitled to it. I'm going to talk to Bruce."

She did so at the next opportunity. She got him alone on some pretext and went straight to the point.

"You've turned my charge's head," she said.

He did not deny it, although he himself would not have expressed it in that way.

"And you're half in love with her yourself," Hildreth accused further.

"Wholly," said Bruce.

After all, Jack and Hildreth were Julie's guardians—they had a right to know.

Hildreth sighed. Then she said frankly: "I like you, and so does Jack. We've been good friends. And I have grown fond of Julie, although sometimes she exasperates me almost to murder. There is nothing for me to say. That is, common-sensically. You have every right to go in and win. But I feel that Julie hasn't had her chance. She isn't acclimated yet, so to speak. I feel—and so does Jack—that you should give her a little longer, should not tie her down now."

His heart sank, although he himself had realized the wisdom and fairness of this course before Hildreth had spoken—had even set his feet firmly upon the unknown path that might lead to defeat or renunciation as easily as to ultimate victory. It was one thing to make good resolutions yourself, and another to have some one else make them for you.

"I know. You are perfectly right. I had made up my mind not to speak—yet."

"Please," begged Hildreth—and to do her justice Julie's interests, as she saw them, rather than her own, were uppermost in her clever, sophisticated little mind. "Please—neglect her a little, won't you? She's so taken up with you no one else has a chance."

He promised, this time rather against his will.

SO HE saw less of Julie, and nothing at all after she moved to the country. He worked harder than ever on his airplane engine—he went away on short, lonely trips. Before the Desmonds left town, he had the unhappy satisfaction of knowing that now that he had tacitly withdrawn from the race, others had entered it. Of course, Pat Jordan had always tried to run neck and neck with him. Pat was at Julie's disposal at any time. He rode with her in the Park mornings; he was always arranging little affairs from which he rather pointedly excluded Bruce. This Bruce had known, but he had not worried about it until he himself withdrew, and rather definitely.

Sometimes, when he did not know what to do with a long evening, he went to see Naida. He knew she would break any engagement for him—she had as much as told him so. So he went to her smart little house and dined alone with her, or went out with her somewhere simply because he was lonely and rebellious and a little frightened.

Naida let it be known. And as Pat was her cousin, the rest was easy. Said Pat to Julie, on their last ride together before the Desmonds left town:

"Bruce is going strong with the old love. He and Naida seem to have made up all their differences," went on Pat carelessly, "and it's all over but the announcement. Of course," he concluded, neatly dropping a wicked little seed, "of course, he can't scorn her money—he wouldn't be such a fool. He's well wrapped up in this engine business of his, and he needs a lot of financing."

Julie said abruptly, remembering Bruce's refusal of her offer:

"He'd never think of a woman's money. He isn't that kind."

Pat laughed.

"Besides," she said furiously, "he couldn't be such a wash-rag as to go back to a woman who had treated him that way!"

Her eyes blazed, and her cheeks flamed, and her heart hurt her terribly. She had never before known active jealousy, and now it took her and seared her and twisted her. She remembered Bruce and Naida together the first night she had met them. She remembered them dancing, and the way Naida's lovely little body had clung, the way her head had been tilted, and her lips soft, and her eyelids drooped. She was sick with jealousy—torn with it—and Pat saw.

In that instant he knew what he must do. He must cover his own growing greed and desire for this girl. He must walk warily, he must get her confidence, he must play the understanding friend. This was no time to urge his own case. Not yet.

CHAPTER XVI

JULIE went with the Desmonds to the pretty house on the water which they had taken for the season, and found that Long Island was simply transplanted New York. Early as it was, many of the houses were open, and there was calling from one to the other, dinners and dances, country club, golf, and tennis. She had a natural bent for any sport, and Hildreth, with the same care with which she had selected Julie's clothes, chose instructors for her. It so happened that Pat's golf was excellent. He had natural good form, played in the seventies, and could have gained an amateur standing for himself had he not been so lazy.

He appeared to have no visible means of support except his sporadic operations upon Wall Street. He was, therefore, ready to come down bag and baggage to Oyster Bay to supervise Julie's golf and permit her to practise tennis with him.

Julie, without knowing where the change was, sensed the alteration in him almost at once. He no longer obviously flirted with her, nor "said things," as she put it to herself, nor alternately teased and flattered her. He persisted in the big brother attitude, scolded and praised her as he saw fit. She had always rather liked him. Now she grew fond of him in her loneliness and her hurt.

For Bruce's sudden desertion had hurt dreadfully. And the rumors that came to her from all sides of his revived interest in Naida Trevor angered her and fed the flame of her jealousy.

"Naida is wearing Bruce Stepney like a decoration," some one commented at dinner one day, and Pat, sitting beside Julie, could feel the shiver of distaste that ran through her at the words and the following laughter.

That night he walked out on the terrace with her, and down into the rose garden, where the smoke of his cigarette blended with the fragrance of the early roses and the scent of the salt wind.

"You're jealous," he told her. "Oh, don't stamp your foot and deny it!" for Julie had turned on him furiously. "You're jealous of Naida Trevor."

"Well, what of it?" she asked him sullenly.

"Nothing." He sighed, threw the cigarette away, and drew her arm through his own. "Nothing. But you—like Bruce Stepney—more than like him. I know. Every one knows."

"*Every one?*"

"Yes, you've made it pretty obvious."

"I'm not ashamed of it," she flung out.

"Of course, not! But you are in another

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Different from any Oats you have ever tasted

You will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, distinguished by the Big Red 3 on the package, and ordinary oats, until you have actually tried it in your own home. Set a steaming bowl before each member of your family and let them tell you.

Vitamized by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural Vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportions that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

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Selected whole white oats still in their hulls are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture, in big, tight cookers that retain and perfectly blend all of the goodness of the grain, and bring out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor found in no other oats.

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Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Children's Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of children's hair . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why careful mothers who want their children . . . to have . . . beautiful hair always use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust and dirt.

The next time you wash your child's hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful the hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage, and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

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MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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world now, Julie, a world which dissembles and conceals—and sometimes a man is a little—well—embarrassed by too open a preference. We remain male, you know, despite all evidence to the contrary—and we still like to do the pursuing."

Julie gasped. "You're being *hateful*," she told him.

"Yes, I suppose so. But I want to see you happy, Julie," said Pat seriously, marveling at his own cleverness, developing a sudden scheme as he went along, finding it good and sound and embroidering upon it. "Julie, don't you see that you can't compete with Naida Trevor? Not as you are now. You're young—an infant. You haven't learned to hide your emotions. Naida has been married, she was born sophisticated, and moreover Bruce was once insanely in love with her. If he is to be in love with any one else ever again, it will be some one of Naida's type—the alluring, rather cynical, wholly self-controlled type—not the frank sort of girl who is a—what's the silly word?—a pal and almost a brother to a man. Not the sort of girl who—forgive me!—runs after a man on flat heels and scorns all the little aids, the coquetries, the—well, the secondary sex characteristics, so to speak."

Julie said nothing.

After a moment he advised gently, "Think it over."

IN THE days that followed, Julie did think it over. She was determined that she would not lose Bruce Stepney. She must hold him. She was willing to go to any lengths—even to making herself over. She would observe; she would even ape the girls she saw all about her—the girls with whom she had hitherto been unable to be friends, the girls she had despised for their half-truths and their not very secret preoccupation with sex and their artifices. She would fight Naida Trevor with her own weapons.

She dimly realized that Bruce lost some of his fine glamour for her, and that her love for him relinquished that devotional quality when she believed—as she now believed—that these were the things he wanted. But, having set her hand to the plow, she would not turn back. She would learn what it was that could hold him, and she would give him that. And John Montgomery's daughter was never one to do things by halves.

That night, "I'll have one," she said to Pat, as he opened his cigarette case and passed it to another woman.

He gave it to her and held the lighter and lifted his eyebrows. But Julie was valiant enough, if awkward.

"The world's coming to an end," said Hildreth to Jack, observing this gesture from the other end of the cool, chintz-hung living-room.

"Perhaps," Jack laughed. "It looks as if Pat was making the grade. By the way—" and he drew his wife a little aside, "let your bills run for a while, will you?"

"But, Jack!" Hildreth was amazed—"when we've more than enough to meet them! You don't know what a pleasure it has been to me—a new sensation."

"Yes, I know. But Pat's put me in the way of some very good things—on margin—and we've enough to gamble with and make more. So much more," explained Jack, grinning like a bad small boy, "that if Julie gets married, we should worry!"

"You'll have to let me teach you how to smoke," said Pat to Julie a little later, when they were dancing to the victrola. "I think you'll manage it after a while. But coughing and choking isn't done nowadays."

"Very well." Her face was as set as if he had offered to teach her some difficult trick with a mashie.

The next evening, "*I'll* take one," said Julie, when the cocktails were passed.

The following morning, strolling into Hildreth's room before that lady was up, Julie asked carelessly,

"Aren't you motoring to town today?"

New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW . . . .

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

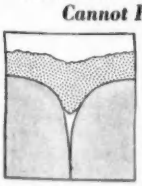
A REMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

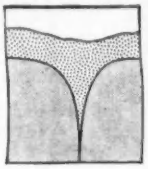
He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

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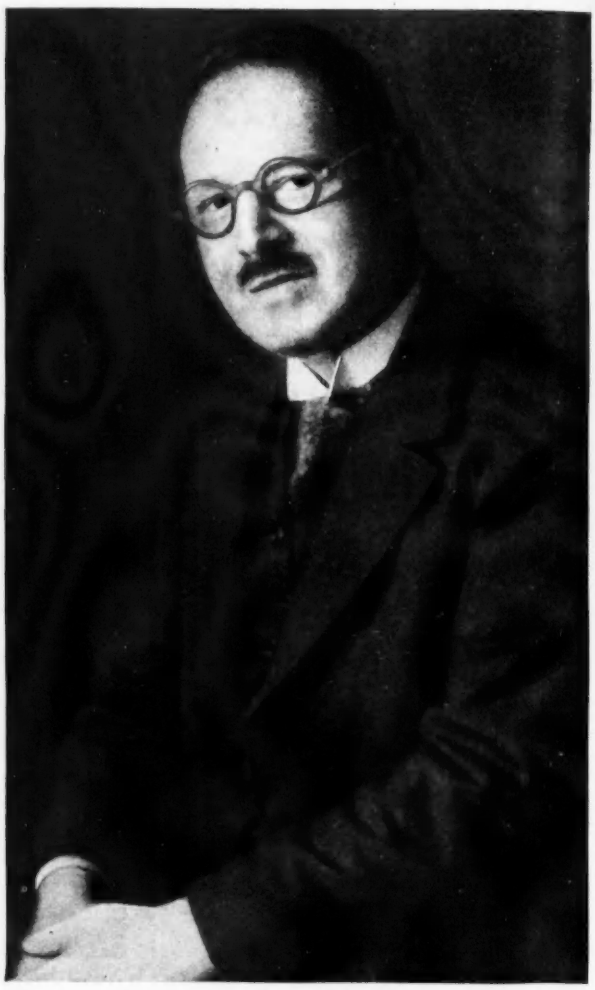
says DR. KURT HENIUS

the physician who treated German Royalty

"In the case of constipation, yeast... causes peristaltic motion and easy elimination. Because of the ability of yeast to eliminate harmful bacteria in the intestines, it is given with excellent results in cases of intestinal catarrh. Also in furunculosis (boils), which is frequently connected with irregular intestinal habits, yeast has proved one of the most dependable remedies."

Dr Kurt Henius



DR. KURT HENIUS — *Privatdozent (lecturer), University of Berlin. He lectures in the Intestinal Clinic, University II Charité, famous Berlin clinic. Former physician to German royalty; personal physician to one of Germany's great industrial magnates.*

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons in a clogged colon spread throughout the system. But here is where yeast works, keeping this entire tract clean, active and healthy. For the youth that only health can bring, eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Start now!

THE crusade against the universal scourge of constipation has enlisted some of the greatest scientific minds of Europe.

Among them is the distinguished Dr. Kurt Henius, of Berlin—lecturer at the great University of Berlin, writer and expert on intestinal diseases.

Dr. Henius confirms the verdict of physicians throughout the United States, where half the doctors reporting in a recent survey said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and associated ailments. They know that headaches, indigestion, depression, frequent colds and embarrassing skin disorders are often due to clogged intestines.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, plain or dissolved in water either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. To get full benefit you must eat yeast regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. H-64, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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The Incredible Year

"Yes, I have a fitting. Why?"

"Could you phone to Robert? I'm going to have my hair cut."

Hildreth drew a deep breath and lay back on her pillows, helpless with amazement. "Julie! At last! But what on earth makes you do it? Lord knows I have tried hard enough—and couldn't."

"It's a nuisance," Julie told her, "and gets in my way—playing tennis and all."

She was learning to dissemble.

CHAPTER XVII

BRUCE STEPNEY did not see Julie again until late in the summer. He had never set himself a more difficult task than that of keeping away from her. He wrote her a dozen letters and tore them all up. He could not keep his pen to the sedate tempo of an unsentimental friendship—it ran away with him every time, answering the dictation of his heart. And seeing Naida made matters no better.

He was cured of Naida for all time and knew it—yet in his utter loneliness and his fear of losing Julie by his self-sacrifice, he turned for meager comfort to the woman he had once loved. And Naida, playing her game, waited. She was too clever a woman to try to instill any doubt of Julie in his mind, beyond mentioning casually now and again what was, after all, the strict truth—the fact of Pat Jordan's practically constant attentions to the girl. Pat, coming to town now and then, would look her up and confide in her as far as he felt was necessary to his plans.

Naida was in town most of the summer. Her house, over on the East River, was very livable. It had a little garden running down to the water, and in its summer dress of cool linens was entirely attractive. She went away occasionally for week-ends and made no adequate excuses for not opening her summer place at Bar Harbor—beyond saying to her friends that she was bored with the care of a big house. To Bruce she said, with her satin cheeks flushed and her eyes wistful,

"I'd rather stay here and be near you."

He remonstrated hotly.

Naida smiled. "No—I'm tired of giving futile house-parties and rushing around to dances and cocktail and swimming parties. I had thought of going abroad. But what's the use? I'm lonely wherever I am. You are, too. It seems perfectly natural that we should be lonely—together."

Nothing he could say could move her from her purpose.

He was touched in spite of himself. He did not trust her—he never would be able to. But he knew that she loved him. And while it distressed and embarrassed him, he nevertheless felt a curious and regretful tenderness for her. He had loved her so much—so much—with a boy's frantic, unanalytical love. She had made him so happy for a few short months and then, for a long period of bitterness and darkness, so utterly miserable. He had suffered tortures when he learned she had gone to the other man—the elderly man with enough money to buy all her surrendered beauty. And that suffering had taken something from Bruce Stepney which, until he met Julie, he had thought never to regain—faith in womankind, reverence, devotion.

Now, to ease the ache of his longing for the girl, he went to see the other woman.

Naida encouraged him to talk about the airplane engine he was working on. She even offered, delicately enough, to finance him.

"Why not? We are such old friends, and I have more money than I know what to do with. And your engine will be a great success—given the proper backing. I could be a partner or something. Please, Bruce, let me do this for you!"

He refused. And tried not to show her that her proposal filled him with a sort of sick horror. To offer him the money which had robbed him of more than a wife—which had robbed

Dorothy Gray

AGEING LINES WEAVE A STORY OF NEGLECT

THE beauty of an unlined face need never fade. Of course if you permit it, time will trace cruel lines at the corners of your eyes and mouth. But you can prevent those ageing marks.

For years Dorothy Gray studied women's faces. She learned that wrinkles at eyes and mouth are one of the first signs of age; and she evolved treatments and preparations that prevent and correct them.

You can readily follow these simple scientific treatments in your own home. The same exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations which have proved so successful in the Dorothy Gray salons may be had at leading shops everywhere, and the Dorothy Gray method is fully explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you. ★

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DOROTHY GRAY, *Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York*

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in: ☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crepy Throat.

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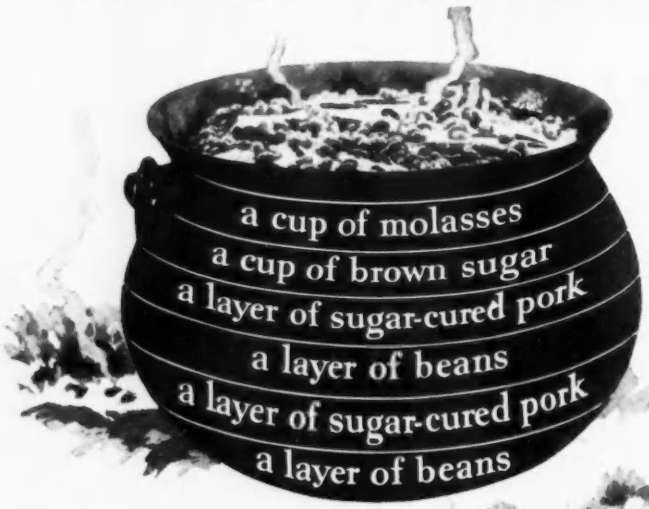
Beans baked outdoors!

—in an oven in the ground called the "*bean hole*"


a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

Now you can have that same wonderful woods flavor

From the lumber camps of the Maine woods has come an old-time recipe for baking beans.

These beans are famous for their wonderful flavor—a flavor that has blended in it the fragrance of pine forests, the tang of wood smoke, the sweetness of fresh earth.

They are baked in a unique way. The big iron bean pot is first filled to the brim with flavor-rich ingredients. A layer of beans, a layer of sugar-cured pork, a cup of molasses and one of brown sugar. Repeated again and again.

Then the pot is buried in the hot earthen oven called the "bean hole." There it bakes all night in a bed of fragrant pine embers.

And now you can taste beans just like these Maine woods beans! In Bean Hole Beans you have that very same outdoor flavor!

You'll say you've never known *real baked-bean flavor* before! Your grocer has Bean Hole Beans in two sizes, medium 15c; and large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

BEAN HOLE BEANS

May 1929 Good Housekeeping

The Incredible Year

him of boyish dreams and high ideals and radiant hope! It was incredible to him that she could dare offer it. Yet he thanked her and was, in a dim way, grateful. He understood that she was trying, somehow, to make amends—by offering him outright the money and, more subtly, herself.

MIDSUMMER came, and with it an invitation to go to Oyster Bay.

"Please come," Hildreth wrote. "We haven't seen anything of you, and anyway you need a vacation."

He was in two minds about going. He wanted to go so much that he was afraid the first sight of Julie would rip through his resolutions like a gale through frail barriers of woods. And Hildreth trusted him. If she had not, she would not have written. Her little note seemed to him to symbolize a reward for good behavior—as if it said, "You've been a very good boy—so come along and see her—and remember I depend upon you to keep your word."

As a matter of fact, the invitation had been suggested by Pat Jordan.

"Better ask Stepney down," he said casually, and Hildreth had looked at him in doubt.

"Julie hasn't spoken of him lately. I don't think they are as good friends as they were. I wonder," she mused, "if they quarreled before she left town?"

Pat controlled his features. He had, of course, no idea that Hildreth had spoken to Bruce about Julie. Yet he knew that she knew they had not quarreled. She was simply laying a false scent for some obscure and feminine reason, and Pat always allowed himself to be diverted—but only apparently—by false scents.

"He'll find her," said Hildreth, "—changed."

Pat laughed. "Rather! But for the better."

"I think so, too," said Hildreth sincerely. "Of course, she worried me a little, the way she went at it—tooth and nail—almost deadly serious. But it's best for her in the long run." Here Hildreth drew a deep breath and gave utterance to her code, "It never pays any one to be *different*," said Hildreth.

"She's a lot more popular," Pat said, and added, half aggrievedly, "Even living in the house with her most of the time is no guaranty that one sees her much."

After a moment he continued, "But I've a hunch that Bruce is going to be disappointed."

Later, Hildreth thought that over. She agreed, in her heart. She was wise enough to realize that it was Julie's difference which had attracted Bruce Stepney so strongly. She had feared that attraction and Julie's entirely too obvious return of it, not, she thought, from mercenary reasons, but from a perfectly sincere desire that for a time Julie be left free. Watching the girl change, it did not occur to Hildreth to warn her. In the first place, Julie had not given her her confidence as far as Stepney was concerned. In the second place, it seemed entirely wise to Hildreth, from her own point of view, that Julie should recover from her leaning toward Stepney. She was so young, so unsettled, so inexperienced, it would be absurd to believe that she knew her own mind—or even her own heart. It appeared natural to the older woman that, after a period of strangeness and indecision, Julie should fall in line—should conform to the rules of the day. That was, thought Hildreth, after all, what Dad Montgomery had wanted, wasn't it?

In this present incarnation the girl, she felt, would not be happy with Bruce. When she married, it should be a man more like Pat Jordan, light and gay and charming, a man who would teach her how to spend her money for what Hildreth considered the right things, a man who would be an easy-going husband and a cavalier at one and the same time.

She did not conceal from herself that the longer Julie stayed unmarried, the better for her and Jack. Of course, when she came of age, she would be her own mistress. But it would be understandable that she would prefer to live

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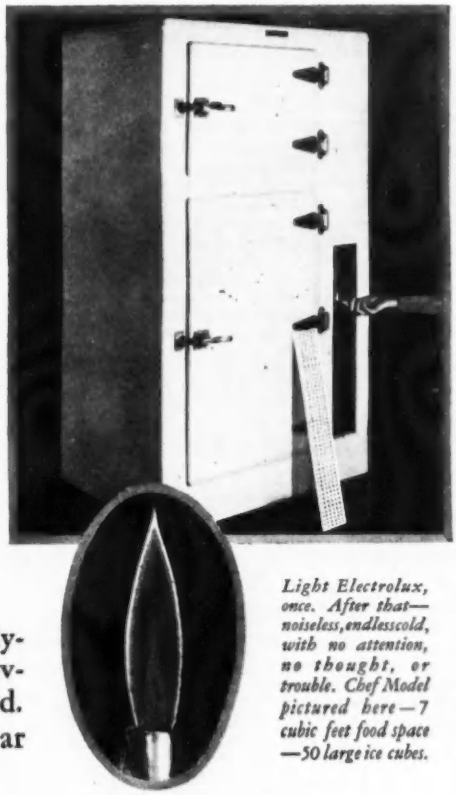
THE ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR

One Tiny Gas Flame

in place of many moving parts

No motor, no pump, belt, flywheel, compressor, or moving machinery of any kind. Free from noise and wear



Light Electrolux, once. After that—noiseless, endless cold, with no attention, no thought, or trouble. Chef Model pictured here—7 cubic feet food space—50 large ice cubes.

Sparkling ice cubes in abundance... the preparation of delicious drinks an easy matter . . . Conveniences your Electrolux will bring to you.

THE wonder is how this refrigerator works and keeps on working, with apparently so little to make it go.

There are no moving parts to get out of order. There is nothing to wear, to need replacement, unless it be the inexpensive little gas burner after years of use.

The little gas flame and a permanently sealed freezing liquid—there's little else to the Electrolux. Once you light the flame, the freezing action starts, and continues endlessly, without effort, without thought.

Apartments at 106th St. & Broadway, New York City—Electrolux equipped, like so many others

Discovered by two students at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, in 1922, the simple freezing principle of the Electrolux has had six years of thorough practical test, not only in the laboratory but in thousands of homes here and abroad.

Architects, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes—all these have examined the Electrolux thoroughly and approved it enthusiastically. Hundreds of the country's leading public utilities, after long and careful tests, have endorsed and are now selling the Electrolux.

Today this remarkable refrigerator is a sensation, an assured success, with orders flooding the factory from all parts of the country. Today the newest, finest, largest apartment buildings—those of the New York-Park Avenue type, are installing the Electrolux throughout because of its noiselessness, freedom from trouble, long life and low operating cost.

If your home is not supplied with manufactured or natural gas, you may have the Electrolux for operation with Pyrofax gas, or an electric element.

You may buy the Electrolux on convenient monthly terms; a small deposit puts it in your kitchen to stay. Each model is offered in white or two beautiful color harmonies to go with modern kitchen decoration. These lovely color combinations—Crystal Green and Silver Grey—are obtained by a special new "veiling" process that is exclusive with Servel, Inc., the well known manufacturer of this refrigerator. Prices, depending upon size, range from $210 to $510, f. o. b. Evansville, Indiana. Return the coupon below for booklet giving detailed information. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

Costs Less to Operate

Gas and water are not only relatively cheap, but the Electrolux uses only a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water. That is why the operating cost is ridiculously low. Ask your gas company or dealer for exact figure in your locality.

ELECTROLUX

THE GAS REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL

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Gentlemen: Please send me free, complete illustrated literature about the Electrolux. ★

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TO WASH CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN

20 Mule Team Borax aids the soap, no matter what kind you use. It helps to remove dirt, grease and stains. It softens water and whitens the clothes.

All this is a big help, but Borax does something more. 20 Mule Team Borax is a mild antiseptic and deodorant—while it washes it also has a sweetening and purifying action on clothes.

Bed linen, stockings, underthings and other garments that touch the skin should always be washed "the Borax way." A final rinsing in Borax water insures this *extra cleanliness.*

Everything that baby wears should certainly be washed with Borax. Chafing and diaper rash may often be prevented if diapers are washed with Borax and any mild soap. They should be carefully rinsed in a strong Borax solution.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 476
100 William St., New York City

Kindly send your free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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The Incredible Year

with the Desmonds rather than, at her age, set up her own establishment. But that this consideration moved Hildreth at all, Hildreth did not admit. She believed, and sincerely, that in allowing Julie to go her own gait and find her own level she was helping the girl to discover her real and enduring position in the world. The Children of Today are subconsciously clever—in that they never, if possible, search after their deeper and more obscure motives.

Julie came in. She had been lunching and playing golf with the Barrett girls, and she threw herself down in a chair with an expression of utter fatigue and reached idly for one of Hildreth's cigarettes. Hildreth said, watching her,

"For a person who never smoked until two months ago, you are certainly eating them up."

"I've acquired the taste," Julie told her.

She was hatless. Her cropped hair was cut short and pulled in a deep wave over her forehead. High on her tanned, smooth cheekbones brilliant and rather unnecessary rouge was brushed, and her lovely mouth was unnaturally scarlet. Her eyes looked tired and discontented.

"How was your game?"

"Rotten. I'd had only three hours' sleep."

Presently she stretched and yawned. "Any one coming in for tea?"

"No—Pat, of course. He came on the noon train."

"That's good. Bridge tonight? I want to show him my game has improved."

"It certainly has. But not to the extent that you should play for a cent a point," Hildreth told her severely.

Julie laughed and blew her a kiss.

"Don't scold. I can afford it. There's no fun in playing for nothing."

Hildreth agreed. Then she said casually, "I've asked Bruce Stepney down for a week—or for as long as he can stay."

Julie rose abruptly. Her back was to Hildreth. Her voice, when she answered, was light and completely controlled.

"That's—nice," she said.

WHEN she was alone in her own room, she flung off her clothes and rang for Helma. Helma drew her bath, and Julie stepped in and lay in the deep tub, her arms behind her neck, her slim body immersed in the hot, scented water.

Bruce! She had said nothing, had not intimated that she wished to see him. Some day, she had thought, he would come. Well, he would find her altered.

Sudden though that alteration had been, it was natural enough. Once she had made up her mind, once she had seen the way, she had gone through with it, swiftly, thoroughly, as only youth, resilient and adaptable youth, can go. The first cigarette, the first cocktail, the first lowering of eyelids, the first provocative remark—they had each been a separate, conscious effort, hard enough. But were so no longer. She had plenty of examples upon which to model herself—the Barrett girls, who were considered the gayest and most daring of the younger crowd, Hildreth herself for poise and coolness—and always Naida.

Well, now that she danced like the wind, stayed up all night, played cards for stakes, painted and rouged and smoked and drank, now that she was learning to give men an easy opening, now that she had permitted Pat Jordan to kiss her expertly—and had told herself that she enjoyed it—and in a way she had, the excitement, the technique of it—now that she had learned to rebuff further kisses—"No more, thank you, Pat, that was by way of an experiment. It spoils a pleasure to repeat it—" would Bruce find her any more worth while—more like the sort of woman he had loved and perhaps still loved?

She considered gravely that in a way she was Naida's superior. For if Naida's money added to her attractiveness, Julie could compete there. And Naida had been married. Julie had learned to listen to innuendo, and *double entendre*, and even open indecency. She had learned that "woman's virtue is a fine invention of man." She had learned that, despite all evidence to the contrary, virginity retains its charm. Sophistication of mind and innocence of body—or, rather, technical innocence. That was what men wanted . . . .

Was it what Bruce had wanted?

How dull he must have found her, the backwoods girl with her blunt honesty and her prudishness and her withdrawals. After a woman like Naida Trevor!

Julie had not swerved from her scornful condemnation of Naida's treachery to Bruce. But if he could still care for her, still even endure to see her after that betrayal, she must be, argued Julie, possessed of more than ordinary fascination. It was that fascination Julie had tried, in her utter ignorance, to analyze and imitate.

And Pat Jordan, watching the alteration, smiled secretly to himself.

JULIE pulled herself out of her tub with reluctance. She liked the caress of water on her limbs. She was relaxed and drowsy and yet alive with a hidden, almost sickening excitement. She would see him again—and soon.

She went back into her room and dressed and went down for a late tea.

Pat, lounging over, said, "I don't hear any brass bands to herald my arrival."

"Oh," Julie replied, and smiled wickedly, "but, after all, you're here so often."

He swore a little under his breath, and Julie laughed. She asked him lazily,

"Been working hard?"

"Of course!" He looked hurt.

"Too tired to come out on a party tonight? The Barrett girls are throwing a good one. Hildreth won't come. You'll have to chaperone."

She named a certain well-known roadhouse, and Pat whistled.

"I'll stick," he told her. "But aren't you going a little strong?"

Julie grinned like a small boy. "Perhaps," was all she said.

And that was the Julie Bruce Stepney saw when—coming train-dusty and tired, into the long living-room—Hildreth greeted him.

"Jack's off flying with Harry Rodgers—he'll break his fool neck yet. Julie," with a gesture, "is over there."

Bruce looked. Looked again.

Julie was lying back in a long chair at the other end of the room. She was dressed for dinner in a close-clinging, draped sheath of metallic, brocaded satin which left arms and shoulders and a good deal of beautiful breast bare. There were pearls in her ears and a small string about her throat. Her lovely legs were encased in a mere vapor of silk and exposed above the knee. Her short, golden-red hair broke from the confining, even waves and curled tight above her ears. And she was smoking a cigarette in a long jade holder.

Pat Jordan was draped over her chair, the inevitable comic monocle screwed in one eye. A girl, whom Bruce recognized as one of the "impossible" Barrett girls, was sitting on a footstool at Julie's feet, huddling her own slender knees, her throat quivering with laughter. Three young men, their features, bodies, and dinner coats cut to pretty much the same pattern, completed the group. Some one had just told what appeared to be a funny story—a very funny story. Bruce heard Julie's deep, husky laughter.

It was curious, but he was held where he stood. His feet seemed anchored to the floor. He could not move or speak. It was like a horrible nightmare in which the dear and familiar features of some one infinitely beloved turn strange and menacing and terrifying. Hildreth's light voice drifted across the room,

"Julie—Pat—here's Bruce."

The Incredible Year

The spell shattered, he started over to her. It seemed so long, so long a way. And for one heart-rending, exquisite moment he saw the old light, the old smile, flash into her eyes and curve her beautiful, painted mouth. He saw the remembered radiance, the honest welcome; he felt how her heart went out to his in an eager, leaping ecstasy of sheer delight.

But only for a moment. When he reached her the light was veiled, the lips contoured to an official demureness of welcome.

She said indifferently, "How nice to see you!"

He escaped, a moment after, and went up to his room. When the man servant had left him, he walked to the window and looked out over the gracious lawn and full-foliaged trees, over borders colorful with flowers, out to the blue shining of the bay. It was evening, and golden shadows lay upon the grass, and the little salt wind was cool and sweet. The sky was still blue, and the late twilight lingered beyond the hills. Bruce saw nothing—none of the peace, none of the beauty. No healing came to him on the wind—no message spoke from the scented flowers. He thought, bitterly estranged,

"What have they done to her?"

(To be continued)

Canapés

(Continued from page 95)

chopped egg-white, and on the other end finely mashed egg-yolk. Where the egg-white and egg-yolk join the pickle, lay diagonally two fine strips of green pepper.

For *Tomato Rings*, toast bread rounds about two and one-half inches in diameter on one side only. Spread the untoasted side with curried butter made by creaming butter and curry powder together in the proportion of one teaspoonful of curry powder to four tablespoonfuls of butter. Marinate thin slices of tomato in French Dressing for two hours and then place one slice on each bread round. Sprinkle the tomato slices with minced parsley and place a ball of pâté de foie gras in the center of each.

For *Shrimp Canapés*, chop twelve large shrimps fine and add one teaspoonful lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful tabasco sauce, a speck of pepper, and salt if necessary. Spread on oblong or round pieces of toast one-fourth inch thick and garnish with sliced pickled walnuts. This filling is sufficient for eight canapés.

For *Chicken and Pepper Canapés*, toast oblongs of bread on one side only. Spread the untoasted side with a mixture made by blending one-third cupful of finely-chopped, canned or fresh-cooked chicken, one tablespoonful of chopped green pepper, one teaspoonful of prepared horseradish, one tablespoonful mayonnaise, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Sprinkle with tiny pearl onions, garnish with cress, and serve. This recipe makes about twelve canapés.

For *Mushroom and Ham Canapés*, sauté rounds or oblongs of bread on one side only. Spread the untoasted side with a deviled ham mixture made by combining one medium can of deviled ham with two tablespoonfuls of chopped pickle. Garnish the top with whole or sliced fresh or canned mushrooms which have been sautéed in fat for about five minutes. This filling spreads about twelve canapés.

For *Egg Canapés*, hard-cook three eggs, then shell and cut them in halves crosswise. Remove the yolks and fill with finely-chopped lobster meat which has been seasoned with French Dressing. Prepare rounds of bread toasted on one side. Spread the untoasted side with butter and then invert one stuffed egg-half on the cut side on each round. On either side of the egg-half, place a small ball of pâté de foie gras and pour over all a piquant sauce made as follows: Combine in a saucepan one-half tablespoonful each of vinegar and Worcestershire sauce, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of chives, and one-half teaspoonful salt. Heat until well blended. This recipe serves six.

TRY THIS NEW 2 MINUTE DRESSING

gives new flavor to potato salad

You start in the usual way with 6 cold boiled potatoes, that's enough for eight people. Be sure they *are* boiled sufficiently, and are cold, and that the pieces are just nice, "bitable" size, not big "chunks." Mix in 1 small onion, chopped fine, and 1 teaspoon whole celery seed.

Next mix 4 tablespoons of French's Prepared Mustard (no other mustard can be used successfully in this recipe), with 4 tablespoons evaporated milk, or sweet cream, and 2 teaspoons of sugar. Stir this into the potatoes, adding a bit of vinegar, if necessary.

Garnish with chopped parsley or sliced stuffed olives—let it stand a few hours before using, so that "that flavor called French" can season every bit of potato. Using this dressing you can make the best potato salad anyone ever tasted.

But don't for one minute think that any other prepared mustard will give you the same result—positively not. For only French's Prepared Mustard will give you just the right flick of flavor—that flavor called French. Only the secret French's formula that blends the choicest mustard seed with certain other savory ingredients can produce this result.

If your grocer doesn't happen to have French's Prepared Mustard—better wait until he gets it or try somewhere else—there is no substitute for French's. Why don't you do as so many thousands of good—and now better—home cooks have done—send the coupon for this month's French's recipes—*free*.

FREE

Printed on cards, handy to use, and 12 or more new recipes for each month.

Sent *free*—just print your name and address on the coupon and mail to us.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, *Housewives' Service Dept.*, 3-30 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

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FRENCH'S MUSTARD*

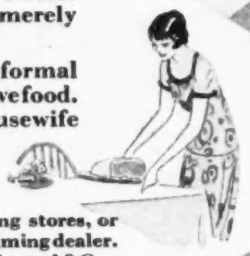
In using advertisements see page 6

The Flavor-Sealed PROCESS

- SAVES FLAVOR
- SAVES LABOR
- SAVES TIME

Saves all those natural flavors and savory juices lost in water and vapor by usual cooking methods—for Flavor-Sealed Ham is first vacuum sealed in its individual container and *then vacuum cooked* the exclusive Hormel way . . . Saves labor—for it is thoroughly cooked. Requires no parboiling. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat to remove . . . Saves time—for it is instantly ready to serve cold. Fries in 3 minutes. To bake, merely heat through and brown.

A fitting masterpiece for the formal dinner. An indispensable reserve food. Popular with the thrifty housewife because it is so economical.



At leading stores, or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

God

(Continued from page 59)

my God." Change countries, change gods!

Centuries passed. World-wide lines of communication opened up. People could not keep their gods geographically limited. In the apprehension of the Hebrew people Jehovah had expanded now to be the God of all the earth. "It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth," said the great Isaiah, "and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." And as they thought of that they said, "The Lord is a great God."

Still there was heaven above and Sheol, the place of the dead, beneath. Did God have anything to do with those? When we think about working out a new and larger idea of God, let us go back and see what they did, laying the foundations of anything we shall ever do in that respect! They would not let God stay little. That is what that psalm means:

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me."

That psalm represents one of the most magnificent enlargements of the idea of God in the history of human thought. He was God, not simply of the earth, but of the sky and of the abode of the dead, and as they thought of it they said, "The Lord is a great God."

Christianity in Greece

Then, after centuries, the Hebrew-Christian tradition moved out into the Greek world. That presented a serious problem. Hellenism impregnated the minds of that ancient world into which young Christianity went so venturesomely forth. There is no problem that we face in trying to adapt the Gospel to a new world-view that those Christians did not face when they went out into that amazing world of Greek philosophy. But they did not give up God; they deepened their idea of God. "He is not far from each one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being"; "God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." God spiritualized! And as they reached out to grasp this deeper thought they cried, "The Lord is a great God."

Still, however, they had the earth in the center, with the sun, moon, and stars going round it, a cozy place without great distances. Then the crucial hour struck, and Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler came, and men moved out into an incredibly vast universe. They did not, however, give up God. Multitudes thought they would have to. That is why they fought the new view so. They were afraid man would have to give up God. But he did not. He did what he has always done when he has faced a situation like that—enlarged and deepened his conception of God. That is what Addison's hymn means, written in 1712, when the new world-view was coming to its full flower and man was facing the incredible distances and mechanical regularities of the heliocentric universe.

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.' "

That is to say, "The Lord is a great God."

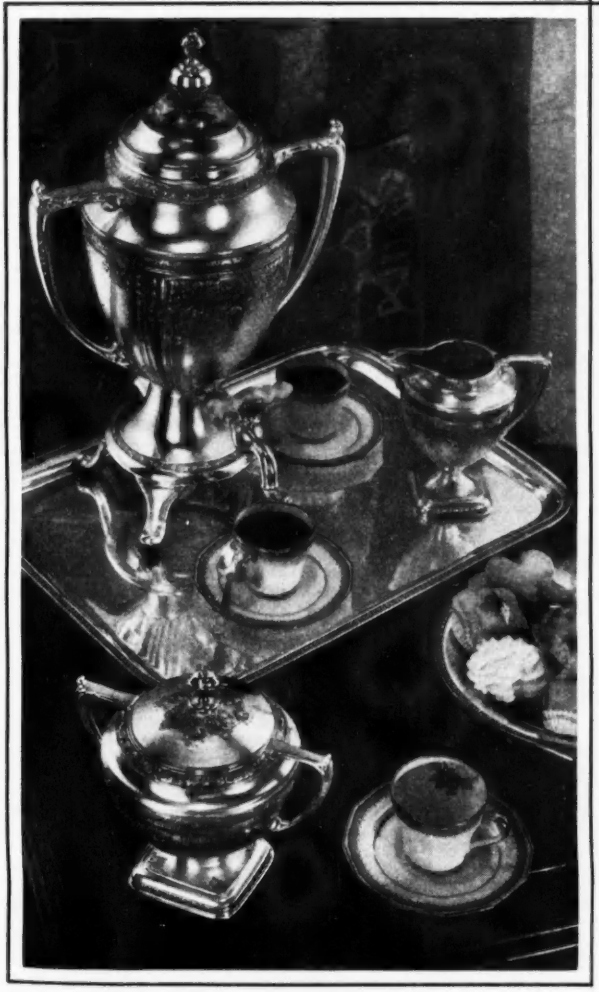
Today we face the same situation again: a new revelation about the universe—law-abiding beyond our power previously to think, a world infinite and infinitesimal, physical and psychological, that never dawned on the imaginations of our forefathers. In June, 1918, a new star blazed in the sky. A new star? No, that star blazed in the days of Alfred the Great, but the light just reached us eleven years ago. A great new universe is here, and in consequence the demand grows vocal that we must have a new idea of God—if, say some, we need any idea of God at all. There's the rub.

Worthy to be **JEWELS** *of the home*

Graceful simplicity of Early American Silver inspired this International Silverplate—the Early American pattern. Illustrated above: Candlesticks, well and tree platter, gravy boat, covered vegetable dish, water pitcher.

Fine old traditions of hospitality are happily carried on in homes that possess International Silverplate tea services. Pieces in the Early American pattern (above and right) made by The Meriden Silver Plate Company Division of the International Silver Company

The restraint and elegance of the Louis XIV period is beautifully exemplified in the Chateau design, below. It is correct with the smartest table settings. Percolator set, including tray, sugar bowl and cream pitcher and bonbon dish. . . Made by The Derby Silver Company Division.



LIKE PRECIOUS STONES, International Silverplate does not go out of fashion. Future days will find its design, its shapeliness, its gleaming polished surface still the style. Each piece is a distinguished contribution to the art of silversmithing; is as practical as it is handsome. Its quality and craftsmanship are guaranteed by a maker whose name means merit. . . . Your tea service or coffee service, the fine serving dishes of International Silverplate that appear at your table are indeed worthy to be regarded as the jewels of your home.

And it is with well-justified pride that you present an International platter or pitcher or candlesticks to a friend. You know you are giving lasting delight. International Silverplate offers wide choice of pieces as well as patterns, at prices you are sure to think fair.

When the dealer tells you that silverware is an International brand, you are assured of value. Should he not have the particular piece or pattern wanted, he can get it for you. For illustrations of a wider variety of such goods as are shown on this page, write for booklet No. HW-149. Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Matching the well-known flatware patterns

In addition to designs as illustrated, other patterns are made in International silverplated ware to match the knives, forks and spoons of the well-known brands of 1847 Rogers Bros., Holmes & Edwards, and Wm. Rogers & Son.

INTERNATIONAL SILVERPLATE

MADE BY INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

In using advertisements see page 6

LET THE LOVELIEST MIRROR REFLECT THE LOVELIEST YOU

says Elizabeth Arden

"No woman is able to pass a looking glass!" Let Elizabeth Arden give you the courage to challenge every mirror in the world.

THE Sun-Goddess of Old Japan was offended and withdrew into a rocky cavern. From her cavern she was enticed only by the First Mirror! Curiosity turned the trick; out came the Goddess to have a good look at herself and, "Honorable Fuji!" cried she, "why has no one ever told me my nose was shiny!"

No well-groomed woman, well-groomed in the Elizabeth Arden sense, ever has a shiny nose. This is so, not in the least because the "shine" is covered up with powder.

It is so because the skin has been brought to and maintained at a condition of glorious loveliness by the daily use of Miss Arden's specially blended preparations, patted into the skin according to the methods which Miss Arden herself evolved.

There are two important books "The Quest of the Beautiful" and "Your Masterpiece—Yourself" which Miss Arden sends with her compliments to every woman requesting them.

These small books will instruct you just how to cleanse your skin so that it is immaculately fresh; how to tone it so that it glows with life and color; how to smooth and tighten it and free it of wrinkles.

And as you follow each step of the treatment, you are secure in the knowledge that every method of application was perfected by Miss Arden herself, that every preparation was used first by her and is still under her watchful supervision.

Your mirror will be a "magic" mirror if you avail yourself of the scientific knowledge and the devotion which go into the making of the exquisite preparations of Elizabeth Arden.

★ *Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world*

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

Ardena Velva Cream. A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Illusion Powder. A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In eight tints. $3.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A penetrating oil rich in the elements which help restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. $2, $3.50.

Venetian Special Astringent. For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4

Venetian Pore Cream Greaseless astringent cream. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. $1, $2.50.

Venetian Special Eye Cream. Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight. $1.50.

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

God

Perhaps now we shall have to surrender God. Perhaps now, they fear, in this universe so new we can not maintain any idea of God.

That fear fails to take into account the nature and history of human thought. Repeatedly in the Hebrew-Christian tradition, to which we belong, we have faced this issue, where we had either to grasp a deeper conception of God or else give up God altogether, and we have never given him up yet. *Neither will we surrender God now. We will grasp a worthier idea of him.* That thing is happening with us which has happened ever since our thought of God started with stories of Sinai and the garden of Eden. Some people stand looking back and saying, "God is gone!" but the rest of us are standing in reverence before a vaster universe and are saying, "The Lord is a great God."

If this is the story of the development of the idea of God in our own tradition so that that tradition can say about itself what Paul said about himself, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things," then there are some things that we can help ourselves with in this contemporaneous confusion about God.

In the first place, we should not be upset by religion's "growing pains." To be sure, the discomfort is irritating. In particular, mankind is incorrigibly lazy, would like to stop progressing, and especially would always prefer to stop thinking. Who is it said that no human being ever did any thinking unless he absolutely had to? The hardest work in the world is thinking, and especially getting larger thoughts. If, then, we could say about God, "That is the final thought of him; that finishes our concept of Deity, and we shall never have to think about it again," that would be comfortable. But, after all, is there any one of us who would choose that? Just where would we stop in this long story of man's developing conception of the Eternal? With Sinai? With the geographically limited God? With the God of the old astronomy? We know we are unpayably indebted to those forefathers of ours who went through the discomfort of expanding religious experience and thought, and came forth with a guerdon and reward to show for it, "a great God."

Experts have estimated that a pound of honey costs forty thousand miles of flying on the part of the bees. A family may eat a pound of honey on its griddle cakes for breakfast as a matter of course, but what it cost the bees! So every beautiful thing in our idea of God has had its cost—its forty thousand miles of flying. As we look back upon our forefathers, thankful for the contribution which they have made to our idea of God, so will our children look back on this generation and estimate our worth in part by what we do now when once more religion reaches out for a more adequate conception of the Eternal.

What Is An Atheist?

To be sure, this process is confusing and always has been. They called Socrates an atheist. They made him drink the hemlock as an atheist. Socrates an atheist! Of course, what that meant was that he denied the contemporary ideas of God, the pantheon of the Greek deities on Olympus, with their battles and amours. But he was no atheist. He had so splendid an idea of God, as Plato interprets him, that centuries after his martyrdom his name was often coupled with Christ's by the Christian fathers of the church, and his sayings were quoted as though from the Bible itself.

Many people do not know that the early Christians were themselves called atheists. They were hated all up and down the Roman Empire and were flung to the lions as atheists. Of course, what that meant was that they denied the current ideas of the pagan gods, but in fact they were working out an idea of God in terms of spirit and love, to which the

future belonged. This fact applies even to men like Voltaire. It is amazing to note how a bad name clings to a dog, as the proverb says, or to a man like Voltaire.

Multitudes of people think Voltaire an atheist. Voltaire did not come within reaching distance of being an atheist. What he denied was current ideas of God. The Roman Catholic idea of God in the France of the Louis's, an intolerant god who wished all non-Catholics banished or burnt—in him Voltaire disbelieved. The god of the Calvinists in his day who foreordained unborn babes by the million to eternal damnation—in him Voltaire disbelieved. Voltaire was one of the greatest humanitarians of history. He had in him many things both lovely and unlovely, but he cared about people, especially people whom other people had wronged, and the only God he could believe in was a God who loved people.

When Voltaire was an old man, Benjamin Franklin called on him in Paris. It was the year 1778. Franklin had with him his seventeen-year-old grandson, and when they parted the American philosopher asked the French philosopher to give the boy a blessing. The chronicler says it was a solemn moment for the spectators as Voltaire stretched his lean fingers over the boy's head and said,

"My child, God and Liberty, remember those two words!"

We need not be upset by religion's "growing pains." This generation will not give up God.

God Is Incomprehensible

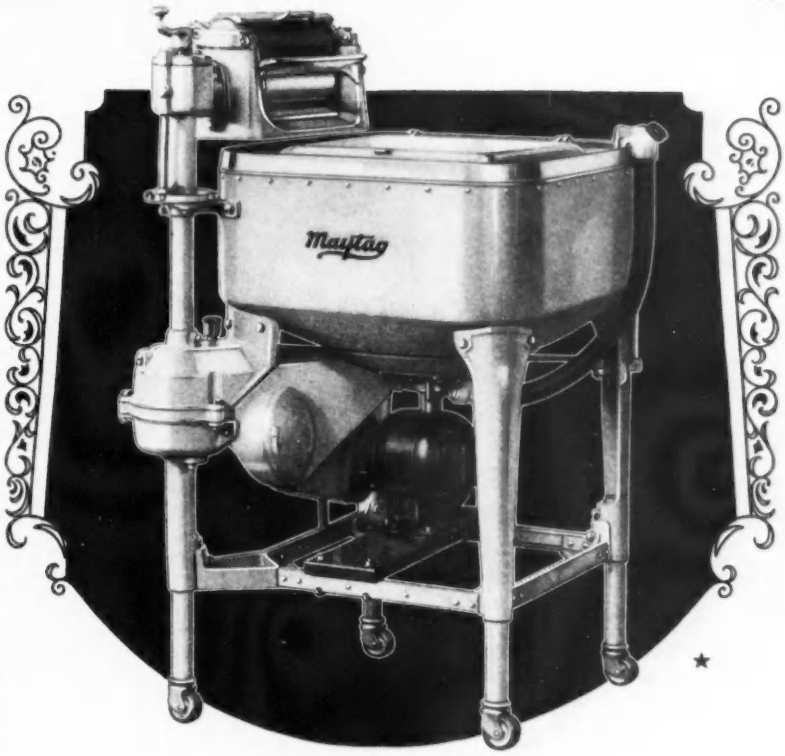
In the second place, we should recognize frankly that to our limited and partial minds the real God is incomprehensible. We with our minds that have been developing for a few millennia upon this wandering planet in the sky can not adequately and literally grasp the compass of the Eternal.

Some people, when they hear God called incomprehensible think that that sounds like skepticism or modernism. Of course, that is absurd. "Canst thou by searching find out God?"—that is Old Testament. "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past tracing out!"—that is New Testament. Those old thinkers knew that the Lord is a great God and that all their best ideas of him were partial and inadequate.

The immediate result of the fact that the real God is always to us incomprehensible is that we must think of him in terms of symbolism. Whenever anybody thinks of anything universal he has to think in symbolic terms. The mathematicians know that even mathematical formulas are symbolic. I have an engineer friend who is trying to make Einstein's relativity real to my poor mind by picturing a shuffleboard game on a ship's deck with the stick relative to the player's posture and the player's posture relative to the deck's slope and the deck's slope relative to the pitch of the sea and the pitch of the sea relative to the earth's rotation and the earth's rotation relative to the solar universe, so on *ad infinitum*. It is a somewhat desperate endeavor to make a large idea real to a small mind with a picture.

When we come to think of the great God, what else can we do? Sometimes I think it would be worth while to preach a series of sermons on symbols, because we use them constantly and so many people do not know what they are doing when they do use them. We go to one of Wagner's operas, and it is all symbolic. Remember the Rhinegold and the Rhinemaidens singing in the river! Now, if there is anything absurd it is three girls singing at the top of their voices under water. When we hear the opera, however, it is not absurd. The maidens are a symbol of the innocence of gold before it was perverted by the greed of men.

All life is full of symbols. A handshake is a symbol, a lifted hat is a symbol, a kiss is a symbol, the country's flag is a symbol. What is that keepsake in your pocketbook? It is a little thing, but it reminds you; it has associations; it makes you think of somebody.



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A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

Maytag
Aluminum Washer

In using advertisements see page 6

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Stimulants, Sedatives or Food ~ *from a Health Standpoint*

THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid "reducing" diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young "underweights" than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury.

There is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not always, but everyone should try to make himself so fit, physically, that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

If the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and *think* properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting the world's most famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

Our booklet, "Overweight," tells the best methods to control these evils. It also tells what you should weigh considering your age and height. Ask for Booklet 59-G—mailed free. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

God

What is that wedding ring upon your finger? I well remember when my mother lost her wedding ring. I remember how we all searched for it and how she wept. It was not the marriage, but it was the symbol. What is the cross in the chancel? That is Christianity's keepsake. That is Christianity's wedding ring. That is Christianity's flag.

When, now, we think of the great God, we have to use symbols. We take some element within our experience and lift it up as far as we can reach and use it to help us to think about him. We call him a rock, and a fortress, and a high tower. We call him father, and mother, and husband, and friend. We call him "Ancient of Days, who sittest throned in glory," and we call him the "Hound of Heaven." Men call him the eternal lotus flower and the rose of Sharon and the bright and morning star. And Christians say they see the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. These are all symbols of the great God.

Long ago Verazzano, one of the early explorers, landed upon the Accomac Peninsula and, looking out across Chesapeake Bay, thought it was the Pacific. Would you laugh at him? I would not. In how many particulars he was right! First, there is a Pacific Ocean; it does exist. Second, in general he had the right direction; to be sure, the ocean was twenty-five hundred miles farther on, but he was headed right. And third, Chesapeake Bay has the same kind of water in it that the Pacific has. It is far truer to think of the Pacific Ocean in terms of Chesapeake Bay than it is to deny the Pacific Ocean altogether.

That fact needs to be faced today by some of our too impatient minds. Recognizing that all our thoughts of God are inadequate, sometimes even childish, seeing that we can not with our partial thought grasp the full compass of the Eternal, we are tempted to give up God altogether. But this is the wrong approach. It is far truer to think of God in terms of an inadequate symbol than not to think of him at all. The great God is; our partial ideas of him are partly true.

We Must Be Tolerant

The first consequence of this is to make a man temperate and tolerant toward other people's ways of thinking about God. Here is my friend, for example, bowing before the image of his saint. I can not do that, but I am not scornful. I see what he is doing. He is thinking of the Pacific Ocean in terms of Chesapeake Bay. And what is more, he gets more out of that and thinks more truly than some of our too hasty minds who have denied that there is any Pacific Ocean at all.

Or here is another man who says, "I am an atheist." And after talking with him I see that he is not an atheist. What he is denying is not God, but some popular picture of God. That is what most atheism is. There is very little of the Simon-pure article, and sometimes one can help a man like that by making him see that when the little gods go, the great God comes. One can send him out saying: "The gods are dead! Long live God!"

Nevertheless, we should not leave the matter here. What we have said about symbolic thinking concerning God seems to me true and important, but it is not the end of the matter, and if one takes it for the end one leaves God too vague to do business with. Let us, therefore, say this further thing: God is very great, but he has a near end where he literally touches us. How important are the consequences from that simple statement: God has a near end!

Recently I visited once more my island off the coast of Maine and fell in love again with the sea. Now, I do not know the whole sea. It is very great. I never sailed the tropic ocean where the Orinoco and the Amazon pour out their floods through primeval woods. I never watched the Antarctic sea where Byrd today presses his perilous journey over the polar ice-pack. Wide areas of the sea are unknown to

God

me, but I know the sea. It has a near end. It washes my island. I can sit beside it and bathe in it and sail over it, and be sung to sleep by the music of it.

So is God. He is so great that in his vastness we can think of him only in symbolic terms, but he has a near end. Indeed, the nub of the whole inquiry about the nature of Deity lies in the answer to this question: Where do we think in our experience we touch the near end of God? Do we think that only matter is the near end of him and that all the God there is is simply physical, or do we think that in spiritual life at its best we have touched the near end of Deity, and that when we start with that and think out through that as far as we can go, we are thinking most truly about him?

To believe in the Christian God is to believe that in spiritual life at its best we have touched the hither side of God. Whatever more he may be, he is that. Ask the New Testament what God is, and the New Testament says, "God is love." Say to the New Testament, then, "Where do we reach Him?" and it answers, "He that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." That is God's near end.

Of course, this is what the divinity of Jesus means. Many people are troubled because they can not believe that all of the great God was in Jesus. Of course, all of the great God was not in Jesus. The omnipresence of the great God was not in Jesus. The omnipotence of the great God, swinging the eternal stars, was not in Jesus. No intelligent theology ever meant by the divinity of Jesus what some people think is implied in it, but this it does mean, that in the spiritual life and character of Christ we touch the near end of God. There God reaches us. There he washes our island.

This puts vitality into our dealing with the Divine! I know a man against whom enemies rose up, and he was tempted to vindictiveness, but when the hour struck for his possible revenge he held his hand because the magnanimity of Christ was in him. That was the near end of God. I know a man before whose desirous eyes the gains of unjust industry were stretched out, and he held his hand. That was the near end of God. There is beauty in this world, from sunrise in the desert to a poem or a symphony, that touches our spirits to finer issues and differentiates us from the beasts. That is the near end of God. There are social movements across the centuries that weave individuals into families and families into tribes and tribes into nations and nations into empires, which having long stood embattled, with fratricidal hatred in their hearts, now begin to say, though stammeringly, what once only the greatest of the prophets said, "We will learn war no more." That is the near end of God.

Go out, then, into this generation so confused about God. If they say to us, We need a larger idea of Him, let us answer, Yes. May we be forgiven because so often we mistake the Chesapeake for the Pacific! But say this other thing also: God has a near end; in everything that we call beautiful or good or true He touches us; there we do business with Him. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Places

(*Continued from page 41*)

all specialties of the house. Or, speaking of duck, *La Tour d'Argent*—Frederic's, where they squeeze the duck until it quacks, and cook it before your eyes in a rich sauce composed chiefly of its own blood—a grand place if you have a good, strong stomach for seeing and eating and digesting.

Frederic, himself, is dead; but in the old days he used to do both the squeezing and the cooking. He was a great character, who was said to look like Ibsen. I never saw him. The only time I had a chance to eat his duck during

This summer live in the cool of Masonite

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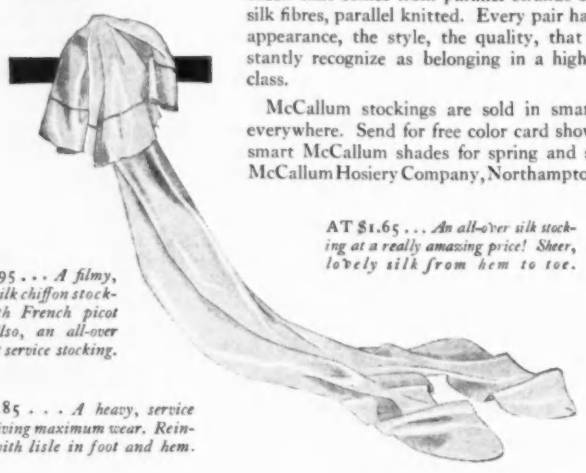
for Exquisite McCallum Stockings

McCALLUM stockings for as little as $1.65 a pair! Thrift McCallums—a new group of lovely stockings, sold everywhere at prices so low that every woman can afford to wear these exquisite stockings every day.

Think of the extra value you get in McCallums at these prices! And think of the joy of wearing McCallums every day, at home, for sports, for all smart social occasions. No need ever again to wear ordinary stockings, when for the same money you can have the flattering, luxurious loveliness of McCallums!

The Thrift McCallums are priced unbelievably low: $1.65, $1.85, and $1.95. Every stocking has all the true McCallum line and sheen and fit. And in every Thrift McCallum you have the range of fashion-right McCallum shades, and the famous sheen that comes from parallel strands of strong silk fibres, parallel knitted. Every pair has all the appearance, the style, the quality, that you instantly recognize as belonging in a higher price class.

McCallum stockings are sold in smart shops everywhere. Send for free color card showing the smart McCallum shades for spring and summer. McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass.



AT $1.65 . . . *An all-over silk stocking at a really amazing price! Sheer, lovely silk from hem to toe.*

AT $1.95 . . . *A filmy, all-over silk chiffon stocking with French picot edge. Also, an all-over silk light service stocking.*

AT $1.85 . . . *A heavy, service weight giving maximum wear. Reinforced with lisle in foot and hem.*

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"You Just Know She Wears Them"

Places

his lifetime, he was too ill to officiate at the squeeze. I remember he sent word that he was "sick in the legs." He would be surprised to see his place now. It's a success—and I fear it is paying some of the penalties.

Of course, you aren't obliged to stay on "the other side" for dinner. You can jump a shrieking taxi; and in less time than you have and with more speed than you need, you find yourself propped up on velvet cushions against the golden walls of the

Café de Paris—a littering, crowded place where one eats what one can reach and dances where one can stand.

In the *Café de Paris*, many years ago, a slim young man with shining eyes and shinier hair introduced the present vogue of restaurant and cabaret dancing. I saw him do it. His name was Maurice. A little later, the Castles, Vernon and Irene, followed in Maurice's graceful footsteps. The café used to be the most fashionable in Paris. It still is widely and richly patronized—especially by visiting Americans, the kind you saw in the smoking room on the way over but who seldom appeared on deck. There are more of these people at the Ritz, where Ollivier, the best-known head-waiter in the world, does his darnedest to soothe rich America's social and gastronomic pains.

During the months following the war, the Ritz restaurant was the most interesting place in the world. It was as if everybody from Paderewski to Barney Baruch had come together in a gigantic effort to make the old hostelry safe for democracy. What a place Paris was in those days: the Paris of Wilson, Hoover, Balfour, Venizelos, Lamont, House, Lloyd George, Poincaré, Jaspar, Dawes, Benes, Northcliffe, Stettinius, Davison, Clemenceau, Henry White, Orlando, Bliss, Pershing, Haig, and Foch. It was as if Madame Tussaud's wax-works had come to life and were playing a game of catch in the Place Vendôme. Sometimes, I think that the best thing the War did was to bring so many of the important people of the world together for a few months at the end!

One more name belongs in any list of American-French notables: Myron T. Herrick, the first citizen of Paris and the American Ambassador to France. He held the latter office when the War broke out. He was openly pro-Ally. He believed that we should enter the war; but he knew that it would take some outstanding calamity to rouse the consciousness of reluctant Washington. So, when the rest of the diplomats fled from Paris, he stood by his post. When the invading armies were pounding on the back doors of Paris, he went calmly about his patriotic business. When the invading commander sent him a curt warning to get out, he flung back a sturdy refusal. And when the bombs began to fall almost on the Embassy doorsteps, and the French people flocked about him to express their concern, he said,

"Don't you think that an American Ambassador dead would be more useful to you than an American Ambassador alive?"!

The Monuments of Paris

The next best thing that Herrick ever said was that the monuments of Paris belonged to the world. And between lunches and dinners, you will find that it is still true. Stand some day for an hour by the obelisk in the middle of the Place de la Concorde. That's where the guillotine used to stand. Look back at the Garden of the Tuileries; at the green grass and gravelly pathways, at the benches and ponds and fountains, at the mighty, glooming Palace of the Louvre which fills the eastern sky. Look across the Seine to the grim façade of the Chamber of Deputies topped by the huge dome of Les Invalides, flanked on either side by the distant Pantheon and the neighboring Tower. Look through the Rue Royale to where the Madeleine stands: a Grecian jewel in a Gallic setting. Look up the broad aisles of the Champs Élysées sweeping majestically over a sunlit hill to the Arc de Triomphe and the

MRS. JOHN BORDEN says:

"The success of a dinner is won or lost when the coffee is being served"

MRS. JOHN BORDEN ever since her debutante days has been a moving spirit in the smart worlds of Lake Forest and Chicago. When she gives a small dinner for a group of intimate friends, Mrs. Borden herself pours Maxwell House Coffee in the study—a fascinating room crowded with mementos of the Arctic explorations which Mrs. Borden has made with her husband and recorded in her book "The Cruise of the Northern Light." On formal occasions, after-dinner coffee is served in the drawing room. The service is silver, in Queen Anne design, and the charming little cups Mrs. Borden brought from France.

"The success of a dinner is won or lost, I think, in those few minutes when the coffee is being served. If the coffee is just right—clear and fragrant and very good—the mood of the group becomes genial; conversation sparkles; one knows the evening will be happy. In my own home I always use Maxwell House Coffee. I think it is the very best."

Courtney Letts Borden

A WOMAN of Mrs. Borden's social finesse invariably pays close attention to the coffee that is offered to her guests. She insists that it be made with the utmost care; she has it served with distinction. She finds that the flavor of Maxwell House Coffee makes it a general favorite wherever tastes in food are cultivated.

This flavor has a special shade of richness, a depth of mellowness, that no single coffee grown can approach. For Maxwell House is not a single coffee flavor, but a blend, combining the diverse fragrant flavors of selected coffees from many tropic lands.

A coffee expert of the Old South perfected the matchless mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee

Only after long and patient experimenting was this skillful blend achieved. An expert in coffees, who grew to manhood in the Old South, where living well was an art, persistently pursued an ideal until he accomplished the special shade of coffee flavor which delighted even his critical palate.

At the old Maxwell House in Nashville, where so many travelers of distinction, so many beaux and belles of the Old South, were entertained, this coffee won its first renown and earned its famous name. Now, from coast to coast, it has become the coffee served in America's foremost homes, preferred by America's celebrated hostesses.

Wherever you live, you can enjoy this delicious coffee at your own table. It is pleasing more people today than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee nicely packaged in tin to preserve its matchless fragrance and flavor.

BROADCAST EVERY THURSDAY

Weekly radio program of delightful music by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, is broadcast from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSD, WDAF, KSTP, WRVA, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Program.

MAXWELL HOUSE ★ COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

In using advertisements see page 6

This precious bone-building Vitamin D . . . in a delicious, natural FOOD

It is really a very simple matter to understand why the fact that Vitamin D is contained in Cocomalt is so important to mothers . . . to doctors . . . to nutritionists.

We know that children must have this precious vitamin—for without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet which go to make strong bones and teeth are not utilized by the body.

Cod-liver oil is *one* source. The direct rays of the sun are another . . . But Cocomalt offers a further advantage: it brings to your children not only the actual vitamin but the necessary milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) as well—in a delicious *natural* food that youngsters really love.

You see, milk is particularly rich in mineral salts. That's an important reason why doctors say children should drink plenty of milk. And Cocomalt not only increases the milk minerals by over half, but it also furnishes the Vitamin D which puts the minerals to work in a way that builds bones, develops sound teeth, prevents rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and assures the steady symmetrical growth of the whole body.

More than that, Cocomalt is a completely *balanced* food. It is so rich in proteins and carbohydrates that it adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk and combines, in scientific proportions, the nourishing elements ideally suited to children . . .

A DELICIOUS DRINK THAT CHILDREN REALLY LIKE

It is a particularly happy circumstance that so vital a factor in health and vigor should be found in a *balanced* food and in a truly delicious drink.

For children *do* drink Cocomalt because they *like* it. It has a delightful chocolate flavor. You can give it to them hot or cold—for breakfast, supper and after school lunch. And mothers who ordinarily find it difficult to make their children drink the daily glasses of milk they need have discovered in Cocomalt the perfect answer to this problem.

Cocomalt should, without question, be a part of every child's diet.

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents, (30 cents west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY • HOBOKEN, N. J.
Makers of Davis Baking Powder

A generous sample and booklet • **Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous sample can of Cocomalt—together with a fascinating book entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.**

© R. B. D. CO. '29

R.B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N J
Enclosed find 10 cents. Send me booklet C-4 M and sample of Cocomalt mentioned above.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____
*State*_____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

Places

green horizon of the Bois. Go some morning to Notre Dame and stand in the shadowy coolness of its pillared majesty. Ride out to Versailles and St. Germain and Fontainebleau, where history sits enthroned in palaces which are all the more royal for their royal emptiness. Spend daybreak in the Markets and sunset at Sacré-Cœur—

But we were "seeing Paris" in a wicker chair. Or was it a velvet one? Well, if you prefer the latter method, you shouldn't stop short with the *Café de Paris* or the Ritz. By far the most interesting of these golden places, and in late years the most popular, is

Ciro's—there is no restaurant like it in all the world, and in some ways none so good—its vogue has not diminished the quality of its viands or changed the flavor of its hospitality—and its clientele is glitteringly cosmopolitan.

Next to the super-waiters, Julian, Maurice, Gaspard, and Ramonde, the most intriguing sight in *Ciro's* is its chief habitué, a man whom I knew for many years merely as "The Sad Man of *Ciro's*," whom the world knows as "The Great Lover," and France knows as an able journalist, a canny financier, and the most interesting man in Europe. Newspaper publishers are usually interesting. It is their business to be that way. I have known a good many of them: Munsey, Hearst, Lawson, Curtis, and Roy Howard here; Northcliffe, Rothermere, Beaverbrook, and Pearson in London. But the most intriguing by far is this Henri Letellier, publisher of "*Le Journal*." Henri has more suits than the Prince of Wales and changes them oftener. Pressed by three valets, he is always one crease ahead of the style. He has nine luxurious motor cars. In a restaurant where he does not know the chef—personally, I mean—he visits the kitchen and picks out his own lobster or paté de fois gras. He owns a private vineyard and a special mark of cognac. These are for his friends. He, himself, eats little and drinks not at all.

If Henri isn't at *Ciro's*, you'll find him in the Bois; along with most of the other people you have seen on other nights in the golden dining rooms of the Place Vendôme and the Rue Danou. These blasé sophisticates seldom go to the engaging little places: cafés like the *Griffon*, where the flavor of the onion soup is even more notable than its smell; *Aux Cannetons*, near the Bourse, where caviar is piled high on giant pancakes and topped by clots of sour cream; *Voisin's*, quiet as its cellar and almost as good; *L'Escargot*, notable for its snails; *Poccardi's*, where the river macaroni flows; or the less known and less imposing cafés of Montmarte and Montparnasse. The only road that fashionable Paris and fashionable America take is the one that leads from *Ciro's* to *Pré Catelan*, *Armenonville*, and the *Chateau Madrid*. It is not a bad road. And the scene at the end, of a summer's night in the Bois, is a Frenchman's idea of paradise: moonlight and lantern light, orchids and champagne—and women, lovely women, dancing all around!

I wonder if the Frenchman is right. About paradise, I mean. Well, we'll never know. For other paradises are beckoning to us from the far corners. So we'll go to London. Everybody does. Next to Paris it is the tourist capital of the world. And for such different reasons!

London

You can't see London sitting down. At least, you can't see it sitting still. The first thing you do is to catch a bus—if you can—any bus going anywhere. The place you get out will be determined by the books you have read. There is the Bloomsbury of Leonard Merrick, the Baker Street of Conan Doyle, the Kensington Gardens of Barrie's "Peter Pan," the Tavistock Street of Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond," the Limehouse of Thomas Burke, the Villiers Street of Kipling, the Soho back alleys of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the Leicester Square and the Adelphi of "The New Arabian Nights." There is the London of Bernard Shaw, of Gilbert Chesterton, of Arnold

Places

Bennett; the London of Walpole and Swinnerton, Wells and May Sinclair; above all, the London of Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray.

I have a map of London—my novelists' map—an ordinary school-book affair on which I have marked with a cross the favorite locale of my favorite English writers. A dozen in all. I can not make such a map for you, because I don't know your dozen. But you can make one for yourself. And if you follow it, you will see all of London. Your tour will be not only comprehensive but comprehending. You will see the largest city in the world through the eyes of the men and women who knew her best.

Americans Abroad

You may help out the atmosphere a bit if you park your bag in one of those little, low-ceilinged hostelries in the narrow, crooked streets of the West End. Here people live English novels as well as read them. If, on the other hand, you prefer bathrooms, you'll go to the Savoy. Most Americans do. Wherever you go, you'll see some of your fellow countrymen—perhaps not so many as in Paris, but, on the whole, more interesting types:

Bishop Manning, who stands doctrinely for the strictest denominationalism and is devoting his life to completing a huge monument to undenominationalism on the heights above New York.

Jessie Bonstelle. Jessie used to be an actress. A good one, too. But she gave it up, and went into business for herself. Now she operates the most important string of stock companies in the United States.

Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, born to the purple and restless in it. He has a beautiful wife. Too bad he's so thin. All he needs is a little more ballast to keep him close to the ground.

Elisabeth Marbury. I owe her nothing. She encouraged me to write plays. But otherwise I think she is great. Al Smith calls her "Bessie."

Philip Stockton. Handsome and Harvard. He has lived both down. Now, he's head of the old Colony Trust Company and owns a controlling interest in the rest of New England.

Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, a fine expansive man—I saw him once in one of Ring Lardner's loose-leaf Prince Alberts—you know what I mean!—going with Alec Moore to call on the King of Spain.

Mrs. Norman de Rham Whitehouse—suffrage leader, George Creel's assistant during the World War: a familiar and an important figure in most of the capitals of Europe. I saw her last at a Sunday-night dinner in the Grand Hotel in Rome.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, a gentle husky. The kind of man that declares war at the drop of the hat and makes peace on his own terms before it's picked up.

Frank Lowden, four-thousand-acre farmer. Likes his home better than any place in the world. He told me so. Started out on life's journey with a tourist ticket and landed in the Pullmans.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, the only man in the history of the Christian church who has preached to three million people every Sunday morning—and one of the few men who could.

Charles A. Coffin, late head of the General Electric Company. A sweet soul. He thought in hemispheres, and remembered in minutiae.

Of course, you'll do all the guide-book things. Cook and Baedeker will see to that. There isn't a chance that you'll miss Buckingham or the Tower or the Bank of England or St. James' Palace or London Bridge. You'll go by train or bus to Oxford and Windsor and Richmond and Hampton Court. You'll tramp the National Gallery and the Wallace and the Tate. You'll get lost in the British Museum. You'll eat at The Cheshire Cheese on your way to St. Paul's. You'll spend Sunday noon in Hyde Park, and Sunday afternoon in the Abbey. And if you take the novelists' route to all these wonders you will get something which

15 painful troubles

either directly caused or aggravated by inferior Toilet Papers . . .

SURGEONS who specialize in troubles of this kind say that at least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue.

In spite of these facts many toilet papers sold to housewives today are unfit for bathroom use.

Some are glazed. Some coarse-grained. Some even chemically harmful—made from reclaimed waste material or cast-off newspapers.

No toilet tissue is safe, according to the highest medical opinion, unless it has these three qualities: complete absorbency—special softness—chemical purity.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are specially processed for safety. In a mill that has specialized in bathroom tissues for 35 years.

In every particular they satisfy the most exacting medical requirements.

Feel a sheet. Note its astonishing softness. Almost clothlike in texture. Examine it closely. You see no harsh particles—no tiny splinters to injure the delicate skin.

You can prove the absorbency of ScotTissue or Waldorf by dropping a crumpled ball in water. It sinks to the bottom quickly. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating for several minutes.

The finest fresh materials—and nothing else—go into Scott tissues. They are neither alkaline nor acid in reaction. They are sanitary. Hygienically processed. And absolutely safe. Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

Fit the standard built-in fixtures

ScotTissue
2 for 25¢

Waldorf
3 for 20¢

These prices for United States only

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In using advertisements see page 6

Make it on a SINGER Electric

... with Our Compliments

Right now—are you planning a dress for yourself, a frock for your daughter?

Make it on a Singer Electric. We will send one to your home—any model you prefer. All we ask is that you try it yourself when our demonstrator brings it to you.

Put aside your old machine and sit down with your materials before this modern Singer. Such restful comfort, such sheer enjoyment in sewing you have never known. Simply press a convenient speed control and sew as slowly or as swiftly as you wish. Both hands, both feet are free—hidden power does all the work. Perfect stitching flows like magic. While you watch, the frock you have planned grows to completion. In a few fascinating hours it is done.

This modern Singer Electric is amazingly different from any other sewing machine you have ever used. That is why we invite you to try it in your own home. We know that a new experience in sewing awaits you. With a modern Singer you will thoroughly enjoy making all your clothes this season and every season for years to come.

There is a Singer man in your community, a bonded, authorized Representative, ready to bring any modern Singer to your home. When he calls let him give you a revealing demonstration of what this new kind of sewing machine will do. Or simply telephone or call at the nearest Singer Shop and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.

★ SINGER ELECTRIC *Sewing Machines*

Singer Machines are sold only through Singer salesmen and the Company's own shops, located in every community and identified by the famous red "S".

If the Singer man has not yet reached you, 'phone the nearest Singer Shop and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.

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Places

neither Cook nor Baedeker can give you: you'll get London.

It is a city of contrasts. The rumble of the London bus is almost as devastating as the grindings of the New York Elevated; Fleet Street is as bustling as Broadway; Piccadilly at certain times in the day is as traffic-clogged as Fifth Avenue. London is old and dirty and smelly—especially smelly. There is nothing in American urban life to equal the slimy fishiness of Billingsgate, the stewy heaviness of Cheapside, the garlicky staleness of Soho, the damp inkiness of Printing House Square, or the rank odor of decaying vegetables with which the Londoner surrounds his Covent Garden Opera. There is no smell so depressing as the smell of the London fog. Yet out of its noisiness and its odoriferousness, beyond its dirt and its gloom, there rises a noble grandeur which is something more than beauty. In spite of the cold wind which makes you ache on the outside of your body and the cold food which makes you ache inside, you love London almost as if it were home.

After my panegyrics on the Paris restaurants it seems hardly fair to dismiss the London ones with one condemnatory phrase about their food. But it *is* fair. There is no suavity in London dining and very little comfort. But there is this consolation: if you have been to all the places I told you about in Paris and have eaten all the good things which they have to offer you, it won't do you any harm to stay in London a while where the food is so bad you can't eat much of it.

I try hard to enjoy British cooking. I sample that villainous pigeon pie at The Cheshire Cheese—the one they made for Dr. Johnson and have been warming over ever since. I munch a joint off the wagon at Simpson's. I order roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, the Englishman's Sunday dinner, at Claridge's. I venture into the doubtful field of curried chicken at the Trocadero. I devour that amazing fixed-price lunch at the Barclay. And when my sufferings become acute, I seek out a little place I know in Church Street, Soho, where I can get another taste of real French food.

The London Theatres

But what London lacks in restaurants it makes up in theatres. They are usually shabby little places, quite unlike our impressive structures; their orchestras, or pits, are far below the level of the sidewalks. You thread your uncertain way through circuitous tunnels that remind American visitors of the New York subway in the Forty-Second Street area; and you come out suddenly and prominently at just the point in the theatre where your seat is not. If you turn to the left instead of the right on your trip through these catacombs, you land in the bar. You get tea served to you at matinées and coffee at evening performances—right at your seat if you wish it. You see the plays of the world produced with a suavity and intelligence which captivates when it doesn't enthrall. And you see in the flesh that most interesting collection of people in all Europe: a British theatre audience.

I may be wrong about how to see these big towns. Cook and Baedeker may be the guides for you. But to me the greatest charm of any city is its people. And I liked best of all to go where those people are. In London, these theatre audiences speak more eloquently than do the people on the stage. They are so correct in dress and behavior below stairs; so shrill and disapproving above. The crowds in the parks tell the same story. Over the top hats of the Sunday paraders you see the gesticulating arms of the labor orators; and above the shriekings of the passing limousines, you hear the bolshevistic outcries against just such a world as still survives in the fashion parade on Rotten Row. You see and hear the great city in all its baffling contrasts. You learn to know England just as you learn to know France, from the strange, likable people who call those countries home!

(To be concluded)

The End of the Road

(*Continued from page 45*)

heavy wire and miscellaneous boards woven into a high fence. The grounds surrounding this unit were untidy and the interior was dirty. There were no toilet facilities or running water. Perhaps this was the worst example seen, but the principle of the 'lock up' prevails in many other schools."

And one of these Institute investigators, in his unpublished field notes, adds the following regarding the Albuquerque School on Jan. 13, 1927:

"The case of Carl Gorman, 22 years of age, was cited as an example of the methods used at this school. The physician reported that the boy went to the principal's office to ask to be let out of the jail and return to his school work when the disciplinarian who was standing near by struck him down, causing his teeth to bleed. The boy was thrown bodily into the jail again.

"On the second floor of this building was found the mending room. There was a large number of small girls who had been working since 7:30 A.M. in the morning and it was then after ten o'clock and they had had no rest or relaxation, and they were apparently working under pressure.

"The doctor reports that he has considerable difficulty in keeping tab on the malnourished or defective children who are detailed to heavy duties."

But there is not room here even to touch on the various sorts of misery among the Indians, recorded in this sober Report.

Let me urge again earnestly—obtain it and read it. It is one of the authoritative sources from which these articles are drawn. Among the other sources are the United States Census; annual and special reports of the Interior Department and Indian Bureau; the Board of Indian Commissioners; the State Board of Health of California; the State Child Welfare Department of Montana; the American Red Cross; the State Boards of Public Welfare and Education of California; the testimony of the director of public lands of the United States Department of Agriculture for Nevada and California.

Read the Senate Hearings

Obtain, also, the current Senate Hearings, and read, in Volume 3, the report of Miss Florence Patterson, who was appointed by the Red Cross a few years ago to investigate the need for public health nurses on Indian Reservations. Miss Patterson made a thorough and detailed investigation. Of the little Indian children she says:

"The manifestations of malnutrition were general and acute in a large proportion of the children seen by the writer. They repeatedly presented a picture similar to that of groups of children in eastern Europe whom government and voluntary agencies rushed in to feed in the war-devastated regions . . ." "Moreover, the boarding school records showed that children who had developed tuberculosis in the schools were constantly being returned to their homes, to live for a time, perhaps, and to spread the disease among other members of the family."

Miss Patterson's report is, like the Institute Report, quietly voiced. But its indictment of us, the American people, and the Indian Bureau we have created and permitted, through seventy years, to grow into the brutal "guardian" it is today of Indian lives and property—is terrible! She tells us of hungry, sick, neglected childhood. Of faked health records. Of undernourished children fed on cups of strong tea, the tea being on the shelves, the food not. "Seeing one little girl, barely six years old, badly undernourished, help herself to two large cups, the writer wondered how much tea there was in the commissary. The information was gleaned from the Chief Clerk that there was an oversupply and in consequence he had ordered it to be served promptly . . . His job was to check up on accounts, not conserve

Real Old-Fashioned
COCONUT PIE
fragrant with sun-rich tropic flavor

Like the juicy orange, the tangerine, the succulent banana—coconut, too, draws its sweet, fruity taste from rich, tropic soils. Franklin Baker Coconut is prepared with extraordinary care. Only the choicest nuts are gathered. Fast fruit liners hurry them to New York. Here the snowy white meat—still cool and moist and fresh—is shredded and packed, every bit of its native flavor retained. As you open the package the juicy shreds scatter over your cakes, pies or salads as fresh and fragrant as if you yourself had just spooned the tender meat from the shell.

Coconut Custard Pie: Line pie plate with ½ recipe Plain Paste. Combine 3 slightly beaten eggs, ⅛ teaspoon salt, and ½ cup sugar; add 3 cups milk, scalded, gradually, then add 1 cup Baker's Coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie plate. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. Makes one 9-inch pie. *All measurements are level.*

Nearly a hundred delicious ways to use coconut are given in a great new Franklin Baker recipe book. Suggestions for every season of the year. For a free copy or a trial can of Southern-Style—use coupon.

Baker's Premium Shred, in triple-sealed stay-fresh packages, the familiar kind

FRANKLIN
BAKER'S
★ COCONUT

Baker's Southern-Style, the new moist-packed kind in tins

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

FRANKLIN BAKER CO., Inc., Hoboken, N. J. G. H.-5-29

☐ Please send me recipe book (free). ☐ I enclose 10¢ for a half-size trial can of Southern-Style. (For Canada, address Franklin Baker, Ltd., Sterling Tower, 19th floor, Toronto 2, Ontario.)

(Print name and address—Mark X for choice)

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

In using advertisements see page 6

McCORMICK

free from flies

with safety • these 2 easier ways

The remarkable feature of Bee Brand Insect Powder and Bee Brand Liquid Spray (both made from flowers) is that although deadly to insect pests, they are absolutely harmless to humans. • Spray powder or liquid — whichever you prefer, and insects curl up and die. No spot or stain. • Powder powerful but odorless, kills insects that crawl or fly—a standard for 32 years. • Liquid, with the delightful new cedar odor, for use where insects fly. No tell-tale insecticide odor. Both kill flies, mosquitoes, bedbugs, roaches, moths, ants, fleas, water bugs, and many other insects. • Free insect booklet on request.

McCormick & Company, McCormick Block, Baltimore, Md.

During "National Insect Killing Week," remember Bee Brand—the year 'round insecticide. • If your dealer cannot furnish we will supply direct by Parcel Post. • Liquid, 50¢, 75¢, and $1.25, Gun 30¢ • Powder 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1.00, Gun 25¢

BOTH MADE FROM FLOWERS

©1928, McCormick & Co., Inc.

Bee Brand
Insect Powder - Liquid Spray

The End of the Road

child health." Frightful living conditions in homes and government schools; lack of sanitation; lack of health care; malnutrition, ignorance, despair. This is the picture Miss Patterson draws for us. A menu she observed at one boarding school consisted of, "Breakfast, bread, coffee (black), sirup. Dinner: bread and boiled beef. Supper, bread and beans."

Commenting on this Red Cross report, Dr. Haven Emerson of Columbia University points out:

"This Report was delivered in 1924. It was suppressed by Indian Commissioner Burke, who denied even to individual members of Congress the privilege of reading it. The Institute's survey was made in 1927 and identical heartbreaking conditions were found in identical schools throughout the identical reservations. Through the intervening years the Bureau officials, though possessed of all the facts, painted to Congress and to the public a picture of Indians healthy and growing healthier, rich and growing richer, indeed superprivileged."

Last June the Secretary of the Interior received from the hands of his departmental engineers a three-volume report more disturbing even than the reports of the Institute for Government Research and the Red Cross. This document, prepared under Secretary Work's directions and not yet made public, describes the wastefulness and, in many cases, the collapse, of numerous irrigation and reclamation projects of the Indian Bureau—projects paid for from Indian tribal funds or charged against the Indians to a total of more than $31,000,000. One quotation is given here as a sample. It tells of the Fort Peck, Montana, Indian irrigation project:

"It would be difficult to conceive of a more hopeless situation than that presented by the Fort Peck Reservation project. It is the opinion of the Advisors that the only possible function this project can serve is that of a monument to the futility of attempting to build an irrigation project without a water supply, and in a country where the necessity of water for irrigation at all is questionable. The inconsequential results attained as compared with the large expenditures, nearly $1,000,000, present a spectacle that is really appalling and humiliating."

Learn the Conditions Today

And now, in 1929, at the hearings being held in Washington, D. C., before the Senators who are investigating the Indian problem, conditions as bad *and much worse* are being described, by sworn witnesses, as existing on numerous reservations and in numerous Indian boarding schools *today!*

For seventy years our Indians, Federal "wards," have been under the absolute control of the Indian Bureau. This Bureau has been their official "guardian." Today its record is being laid bare in sworn testimony before the five investigating Senators in Washington—Frazier, Pine, Wheeler, LaFollette, and Thomas.

These hearings have been more systematic and exhaustive than any previous investigations in Indian Affairs since the beginning of the Government's responsibility for the Indians. And the masterly conduct of the investigation is due in no small part to Mr. Louis R. Glavis, attorney and chief investigator, whose reputation was made long ago in the conservation struggles during President Taft's administration.

The fullest opportunity has been given to the Indian Bureau to be heard at all times. It has not rebutted a single point in the indictment against the Bureau and the Indian Affairs system.

Last summer, as a representative of Good Housekeeping, I visited groups of Indians in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington, and Wisconsin. Here I observed suffering and obtained information identical with much that is recorded in these Senate hearings.

Besides, I have been down in Washington

To Clean and Deodorize the GARBAGE CAN—

just another task that's *easy* for Drāno

HOW *did* women keep garbage cans sanitary and odorless before Drāno brought modern cleaning methods into the home?

It must have been a messy, disagreeable task—

But now, of course, with Drāno—it's almost as easy as filling the tea-kettle.

Drāno ***is the labor-less way***

Drāno, you know, quickly dissolves all accumulations of grease and fat, animal and vegetable matter, wherever it may find them.

That's why it not only scours, but also purifies and deodorizes garbage cans. That's why it cleans and opens clogged-up drains, keeps them free-flowing. That's why it removes every vestige of baked-on food from casseroles. That's why it opens the grease-clogged burners of the gas range. That's why it melts away the sticky, brown drippings from the broiler-pan.

For the complete story

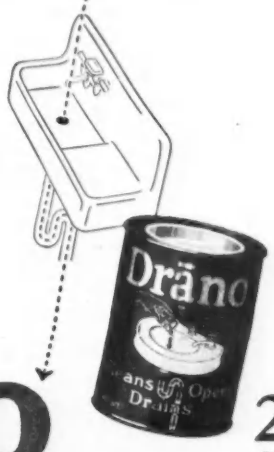
You'll want a copy of this new booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning." Just tell us where to send it. And while you're waiting for it, suppose you try the directions printed here for cleaning your garbage can. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS...
keep them with your recipes

To clean and deodorize Garbage Cans

1. Scrape or clean out loose garbage from sides and bottom of can
2. Put in 1 or 2 inches of water
3. Put in about ¼ can of Drāno
4. Rub sides of can with old brush or rag tied to the end of a stick
5. Let stand 20 minutes or ½ hour
6. Pour off Drāno solution down sewer
7. Rinse can with clear water
8. Let dry in sun

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.



DO YOU KNOW that porcelain, tile and enamel can be kept shining, always beautiful with Dawn? It dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch. Your dealer has it.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

...keeps them free-flowing

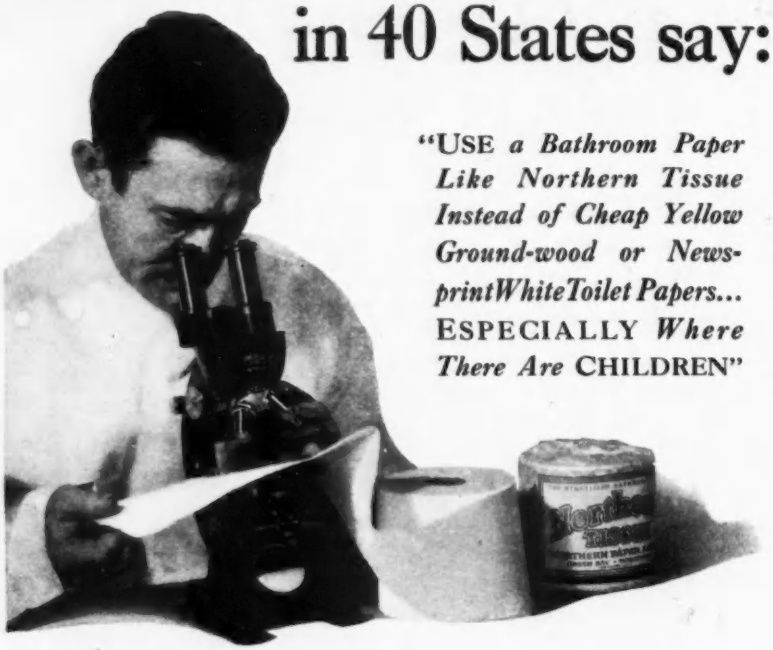
25¢ a can

Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States

35¢ in Canada

In using advertisements see page 6

Health Commissioners in 40 States say:



"USE *a Bathroom Paper Like Northern Tissue Instead of Cheap Yellow Ground-wood or Newsprint White Toilet Papers...* ESPECIALLY *Where There Are* CHILDREN"

TODAY, *at no advance in price*, you are offered a Bathroom Paper that is *cooked* to new softness and whiteness.

It is called "Northern Tissue." Doctors, hospitals, finest homes everywhere, say it sets a health standard impossible to get in cheap, yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers."

Modern science has found that many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in cheap yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—"toilet papers" . . . papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

So today, 240 Health Commissioners in 40 states and scores of practicing physicians say: "Use a paper like snow-white Northern Tissue, instead of cheap raw ground-wood toilet papers—especially where there are children."

Cooked at 302°—20 Times Sterilized

This new-type paper contains *only* pulp cooked at 302°.

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And that paper made white as whitest linen.

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized, emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c *A Roll*

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use cheap yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

Ask for

NORTHERN TISSUE

with the Blue Core

FREE
TRIAL ROLL

Julia Neidle, Nurse,
Northern Paper Mills, Dept. 25,
Green Bay, Wis.

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the white paper free from raw ground-wood.

I enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage.

© N.P.M., 1929

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

The End of the Road

recently, attending these hearings, which are intensely poignant and dramatic. At one end of a long table, the investigating Senators. At the other end, facing them, the Indian Bureau officials. In a chair midway between them, the witness who is being examined. And lining the great room Indians—from Oregon, from the Dakotas, from Oklahoma! Indians listening with rapt, anxious faces, as their cause is pleaded or denied.

The testimony, as I have said, is horrifying! A white American listens to it with a sense of shame and wonders if the debasement of the white race, in its exploitation of these helpless people, is not a greater tragedy even than the suffering of the Indian. Listening, one marvels, too, that the Indian race has managed to survive at all!

Excuses Are Being Offered

"Congress has been to blame," is the panicky outcry of the Indian Bureau as the revelation of its seventy years of mismanagement continues to be made. "Congress has denied us sufficient appropriations."

But Congressman Frear of Wisconsin, when I interviewed him in Washington, indignantly exploded this excuse.

"Now that the Senate investigation is pinning the crime for conditions squarely on the Indian Bureau," he declared angrily, "the Bureau is asserting that Congress refused to appropriate sufficient money; and that that accounts for the starving and beating of Indians and the looting of their estate. This is patently absurd! Besides, money was always appropriated by Congress when asked for. But the Bureau was trying to make a record of economy. So instead of asking for money needed, they went ahead with their costly program—a program designed chiefly to benefit the whites. And they charged the cost of it, in large part, against the Indian estate as debt.

"The time has come," he went on emphatically, "for us to demand a square deal for these wards! Not an argument can be advanced for the perpetuation of this heartless Indian Bureau policy. Its expenses have increased as the Indians' property has dwindled. The Bureau employees have multiplied as the Indians have decreased in number. The criminal maladministration of this Bureau not only justifies, but demands its abolishment, and provision for some substitute until the Indians are on their feet."

The health and education of the Indian, Congressman Frear believes, should be turned over to the states concerned. But Indian property should be placed in a Federal Board, where Indians will have some voice in the decisions. This could be arranged by each Indian tribe incorporating, these corporations being subject to supervision by the Federal Government.

"In any case, all Indian property must be taken away immediately and entirely from the Indian Bureau," he urged sternly.

Congressman Frear pointed out that the Indian has been made a citizen. As such he should be equipped to take his place.

"Indians have brains and initiative," he concluded. "They are a highly gifted people. They need only support in their ambitions. We've done this in relation to the Porto Ricans and Filipinos. We've fallen down as regards the American Indian. Had there been a despotic, grafting Porto Rican Bureau, or a Philippine Bureau, those native peoples would today be as crushed, as backward, as the American Indian."

This view was corroborated by Major George P. Ahern, one of the most distinguished army officers in Washington and a leading American authority on forestry. For many years, when a young officer, he was thrown with the Indians. He grew to know them well and love them. Sitting Bull was an especially dear friend.

Later, in 1900, Major Ahern organized the Philippine Forest Service and was at its head

2 CLEANERS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE...

...A complete cleaning unit consisting of a cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.

Attachments No Longer Needed!

Why take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs? Here's an easier, faster way, without attachments.

Now...the Spic-Span!

A handy electric cleaner that does the work of attachments... and does it more conveniently. Works independently—with its own sturdy little motor.

Never before . . . such speed and ease in *electric housecleaning!*

"Marvelous!" . . . "Saves hundreds of steps!" . . . "Saves Hours!". . . "Saves precious energy!"

Thus do women everywhere hail the new Premier triumph which simplifies electric cleaning by eliminating attachments!

For in place of attachments, Premier now gives you an additional electric cleaner, the Spic-Span . . . . a handy, 4-pound cleaner that can be whisked about from task to task with utmost dispatch!

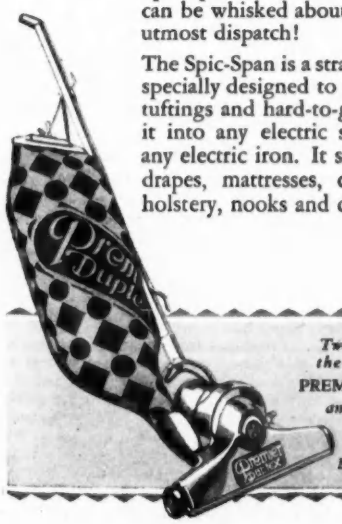
The Spic-Span is a straight-suction cleaner . . . specially designed to get its nozzle deep into tuftings and hard-to-get-at places. Just plug it into any electric socket and use it like any electric iron. It saves *hours* in cleaning drapes, mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, nooks and corners everywhere.

By providing the Spic-Span in place of attachments, Premier gives you a complete cleaning unit consisting of *two* electric cleaners for the price of one . . . a big cleaner for the rugs and carpets and the handy Spic-Span for the smaller cleaning tasks . . . a combination that makes cleaning speedier and easier than ever before!

FREE Demonstration—The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Dept. 305, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, with branches in all leading cities. †Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ‡Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.



Premier SPIC-SPAN

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* **PREMIER SPIC-SPAN**
Both for $72.50

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* **PREMIER SPIC-SPAN**
Both for $48.00

Pacific Coast and Canadian prices slightly higher

In using advertisements see page 6

HOUSES, LIKE PEOPLE, REVEAL CHARACTER *by significant details of cleanliness*

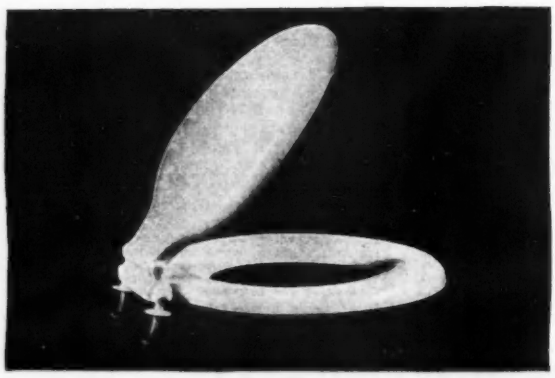
VERY quickly a woman sizes up the people she meets. Their shoes, their gloves, or their finger-nails, tell her much more than their jewels or Paris hats. For these little details are the sure clues to authentic cleanliness. And this is equally true of your house. For it is not by its facade alone that people will know it, but by vital little details like its bathroom equipment. How many seemingly comfortable and immaculate houses are betrayed by a shabby toilet seat?

Yet this is a detriment that can be obviated in a few minutes by installing a handsome, inexpensive Church Toilet Seat. This toilet seat is strong, uncrackable, and smooth as glass. It fits any make of bowl, and may be installed in a few minutes with the use of only a pair of pliers.

And now in smart, modern colors too

Responding to the nation-wide demand for color in every room of the home, the Church Manufacturing Company now offers a variety of fine toilet seats in modern colors. They are available in nine sea-pearl tints and nine richly lustrous pastel shades. They bring quiet beauty and decorative charm to a room that has suffered too long from monotonous lack of color. There are bathroom chairs and bathroom stools in the same smart range of colors.

Church products are to be found in the finest homes, hotels and apartment houses the country over. They are the usual specification of architects. You may inspect them in any modern plumbing store. Write for illustrated folio. C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. G-5, Holyoke, Mass.



Church Seats

"Toilet Seats for Better Bathrooms"

Sold by all plumbing stores since 1898

The End of the Road

until the World War. He then became Secretary of the War College in Washington.

"Ever since 1882 there has been gross and continuous mismanagement of Indian Affairs, to my certain knowledge!" he declared. "Our country could have handled the Indian problem properly and put this able, brilliant people on its feet. We gave the Filipinos schools and teachers that measured up to the highest of standards. Filipino youths were encouraged and aided to carry out all they knew. They were given positions of the utmost responsibility in their own government. Today, many members of the former 'wild tribes,' the head hunters, are college men—mayors, governors, legislators—playing a vital part in public affairs of the Islands. This shows what can be done with a primitive people!"

Our treatment of the American Indian was just the cruel opposite, Major Ahern said. He was crushed, held down, moved from place to place, cheated, lied to, given the lowest types of schools and teachers, and kept always under the heel of a tyrannical Bureau.

Major Ahern concluded with: "Then again, there are the Indian forests. Timber becomes better and increases as you handle it in large blocks, cutting it properly and leaving the seed trees. The Indian Bureau is cutting the Indians' timber (where allotments have been made) *to the ground*, and doling out some of the money in petty amounts destructive to Indian morale. This is criminal! The Indians' property should be kept intact. Indian corporations are the only thing for handling Indian timber —and indeed their other joint property. But the courts should have a look-in on these corporations."

But The Truth Is Evident

Three other eminent men, close students of the Indian problem, to whom I put my question, "What is the solution of it all?" were Senator King of Utah, Senator Pine of Oklahoma, and Congressman Kelly of Pennsylvania.

It was Senator King who framed the Resolution which precipitated the present investigation of Indian affairs.

"The Indian problem is one of vast proportions," he said thoughtfully. "Not only economically; there is a humane and moral element that transcends the other. One thing I do know—that the United States has failed deplorably to handle the Indian problem in a way to fulfill its obligation as trustee!

"In my opinion," he concluded, "the problem should be studied deeply *by the entire country*. I hope that all thoughtful men and women will study this question and present their views to the Investigating Committee now acting for the Senate, thus enabling this Committee to suggest legislation that will satisfy the ideals and conscience of us all."

It was Senator Pine whom I interviewed next.

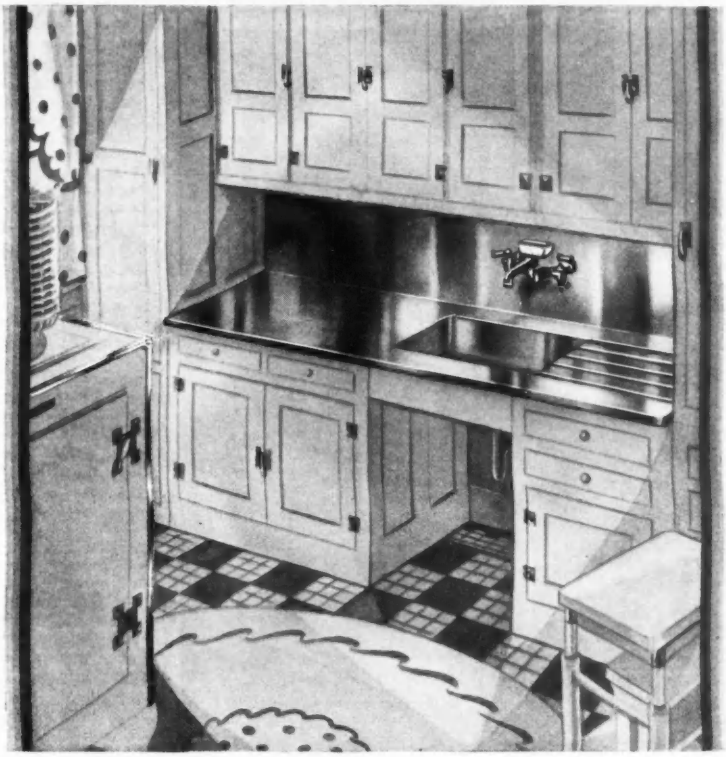
"The solution of the question?" he repeated. "Simply this! Earnest, aggressive, intelligent, *honest* administration of the law as it exists! That is a good first step. It would accomplish much. The Indians today are not getting an honest deal. In matters of health and education especially, the Bureau has developed no standards at all. Read their last report on health among the Indians. It is a masterpiece of weakness and vague supposition. They feel this and that to be true about tuberculosis among the Indians. After seventy years—they don't seem to *know* anything."

And he added, in conclusion: "The system we have is not bad in my opinion, *if carried out honestly*. I repeat, honest, intelligent administration of the law, even through the system we have, would cure many evils complained of."

An example of the evils to which Senator Pine refers is the notorious Jackson Barnett case. Jackson Barnett, an illiterate Creek Indian about 70 years old, was snatched away in 1921 by Annie Laurie Lowe, a white woman. She took him into two different States and married him twice to make sure that the

MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW



. . . . silvery BEAUTY

your assurance of life-long service

When you first see Monel Metal in your kitchen you appreciate how good-looking it really is. But when you put Monel Metal into service, you discover that its properties provide the advantages you desire most in kitchen equipment.

And as you live with it through the years, you find that its silvery brightness is permanent—that it does not lose its beauty—that it blends with every color scheme—that it is easy to clean—that it has no coating to chip, crack or wear off.

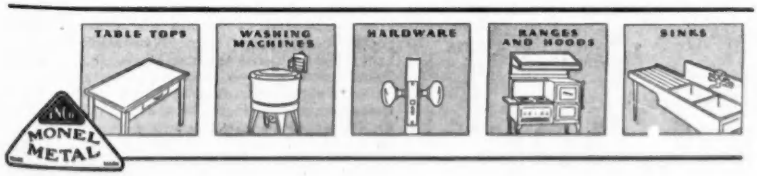
In your kitchen where fruit juices and other corrosive agents prey upon less rugged surfaces, Monel Metal will keep its mirror-like beauty. Food and fruit acids will not stain it—it will not rust.

Monel Metal equipment will add immeasurably to the value of your home . . . and to your pride of ownership. Try Monel Metal for sinks, kitchen cabinets and table tops, for washing machines, hardware and refrigerator trim.

Then . . . confirm your own good judgment! Consult your architect and local sheet metal worker about using silvery Monel Metal in your home.

Mail the coupon for sample and booklet—"Good Housekeeping Made Easier."

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 Wall Street, New York, N.Y.



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me without cost or obligation your booklet describing Monel Metal and its home uses, together with a sample of the metal.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Occupation*_____

G. H. 5-29

In using advertisements see page 6

Priceless *leisure* when the AutomatiCook watches your oven

FREEDOM from drudgery—more time to devote to the children—hours for pleasure.

These are things that the white handle AutomatiCook makes possible for American women.

Prepare the food—light the gas—put the food into the oven—set the AutomatiCook and your work is done.

Roasts, fish, fowl, bread, pastries—even whole meals—are left safely to the care of the AutomatiCook. For this oven heat control works *automatically*.

The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook—very complete—attractively illustrated. Send 25c today for your copy.

That's why this popular device is used in hundreds of thousands of homes, and is recommended by home economics bureaus, gas companies and stove dealers, everywhere. More than 90 beautiful, modern gas ranges provide the AutomatiCook for your convenience.

If you are tired of hovering over the oven, your gas company or a good stove dealer will show you a range equipped with the AutomatiCook. But, you can't buy it separately. It is part of the range, itself.

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY · *Youngwood, Penna.*

ROBERTSHAW TRADE MARK
AutomatiCook

May 1929 Good Housekeeping

The End of the Road

marriage was legal. In 1923 the woman brought Jackson Barnett to Washington, where, in the office of Commissioner Charles H. Burke, it was arranged to split the Indian's estate, in the amount of $1,100,000, half of it being given to the woman and half to a philanthropic institution in Oklahoma.

Thereafter members of Congress directed the attention of President Coolidge to certain remarkable and suspicious aspects of the case, and the Department of Justice intervened, in opposition to the Indian Bureau, on behalf of Barnett, a Government ward.

The case finally was tried before Judge Knox of the United States District Court of New York. Judge Knox found that fraud had been committed; that the aged Indian was practically a half-wit; that no evidence existed to prove that Commissioner Burke or any one else had even explained to him what he was doing when he gave away $1,100,000. The "amazing" transaction, as Judge Knox termed it, was set aside by the Court. An attempt to appeal was unsuccessful, and to this extent the aged Indian was protected.

Congressman Kelly's Solution

Finally, I sought out Congressman Clyde Kelly, at the House of Representatives.

The Indians have not a better friend in Congress than this quiet-voiced man. He pronounces the Indian Bureau un-American, irresponsible, dominated by despotic tendencies, and determined to perpetuate itself.

"The Indians must become self-supporting individuals," he urged. "Must learn to manage their property and their lives. In 1924 they were declared citizens. I battled for years to help bring that about. But it has accomplished nothing. They enjoy none of the rights guaranteed to citizens under the Constitution. Every guaranty in the Constitution is systematically violated by the Indian Bureau in its conduct of office."

"Is there no way out for the Indian, Congressman Kelly?" I inquired.

"Most certainly there is!" he returned, with spirit. "I would urge first, let us guarantee the Indians full Constitutional rights as citizens. Second, let us work toward distributing the activities of the Indian Bureau among the states concerned—transfer them, that is, to the state departments of education, health, relief, and agriculture. Indian property, I believe, should be owned individually by the Indians, with certain restrictive safeguards placed around it for a time."

It would be impossible, here, to quote a tenth of all those with whom I discussed this problem. Not only on the Atlantic seaboard, but in many western states, I queried veteran students of the Indian question as to the best solution of it.

At Odanah, Wisconsin, Rev. E. P. Wheeler, an authority on the Chippewa Indians, recommended an intensely interesting plan for the Wisconsin Indians. This could be adapted to any state.

He urges that the Indians of Wisconsin be turned over to the United States District Courts in Wisconsin and handled on a probate basis. White wards with property are handled by the Probate courts. Why should not Indian wards be cared for in the same way? he asks.

"One proposal, in the Wisconsin plan," explained Dr. Wheeler to me, "is to have these United States District Courts manage the Indian estate by two holding companies to be appointed by them, one for each district. Another suggests holding companies consisting of three persons, one a woman to be nominated by the Women's Clubs of the State; and the other two, business men to be nominated by the Federal Council of the Christian Churches of the State. These holding companies are in accord with probate usage where large business interests are to be provided for."

In New York City, at Columbia University, I discussed possible solutions of the Indian problem with Dr. Haven Emerson, Professor

The End of the Road

of Public Health Administration and former Health Commissioner of New York. Dr. Emerson has thrown himself into the campaign to help the Indians obtain some semblance of their rights as citizens.

He spoke with deep, sober indignation of the maltreatment of the Indians today.

"At last Congress is to get the facts! The hearings to date have proved extremely wicked and possibly criminal maladministration at every level, from the Secretary of the Interior to the Indian Agents. A hundred and more witnesses have testified.

"A few of the cruder facts," he went on, "are: Indian children are beaten and put in chains; are starved, for discipline; are crowded in the presence of disease; are worked to exhaustion; are hired out for pay; are forced to eat wormy meat and polluted flour; are locked in cellar jails for little breaches of politeness; are denied advancement in school so that profit may be made of their child-labor; are beaten until they bleed, and whipped with straps until they are cut."

At Last We Have the Facts

Here Dr. Emerson was called from the room. And as I sat waiting, my mind ran back over the countless cruelties and atrocities revealed in the hearings day by day.

Dr. Emerson might have added that on some reservations feeble old Indians are being asked to exist on 73 cents' worth of rations a month per person. That young Indians are arbitrarily put down on worthless land—mountain peaks 8000 feet up, stony hillsides, sagebrush country without water; are given not a dollar to farm with, are forbidden to borrow the necessary money or to contract with any store for seed and implements. If such an Indian develops his land anyhow, making it valuable, he is almost certain to be moved away. (One Indian was thus moved nine times.) If not moved, he is prohibited from willing this land, intact, to his children.

Dr. Emerson could have told of one cruel school where only nine cents a day is spent for food for each child. Some young girls ran away and were brought back. One was beaten, and all were forced to carry cordwood on their necks throughout the afternoon as punishment. These girls were also chained to their beds and even marched to their three-cent meals in chains.

He could have told of Indian children dying because the reservation doctor would not bother to go to them. Of old Indians whose thumbs had been forced down on deeds of sale to their lands by rascally whites whom they dared not disobey. Of the drinking water for a large reservation flowing in an open ditch, fouled by cattle wading in it. Of a filthy, unprotected reservoir on a northern reservation, which, when finally cleaned, produced nine inches of slime and the rotting bodies of many kinds of animals.

He could have told of permitted bootlegging on many reservations. Of one agent's written permit to a young unmarried Indian couple to live together until they could get down to the agency to apply for a marriage license. Of the jailing of men, women, and children without court trial under terrible conditions: one Indian, for disagreeing with the agent, being thrust into a tiny hut of a "jail" on the blazing Arizona desert, with insufficient water and the thermometer at 120. When indignant white citizens appealed for his release, the agent's retort was:

"If you had not made this suggestion, I would have let him out. Now I will keep him a while longer."

He could have told of the meagerly nourished little Indian children falling ill at their school in Arizona, because the government teachers had taken all the dried fruit to make into booze.

He could have pointed to the thousands of other Indian children whose backs are bending beneath the child-labor required of them at the schools. And of the conscience of a Bureau

Other Women Will Tell You

how this new form of sanitary protection brings freedom, comfort, better health

A scientific method replaces hazardous, dangerously uncertain makeshifts—and brings new standards of health, comfort, fine grooming.

BECAUSE science has found a solution to woman's oldest hygienic problem; because doctors and nurses have discovered this new form of sanitary protection and women have told one another of its remarkable advantages—the hygienic habits of women have changed all over the world. Today, one takes quite for granted the comforts of Kotex, which plays so vital a part in new-found feminine freedom and peace-of-mind.

Mental as well as physical relief

Within the past year, further refinements have been made that assure greater mental as well as physical comfort.

Kotex has always offered these advantages: Cellucotton absorbent wadding, the super-absorbent filler, takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture; it is disposable, just like tissue . . . easily, quickly; fashioned of soft, specially treated gauze, it offers gentle, easeful protection; the Cellucotton absorbent filler is adjustable—layers can be removed to suit one's individual needs.

Deodorization and a new cut

In Kotex Laboratories a way has finally been found to deodorize Kotex safely, completely. This process has been patented and is to be found in no other sanitary pad. Then, too, corners have been rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection. A recently developed treatment of both gauze and filler adds to their softness. If you have not yet used the new Kotex, its superiorities will surprise you. And, at the new low price, Kotex actually costs less than home-made cheese cloth and cotton substitutes.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for 12. It is sold, too, in vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size. Disposable in the same way. Super-size offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use, PLUS THE GREATER PROTECTION which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable when extra protection is essential. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

In using advertisements see page 6

A sunbeam made her cry . . .

HER mirror was dimly lighted—a compassionate mirror that told only of lovely contours, charming hair and eyes, white teeth. But one morning a spying shaft of sunlight pitilessly revealed the truth. The skin of her face was *wearing out!* Rounded shoulders still kept the silky softness of girlhood, but the face! In spots it was actually *rough*. She had been so proud of her skin—thought she had cared for it.

The cause of roughened skin is really very simple and may be simply met. Your face is exposed to many drying conditions. Wind dries it. Dust is very harmful. Smoke, always in city air, is bad. Cooking over a hot stove is ruinous. Your face and hands constantly undergo a weathering process that robs them of their natural moisture. And it's the natural moisture that makes the skin velvety, dewy, soft.

What to do about it? Obviously, this natural moisture must be replaced, otherwise the skin is certain to become rough and coarse.

As a child, when your hands and face became almost brittle from chapping, didn't you always smooth on Hinds Honey & Almond Cream? And didn't the skin miraculously grow soft again—and stay soft?

The truth is that this wonderful liquid Cream possesses just what dry skin needs. How else could it have remained a household necessity for generations?

Will you be fair to your face—will you believe the truth of your mirror? Examine your skin honestly in a strong light and then compare your face with the sweet delicacy of shoulder skin. When you are convinced, please try Hinds for a week or two. Smooth it in gently whenever your face is exposed to weathering conditions. We know you will be delighted. Your skin will grow softer day by day. That rose-petal texture will return. Hinds Cream really never fails. Its many years of universal use for the more serious cases of skin drying (chapping) prove it to possess invaluable power to restore natural skin moisture.

Would you like to try Hinds Cream? We know that even a brief trial will convince you of its benefits in keeping your face and hands soft and smooth. So sure are we, that we shall be glad to present you with a sample bottle of generous size. To get it just send us your name and address on the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p.m., Eastern time; 7 p.m., Central time.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors
Dept. 199, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

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Name.....

Address.....

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This coupon not good after May, 1930

LEHN & FINK (Canada) Ltd., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, 8

The End of the Road

which controls a billion and a half in Indian property, yet bullies and half-starves its wards.

He could—finally—have told of Miss Florence Patterson of the Red Cross (already referred to), who several years ago made a courageous survey of health conditions among the Indians. This survey was mysteriously suppressed. And when Mrs. Stella M. Atwood, at that time Chairman of the Indian Welfare Division of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, asked Edgar B. Meritt for a copy of it, he replied that she would be permitted to see it if she would enter into a "gentlemen's agreement" that she would not make it public.

But—my thoughts were brought back abruptly to the interrupted interview with Dr. Emerson. For at this moment he entered the room.

"What is the solution?" he echoed. "What shall we substitute for the system we have?"

He was silent for a moment.

"First, state and county service for education, health relief, and agriculture. Second, the establishment of property rights and reviewable accountability for Indian funds and estate: the right of due process of law. Third, the delivery of all tribal property to the incorporated tribes under a board of control designated by Cabinet officers."

And this, I have found, is the program which most of those who love the Indian race seem, today, to approve.

Mr. Collier's Plan

John Collier, Secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, probably the most keen, cool, far-visioned, practical student of the Indian problem today—a man who has battled fearlessly for the Indians for many years, in Washington and out, in the face of slander and opposition—assured me recently in Washington that the program as stated above embodies his views. With this modification:

"It can not all be achieved immediately! We shall not be able to turn the personal care of the Indians over to *all* the states at present, for many states are not ready or equipped to assume it. It is the ideal arrangement. And it is gradually coming about, state by state. Three states are now bidding for it, and a fourth now has in Congress a bill providing for it. All such states—those ready and eager for the task, and able to meet a certain standard—should be permitted at once to take over the purely human side of the Indian problem within their borders—health, education, relief.

"Since many states, however, are not ready for the measure, I think the logical first step, in solving the Indian question, is to distribute Indian Service among the various Federal departments—that is, to put the Indians' forestry and farming problems under the United States Department of Agriculture; their school program under the Bureau of Education; their health problems under the Public Health Service, and so on."

All these Federal agencies, Mr. Collier pointed out, work closely with the state services. The two combined form a vast system of education, social guidance, and relief, which we have been building up slowly for a hundred years. European immigrants, Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, negroes—all except American Indians—enjoy the use of it.

"I propose," urged Mr. Collier, "that we throw open to the American Indian this great system. Thus service to the Indians would gradually be decentralized, being transferred first from the Indian Bureau to the various Federal agencies, and then spreading out across the country into the states, state by state, beginning with those most ready to cooperate."

(It has occurred to the writer of this article that here is a campaign the women's clubs might find interesting—encouraging the states in turn to take on the health, education, and relief problems of their Indian populations.)

"Roosevelt planned to do, and partly did, just what has been suggested," continued Mr.

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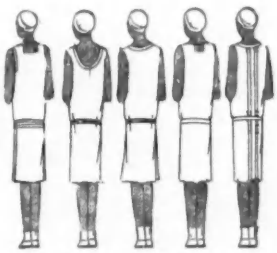
White, Yellow or Flesh Pink Crepe de chine



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Reading from left to right these are the back views of the models shown above

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A Charge Account simplifies long distance shopping

In using advertisements see page 6

A complete book of recipes is under the label of every bottle of Certo

97 *easy recipes for delicious* JAMS *and* JELLIES!

Anyone *can make them using the modern* "short-boil" *method*

UNDER the label of every bottle of Certo is a book of 97 recipes for all sorts of delicious homemade jams and jellies.

The recipe below for pineapple and strawberry jam is one of them. Read it and see how easy it is to make this delicious combination. Each of the 96 other recipes is just as easy!

Certo has revolutionized the art of making jams and jellies. Now *anyone*, the most inexperienced cook, can make perfect jams and jellies every time—with only one minute's boiling. That's why it is called the "short-boil" method. Famous cooking experts, including Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint, recommend this Certo "short-boil" method. The Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country teach it.

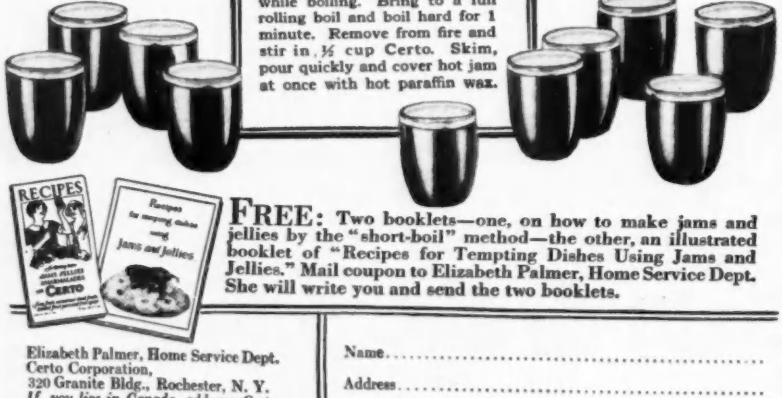
* * *

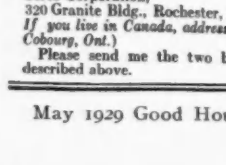
Certo is a Pure Fruit Product—just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant. With Certo, you can make jams and jellies from *any* fruit or fruit juice—quickly, easily, perfectly!

Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRY JAM, MIXED

Crush to a fine pulp about 1 quart ripe berries. Put pineapple (fresh or canned) through food chopper, or chop very fine. Measure 2 level cups of each fruit into large kettle. In case of slight shortage of one fruit, use enough of the other fruit to make 4 level cups (2 lbs.) total. Add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in ½ cup Certo. Skim, pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot paraffin wax.





FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept.
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320 Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.)
Please send me the two booklets described above.

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Address.....
City..... State.....
☐ Check here and send 10¢ if you want trial half bottle of Certo

The End of the Road

Collier. "That is, put Indian Service under the Federal agencies equipped to render it. For example, he put the Indian forests under the Department of Agriculture's Forestry Bureau; and this Bureau handled the job admirably. But he did not bother to have Congress safeguard his reform by statute. So it slid back quietly into the old and continuing Indian Bureau monopoly."

"You have not mentioned Indian property, Mr. Collier. Should that be under state control, in your opinion?"

He made a gesture of positive dissent. "No! The solution of the Indian property problem is obviously this: to restore to the Indian tribes their ancient dignity and authority by permitting each tribe to organize and hold property in the modern way. That is, each tribe would become a corporation. The Klamath Indians have a delegation at Washington now, petitioning for this.

"The corporation," he went on, "would be able to buy and sell and make contracts: to go ahead and make something of itself. Allotted lands could be paid over into the corporation, if a man wished, and his equity represented in shares of stock."

"You propose no safeguard over these corporations?" I asked.

"Most decidedly I do propose a safeguard!" he returned quickly. "This: that every corporation be under Federal protection, and that the Federal Government continue to be trustee over it. Each corporation could have a Board of Directors chosen by the Indians, and have an Administrator subject to the Federal Courts. The latter would be required to make an annual financial report, and be a technical adviser as well.

"If he thought," Mr. Collier added, "the corporation was being badly run, he would report this to the Courts, and they would name a receiver. There might still be, also, an Indian Commission made up of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Attorney General—some one from each department that could do something for the Indians.

"The corporation scheme," he concluded, "with the tribes managing their own estate, would mean a saving of at least six million dollars to the Government. If the Indians could have this spent on their health and education, and used to give them credit, they would soon be on their feet."

The Institute for Government Research makes numerous recommendations. It recommends an emergency appropriation of one million dollars to relieve the gradual starvation of children in the Indian Bureau boarding schools. But its most important recommendation is the creation of a technical staff of men and women, experts in education, agricultural organization, home economics, law, and sociology. This technical staff would be the brains of a new Indian service, which might either be organized as an Indian Bureau, distinct from the other Government departments, or as a coordinated Indian Service carried out by the various existing Federal agencies, such as the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Education, Children's Bureau, and U. S. Public Health Service.

In Defense of the Indian

Now, just one last word about the Indian as a lovable, gifted being whom we can not afford to lose from our civilization.

As has been said before in this article, I traveled last summer by auto thousands of miles through the Indian country. I visited Indians in New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, and Wisconsin.

Everywhere I found dignified gentlefolk—hospitable and gracious. Their usual demeanor is quietness of spirit. They depart from this only when deeply stirred. And then there is no railing, no harsh invective.

I saw much hunger and distress. Desperate poverty. Pitiable disease. Yet in the midst

The End of the Road

of suffering and want I found flaming talent. Genius, even, that took the breath! The Indians of the Southwest especially are instinctive artists. Everything they touch seems turned to loveliness.

Their baskets and jars are traced with intricate designs they have inherited from heaven knows what ancient forebears. Their silver and turquoise jewelry is richly barbaric. Their paintings? In a school in Arizona is an assembly room with a drop curtain painted by Homer Cooyama, a Hopi schoolboy, untutored and unequipped: a painting so lovely that artists make trips to view it. Their blankets? I wish you could watch a Navajo woman seat herself before a rude loom strung up to a tree, and—with no traced design to guide her—weave a blanket of daring beauty.

Yet we hold solemn conferences, we whites. And some pale young man arises to urge, "Indian girls would make splendid servants if given proper training, and the boys good porters and chauffeurs."

Except when goaded to self-defense the Indians have ever been hospitable to the whites. All great Americans have loved them—Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, a host of others.

"If I live," said Lincoln in 1863, "this accursed system of Indian Affairs shall be reformed!"

Christopher Columbus, in his letters, tells us, in quaint astonishment, of his reception by the American Indians:

"What they have they do not refuse to those that ask. With deep love, they prefer others to themselves. They give much for little, and bear with small or no return. When we landed . . . women and men, children and adults, youth and old, forgot the fear they had felt for us and pressed to see us. A great crowd filled the road, some bringing food, some drink, but all affected by the sweetest love and an almost unbelievable good will."

Such was the Indians' hospitality to us, the white race, when we were strangers within their gates. Today—pitifully enough—it is they, crushed, bewildered, who are strangers within *our* gates! Cruelly treated strangers in a land which once was theirs!

A cry of anguish is going up today from Indians in almost all parts of the United States. A stifled, inarticulate, "Come and help us!"

It is a cry from the heart, not the lips. For many Indians are not even able to speak sufficient English to make their sufferings known to us. And others are prevented, by racial shyness from uttering any plea.

A Story You Will Not Forget

Occasionally, however, some one of their number, an inspired leader, makes a superhuman effort to inform the general public of the anguish of his people. Such a one was Joe Peete, of the Torres-Martinez Reservation. And as his story is typical, I shall tell it to you in parting.

Picture a stretch of barren land on the blazing desert one hundred and twenty-five miles southeast of Los Angeles. This is the Torres-Martinez Reservation. The Indians were removed to it, from fertile California soil, by the Federal Government, many years ago, despite a guaranty given them under the Eighteen Treaties of plenty of "good land" and assistance in agriculture.

Without irrigation this land is wholly useless. And water can be obtained by only one means—*deep* wells, 1500 to 2500 feet deep. This fact is widely known. For the whites farming successfully in that region have all had to dig just such wells.

The Indian Bureau, however, dug for the Indians only shallow wells, 300 to 500 feet deep, and charged the cost of those ineffectual wells against the Indian lands as debt. In addition, finally, it dug one very deep well, able to water twenty acres. Seeing this, the Indians took heart. They looked toward the good well hopefully. Water—at last?

But a fence appeared around the well and

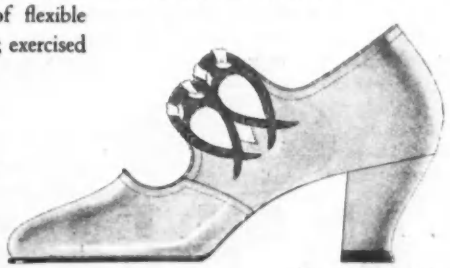
"I've actually walked off Ten Pounds"

THERE was no doubt about it. She had actually been growing plump. No longer could she indulge in the healthful and (whisper it) weight-reducing daily walks which had formerly kept her figure svelte and young. Such walks had been impossible recently because of her feet. Weak and falling arches brought constant discomfort. When steps are painful, one naturally takes fewer steps.

Then her podiatrist suggested that she wear Walk-Over Shoes with the built-in Main Spring* Arch. This built-in featherweight arch of flexible steel gently massaged her feet; exercised the muscles, and thus supplemented the work of the podiatrist. From the very first her step took on a new vivacity and life. The thousand steps of housework, as well as daily brisk outdoor walks, have restored her spirits, health, and figure at the same time.

The effect of foot-health on beauty is a fascinating subject. Learn more about it from our booklet, "Watch Your Step—It May Be Your Feet." Write immediately for free copy. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

The Frances Tie—a smartly cut-out oxford of beige kid with trim of lizard kid. Main Spring Arch. Price $10.00



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WALK-OVER SHOES

WITH THE MAIN SPRING ARCH

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Keep them out of the scrubbing pail

Why let the scrubbing pail deny you the charm of beautiful hands? Cover your linoleums with B/C Linoleum Lacquer and make them "scrubless"—spare your hands the ugly cracks and lines that scrubbing drudgery brings. ~ B/C Lacquer fills the pores and covers the surface of linoleums with a clear, hard finish that keeps all dirt and stains on top—prevents them from being ground in. Thus it eliminates the need of scrubbing them out. The *light, easy* strokes of a dampened mop remove every trace of dirt or stain and make the linoleum spotlessly clean. ~ B/C Linoleum Lacquer is made especially for linoleums of all kinds. Being colorless, it does not dim even the palest patterns. Rather, B/C's clear, lustrous finish preserves the beautiful rich color of new linoleums. Easily brushed on, B/C dries so that it can be walked on in an hour. Dealers everywhere have B/C in "ready-to-use" cans. Or perhaps you would like to give B/C a trial before purchasing. The coupon, below, with 25c, will bring you a trial can worth 60c.

Sold at hardware, paint, furniture and floor covering stores; or the paint and floor covering sections of department stores.

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LINOLEUM LACQUER

BECKWITH-CHANDLER COMPANY, Dept. 125
201 Emmett Street, Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen: Enclosed is 25 cents to cover mailing costs on a half-pint can of B/C Linoleum Lacquer.

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Dealer's name & address .....

The End of the Road

its rich acres. The place became a "demonstration farm." Surely a sardonic joke. For all it "demonstrated" to heart-broken, impoverished Indians was what they might have done with their soil if they had been given similar wells and farming equipment. Furthermore, the cost of the well was charged against them, increasing their debt for wells in that region to over $100,000.

It was the beginning of the end. The Indians had lost hope. Their inadequately watered lands became desert once more. One by one they surrendered. Many of them moved away.

One family remained, however, and determinedly kept battling for justice. This was Joe Peete and his wife. He was captain of the band and was deeply loved by his people; he would not desert their cause. Six years ago his wife became bedridden. Eventually she died. But still Joe Peete stayed on, alone, in extreme poverty and failing health, his heart growing weaker as his determination increased.

Then—in 1928, a flash of hope! Joe Peete heard of the Senate Investigation. It had begun! The investigating Senators were soon due to arrive in Southern California. Joe Peete arranged all the facts in precise order in his mind. The tribe—none of whom fully understood English—looked toward him eagerly. He was their only witness, their last hope. After all their long, terrible years of waiting, the Torres-Martinez Indians were to have their hour at last.

Joe Peete arose from a sick-bed, saying nothing of his illness, and hurried to the hearings of the Senate Committee. To his dismay he found other witnesses ahead of him. A white man as ill as he would have requested an immediate hearing. But Joe Peete was an Indian: shy, courteous. He hung back, quietly awaiting his turn. The day dragged on. He was not called. Next morning, when he was summoned, he did not answer. In the night Joe Peete had died, his precious message forever undelivered. Other members of his tribe were summoned in his stead, but they were confused, unable to speak English clearly, and unprovided with names, dates, figures. Joe had carried the details in his mind—Indian fashion—all those painful years. At his death the hope of his people had perished, too.

But there are other Joe Peetes, countless others. And other wronged and suffering tribes who are striving courageously to hold on, hold on somehow, till the heart of America shall awaken at last and justice be done.

What You Can Do to Help

These groups are longing, trying pitifully, to make themselves heard today! I pray that you who read this may open your hearts to their mute cry! I beg of you: write to your Senators and Congressmen, and to President Hoover—who has never yet failed to succor the oppressed—demanding that justice be done the American Indian today! Form, within your churches and clubs, permanent Indian Welfare groups resolved to fight on through the years if necessary, and not to relinquish this battle until it is won! Help these helpless people, not only for their sake, but for the sake of all of us—a white, God-fearing race.

Ranged opposite you in the fight you will find all the most formidable forces of organized corruption—what Cleveland called "the adhesive power of public plunder."

This power may at first appear invulnerable. But it has its fear-spot. It fears today, more than any other one thing, the righteous wrath of American womanhood—of home women, consecrated women, aroused to deep indignation and banded together in a crusade to obtain justice for the oppressed.

I soberly believe it is this righteous force—and this alone—which can today, and will, rescue the American Indian and wipe from our flag, and our consciences, this century-old dishonor!

A Hamper of Books

(*Continued from page 98*)

must be books she had not read. Nothing would be more ridiculous than for her to carry a package all the way to the Argentine, only to find on opening it a book she had read last winter on Sixteenth Street. Space in a cabin and porters are too dear to spend them on the undesired, or for friends to gamble on the chance that packages will yield pleasure. One would hardly dare give books to any friend who was not intimate enough to risk speaking frankly her opinion on the list. But even with that censorship in the offing to check off the already read or utterly undesired, I must go carefully about my selection if only to spare my busy friend in her last busy moments from having to think of book lists. She must feel that she can trust me—trust my taste, and, what is more important and more rare, depend on my having given the time and thought to consider her taste. What, indeed, I am supposed to be giving is not the mere books. She could easily afford to pay for these few books. Nor is it the providing of books. An order placed with her book-seller would do that. I am contributing to her—and oh, how seldom book-givers realize this!—my knowledge of the books, plus my knowledge of her which enables me to choose the books which she will enjoy. This being true, I can not possibly send her a book I have not myself read. If I have read many, so much the better, for my choice will be wider, and I shall be the surer of choosing the one she will like. If her taste is like mine, the choice will be easy. I have only to decide which I like best. If it is different, I must consider her interests and test the book's fitness by that.

It will be seen that a gift of books is one whose value far transcends the money expended. It involves time and effort. The extreme importance of choosing a bon-voyage gift book lies in the fact that the receiver can not put it down or give it away and get another for herself, as she may on land. It is, probably, this book or none. This importance is doubled, or probably quadrupled, in the case of a person like Mrs. Keyes, whose time is so valuable. She loves reading, but has all too little time for it. To find herself with the wrong book when opportunity offers the time is to waste not only time but opportunity.

A Travel Book

Fortunately I have this to begin on: Travelers love travel books. No, I shall not choose books about South America. Mrs. Keyes has probably been reading about that continent all winter, and as methodical and thorough a person as she will already be stocked with the best books for the purpose of familiarizing herself with the countries she is to visit. But travelers love to read books by other travelers to those countries which they have visited even more than about those they plan to visit—not, of course, all books by all travelers, and certainly not those books which describe scenes that they can better describe themselves.

There are three kinds of travel books—those to be read by the stay-at-home or in preparation for a trip, a sublimated geography or tour; those to be read by the fellow traveler, a written "this reminds me" like the tales exchanged over the dinner table; and those to be read by both, an individual report of an individual's experience that illuminates the country so that something is seen there not before visible either to fellow traveler or to the stay-at-home, but of value to both.

Such a book is W. B. Seabrook's "The Magic Island" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). I am not sure that Mrs. Keyes included Haiti on her trip around the world. At that time it may have been having one of those fantastic or tragic revolutions which Mr. Seabrook sketches on his way to something else. But whether she did or not, she will be interested to know what Mr. Seabrook discovered about the practises and meaning of the dark Voodoo religion which the blacks brought with them from Africa and,

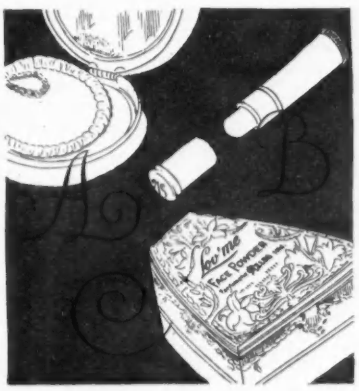
THIS GIRL'S *lovely face attracts a million eyes*

to magazine covers

Miss Rose Marie Sinnott, a favorite model of Neysa McMein, the Famous Artist.

She tells why she uses the MELBA A·B·C of beauty

NATURE made her "a thing of beauty." You know her type—fresh delicious bloom of youth—cheeks like sunkissed peaches—lips that are a scarlet bow of alluring color in her heart-shaped face. This girl, whose delicate blonde loveliness has been immortalized by America's greatest artists, tells you why *she* uses the Melba ABC of Beauty:



"The Melba A B C of Beauty assures me the harmony and warmth of color so necessary in my work. Its lovely glowing tints blend invisibly, enhancing natural charm without producing objectionable artificial tones. This simple lesson in loveliness is invaluable to me and I'm glad I learned Beauty's A B C so early."

Enhanced Loveliness for Every *Type*

In the Melba A B C of Beauty there is a tint specially developed to bring out the charm of *your* type. Ask at your favorite drug or department store for the particular shades best suited to your coloring. With the correct tints of Melba Lov'me Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder, you will have the natural loveliness which Beauty's A B C is sure to bring its users.

* * *

Give your skin professional care with the specialized Melba Beauty Creams—Skin Cleanser, Tissue Cream, Vanishing Cream—"The Melba Technique for Beauty."

MELBA ★ Lov'me

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Paris New York Toronto Chicago Los Angeles

In using advertisements see page 6

HIGHEST QUALITY AT SUCH VERY LOW PRICES

This is your opportunity to buy high quality at a very low price. By going directly to your dealer's shop, you can get—at a very moderate price—a cleaner that bears the name of General Electric and is backed by the General Electric guarantee.

STANDARD MODEL
$35.00
less attachments

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$13.50

The new G-E Hand Cleaner does the work of attachments, but with a minimum of effort. It cleans its way easily into all crevices where your larger cleaner cannot go.

For the Standard and Junior models, either of two sets of attachments is available. Prices are $6.50 and $10.

Prices quoted are those which prevail East of the Rockies.

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A nationwide survey recently revealed some interesting facts about these cleaners. It showed that 93 women out of every 100 who now own General Electric Cleaners would buy the same cleaners again if they were to purchase others today. We know of no cleaner which—regardless of its price—has ever received such an endorsement from its users.

New . . . and important . . . is the G-E Hand Cleaner. It is a small cleaner which does the work of attachments. It weighs only 3¾ pounds and it gets into corners, down deep into chairs and mattresses . . . with greatest ease and thoroughness. Its suction is powerful enough to get the dirt—and get it quickly.

If you would like further information about these remarkable cleaners—just mail the attached coupon.

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Dealers who are interested in a General Electric Cleaner franchise are invited to write us.

Section C-585
Merchandise Department,
General Electric Company,
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Please send me complete information about General Electric Cleaners.

Name .....

Address .....

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER ★

A Hamper of Books

in spite of all interdiction, preserve as a living religion today. Although he studied it like a scientist, becoming a novitiate to understand it, the author manages to convey its mystery and magic. Mrs. Keyes will be interested in his introduction to the black queen's court and the presidential drawing-room, in his talks of human hearts on silver salvers and cock-fighting. She will be more interested to know what so keen an observer has to say about the American occupation of Haiti. I was, I confess, startled by this book. It brings the color question home. It brings imperialism home. It brings the missionary question home. And all this though it never discusses any of them. It merely reports what has happened, is happening, on this island so near to us geographically, so bound to us now, and yet so far from us socially, deriving its culture as it does from the French. It is the nearness, the intimacy, that poses the questions; it is the distance, this difference that sets us off so that we see them in perspective as we do not the same questions nearer home.

I enjoyed this book. No, enjoyed is hardly the proper word. One would not say that observation of Madame Pallenberg's Wild Animal act brings joy. Yet one sees it with something which for want of a better word we may call pleasure. At any rate, I look back to my reading of "The Magic Island" with satisfaction.

A Book of Pitiless Truth

So it was with "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" (Viking, $2.50). This is the book in which the German author, Arnold Zweig—not to be confused with Stefan Zweig, who wrote "Conflicts"—gives us a story of the Great War that for intensity, for pitiless truth and stolid honesty, has yet to be equaled, far less surpassed. Its reading is an event that Mrs. Keyes would not forego, earnest as she is to know all the reactions of all the parties to the great conflict, socialist as well as nationalist, pacifist as well as cultural, even though its reading leaves her, as I shall warn her it did me, with a depression taking days to lose. "That such things could be in this our world. That men should come to this. That life is like this." Such were the thoughts it caused, thoughts which would not be stilled. Yet I was not sorry that I had read it. Men *have* come to this. Such things *have* been in this my day. Why, I asked myself, should I shirk the knowledge? The crucifixion was a ghastly thing, but we relive it each year for the realization which it gives us of fundamental truths. The case of Sergeant Grischa is not to be compared to that of our Lord, but it, too, can bring to us realization of the need of man for salvation, redemption—call it by any name we will—in a world where men who believe they have souls still wage war on each other.

So great is this common man's stress, so dire his tragedy, that one understands why the Christ felt it worth while to die for him, aye, even upon the cross. In this book Arnold Zweig puts on trial the pagan god of Mars and convicts him forever of being anti-Christ.

When Mrs. Keyes finishes this book, her thoughts will, I know, turn to home, with its connotation of peace and comfort, as the only thing that can ease the hurt, and for those hours I shall slip in a little book of Vermont which should bring to her the sort of pleasure that would come were she to find a bit of arbutus on a breakfast tray served in the tropics. For "Chrysalis" by Zephine Humphrey (Dutton, $2.50) deals with homely things with the fresh and ardent spirit of one to whom hope, faith, and charity are realities. Chrysalis is the name given by two delightful persons, an artist and his writer wife, to the new home built for their middle age, a tiny home just large enough for one, since what is big enough for one is ample for the other. Every one who has built a home, or wishes to build one, will love this little book, and the acquaintance with the builders will be a happy one.

And now... du Pont offers a new and improved *Tontine washable window shade*

Test in Your Home a Window Shade of This Beautiful New Material for Only $1.00

LABORATORY research and constant experimentation, backed by a fundamental and inherent desire to furnish the public with a good window shade made better, have made this development possible. The perfecting, at no greater cost to the consumer, of a more beautiful, more washable and longer-lived Tontine window shade, is in keeping with the general policy that has established the leadership of du Pont in the window shade industry.

Heavier in Weight—More Durable

The two most important features of the new and improved du Pont Tontine are its greater weight and beautiful smooth finish. By impregnating the base fabric with an additional amount of that most durable, water- and wear-resisting material known as pyroxylin, du Pont Tontine has been made materially heavier in weight, which makes for greater washability—and longer life. Soap, hot water and a brush will restore Tontine's original beauty and freshness always. Rain or dampness will not harm it—nor will it crack, pinhole, fray or fade, and with this new and improved Tontine years of service are added to the life of your window shades.

Smooth Finish—Added Beauty

The soft, smooth finish of this new Tontine greatly enhances its appearance. Then, too, with this smooth finish dust and dirt will not cling so readily, thus reducing the number of times your shades will require washing. For maximum shade satisfaction, always ask your dealer to mount your Tontine shades on the companion product—Tontine Rollers.

THIS SPECIAL OFFER:

Test In Your Own Home a Window Shade of This Beautiful New Material for Only $1.00.

In order that you may become acquainted with the merits of this new and improved material, we will make you an introductory offer, for a limited time only, of a window shade of the new du Pont Tontine for only $1.00. You may select from any one of four of our most popular colors—white, cream, green, ecru. Send in the coupon below—test a shade of this beautiful new Tontine for yourself. Place it on the bathroom window. Here the test is usually more severe than in any other room. Deliberately smear dirt across it—then scrub with a brush, soap and plenty of hot water. See how the original beauty and freshness of du Pont Tontine are instantly restored.

Tontine shades can be washed clean—freed from every trace of dust and stain with soap, water and a brush.

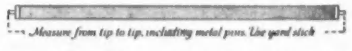
Send in Your Coupon Now!

This special offer of a new Tontine washable window shade at $1.00 remains open only until July 1st, 1929. This Tontine shade at $1.00 is for introductory purposes only, and for this reason we can allow only one (not exceeding 40 inches in width) to a home. The retail price of Tontine washable window shades, depending on the length, width and accessories, is from $1.75 up.

DU PONT TONTINE

THE *WASHABLE* WINDOW SHADE

Follow These Details



Measure width of shade you wish to replace with the Tontine test shade. Measure tip to tip, including metal pins at ends of roller (see diagram above). Measure also length of shade unrolled. Specify which color is wanted: White, Cream, Ecru or Green. Fill out coupon fully. Pin $1.00 to coupon.

(This offer closes July 1, 1929)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. GH-May
100 Du Pont Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y.

Canadian subscribers enclose $1.30 and address coupon:
Canadian Fabrikoid Limited, New Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Herewith $1.00 pinned to coupon. Please send me complete Tontine shade .....inches wide, tip to tip (cannot exceed 40 inches), and .....inches long (shade unrolled).

White ☐ Ecru ☐ Cream ☐ Green ☐

Name.....

Address.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Magic for teeth *and gums*!

CLEANS *and* MASSAGES

THERE'S THE MAGIC of health in the new Pro-phy-lac-tic! Healthy teeth come from firm, active gums; and gums to be active *must* be gently massaged each time you brush your teeth.

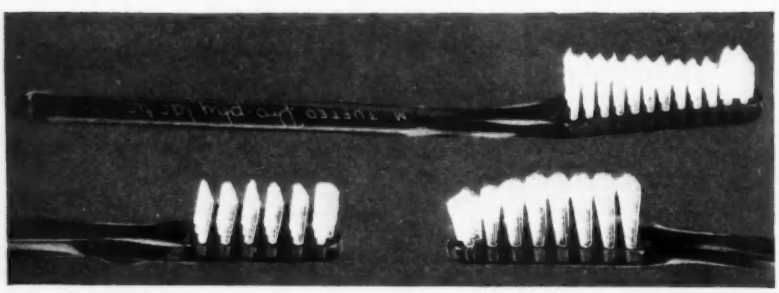
Cleans and massages—now every Pro-phy-lac-tic brings you this vital double benefit!

Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to clean every part of every tooth glistening white—front, back, and sides. The bristles are perfectly spaced to slip in and clean *between* the teeth. More—they are live, springy, specially blended to massage the gum tissues to firm, rosy health.

Try a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. Brush from the base of the gums to the tips of the teeth. Feel your whole mouth respond with an exhilarating glow of good *health*. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Ltd., Montreal.

ABOVE—*The famous Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic . . .* LEFT—*The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—designed for gums that need special massage*

RIGHT—*The Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for the smaller-than-average dental arch. All these brushes come with handles in six colors.*



Pro-phy-lac-tic Radio Program—WEAF Network—Every Tuesday 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

May 1929 Good Housekeeping

A Hamper of Books

I pay Mrs. Keyes the compliment of choosing serious books, for I know that she is one of those who read for more than escape from life. It is the bored who do that. Her own life is too interesting. Nor is she one to take life under an anodyne. She is far too courageous. Whatever it yields she wants to know, to face. After all, the man who "sees too much of that in life" and wants to forget it when he reads a book is more apt to turn out a broker in real life than a physician or a lawyer whose business is with tragedy. When a person sees tragedy and sin and suffering, he is usually curious enough to hunt for reasons and for them goes to authors who treat of life seriously as they find it.

A Book of Essays

This urge to know, Rebecca West discusses in her essay, "The Strange Necessity," published with some shorter essays of criticism in a book bearing that same title (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00). This Englishwoman has been proclaimed by some editors and writers the foremost critic of today. This essay on "The Strange Necessity" I have read over several times. Perhaps I am selfish in sending it to Mrs. Keyes, for I want to discuss it with her. It is the sort of essay one must discuss. It is the sort one must reread. It is packed with such a number of thoughts, not the kind you applaud at once because the author has said something with which you agree, but the kind you cogitate over and perhaps applaud next day—applaud or reject.

The thoughts are about art, what it is and why it is and what it does for us. And in giving them Miss West wanders out of a little bookshop in Paris up and down, one might say, the street of literature, stopping for a little time here before Marcel Proust and there before James Joyce, those two incomprehensibles whom the literary critics tell us to our utter scorn and abhorrence are the greatest writers of our time; scorn, because we do not understand them; and abhorrence because they so greatly shock us in our tenderest sensibilities. With the detachment of a scientist looking at a brightly colored butterfly with a sting in its tail, Miss West studies the color of the wings and the grace of their movement, detaching them, for the purposes of her study, from her fear of the sting. In other words, she indicates what it is that attracts and holds the critics without denying the danger of the sting.

Thence she saunters on to tarry at some length before a book of science, Professor Pavlov's "Conditioned Reflexes." She takes in Henry James, Jane Austen; pays her respects to A. S. M. Hutchinson, "La Comédie Humaine," "The Brothers Karamazov"; stops longer before an Ingres; and makes a call on Mr. Yeats and George Moore. Kipling, too, she meets in passing, and "Tom Jones." And Monte Carlo holds her for a moment. "King Lear" and "Revolt in the Desert" have a glimpse. Trollope and Mme. de Staël.

In short, if one wishes to know how a mind like Rebecca West's is furnished and what goes into the making of a critic of the first rank, one can do no better than accompany Miss West. And when it is all over and one looks back over the afternoon's jaunt, he will find to his astonishment, for it does not appear before, that the walk was definitely planned, that each stopping point was a corner and each personality a sign-post, and the remarks and ideas scenes of important interest. The result is a definite idea of the whole area of thought to be "toured." Much of it the sightseer will, perforce, forget, but certain points will stand out in his memory, so that when one mentions, for instance, sentimentality or art, there will arise in his mind certain ideas by which he may, perhaps, measure them. It is not an easy book, nor one for every one to read. I do not recommend it recklessly. But Mrs. Keyes, I know, will want to read and ponder it.

I know, too, that Mrs. Keyes will want to read "Orlando" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00),

Sharpen their appetites...with ORANGE JUICE

EVERY home with a baby or expecting one...or with older children...should understand the health and growth importance of California Sunkist Orange Juice in the daily diet. Oranges are emphasized in famous child-feeding books and Government Bulletins. Oranges and Orange Juice are definite builders of child-appetites. Every modern physician will confirm the good-health statements that follow...Fresh California Sunkist Orange Juice and milk not only contain the necessary food elements for babies but Oranges have been found to cause a greater retention of minerals from milk and other foods, due possibly to their alkaline reaction . . . When fresh Orange Juice and milk are combined with egg yolk, a food for baby has been formed that contains *all* the vitamins as well as *all* other valuable mineral constituents. And, babies like Orange Juice! It helps them get off to a great start...Children beyond the baby age are freed from many minor ailments through a generous daily allowance of Sunkist Orange Juice. High Medical authority states that child-maladies are often accompanied by a type of acute Acidosis which is quickly relieved by fresh Orange Juice, fresh Lemonade or pieces of Lemon dipped in sugar... Fresh Orange Juice is a vital necessity for child-growth because in addition to its body-building qualities it also supplies healthful fruit acid which aids digestion. Be liberal in the diet of the older children either with fresh Orange Juice or Oranges eaten out of hand. It is a definite better-health aid...In the new edition of the "Feeding the Child for Health" (a free copy will be sent if you mail the coupon) famous books and Government Bulletins on child feeding are listed for your personal information. *All Suggest Oranges*...California Sunkist Oranges are in your market fresh every day in the year. The world-famous name "Sunkist" on the skin and the wrapper assures uniform quality. ©1929 C. F. G. E.

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below —Carriage prepaid. In Canada $19.95.

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. 305, Box 530, Station "C,"
Los Angeles, California

☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (In Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.
☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of *"Feeding the Child for Health."* Check if desired.

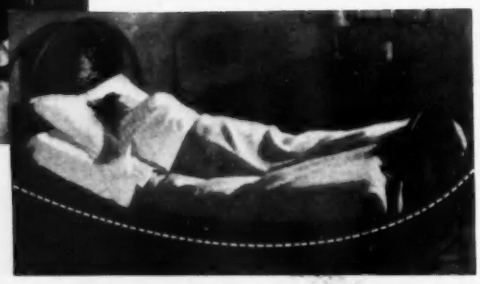
Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

In using advertisements see page 6

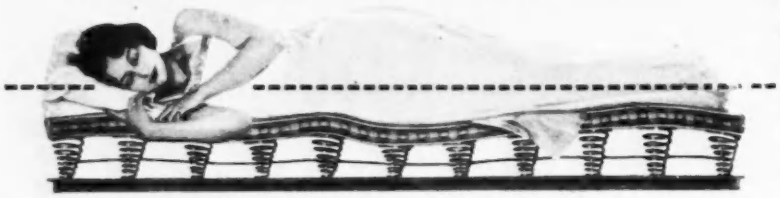
Such positions are always tiring

No wonder you feel stiff and tired after dozing in a chair! Note the position of this man: his spine is curved . . . his nerves and muscles strained and his vital organs cramped.



The same strained positions are unavoidable on a bedspring that sags or one that is too stiff. Perhaps habit has made you accustomed to such a bed. But it cannot bring the rest you need!

Refreshing sleep can only come on a bedspring that allows your body to relax!



WHEN you sleep on a Rome De Luxe Spring your spine lies straight and natural; your body fully relaxed.

YOU'LL have a new idea of how downright comfortable a bed can be the first time you sleep on a Rome De Luxe Bedspring. And you will awake fully rested, ready for the day's work and play!

For this famous bedspring supports your body naturally; fully relaxed. Its unique free-coil construction allows each unit to move independently. Thus the Rome De Luxe Bedspring shapes itself naturally to your body's curves. It yields freely to the pressure of your hips and shoulders; yet rises to relieve all strain on the vital organs between. Your spine lies straight and natural; your nerves and muscles are entirely relaxed and free from strain.

Don't let habit cheat you of this natural, healthful sleep any longer. Go to your furniture or department store, today, and arrange for a De Luxe trial.

Send for a *free* copy of Dr. Royal S. Copeland's interesting booklet: "*How Better Sleep Builds Better Health.*"

THE ROME COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y. SAN FRANCISCO

Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

ROME
"DeLuxe"
- the Bedspring Luxurious

Here is the new Rome De Luxe Slip Cover. Gives the tailored appearance of a box spring, yet costs but little. Its Talon "Hookless Fastener" makes this slip cover fit better and handle easier.

The De Luxe Label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only this spring offers you. Look for it and be sure. You can now have your choice of two beautiful and practical colors: Orchid or French Gray.

The ROME Company

BEDSPRINGS • ROME METAL BEDS • DAYBEDS • COUCH HAMMOCKS

A Hamper of Books

which has been breveted as one of the "two most remarkable English books" of the season. It is written by the Virginia Woolf who, with Rebecca West, is held by Hugh Walpole to be co-queen of English letters, one of the leaders of a literary coterie known as the Bloomsbury group, daughter of a well-known critic, Sir Leslie Stephen, whose "Hours In a Library" are beloved of club-paper writers.

A Book That Abolishes Time

Mrs. Woolf ventures beyond the frontiers of fiction. In "Mrs. Dalloway" she abolished the reticences that protect the individual from his kind, by revealing every thought as it drifted through the minds of her characters. Now in "Orlando" she attempts to abolish time. Mrs. Woolf is one of those authors beloved of critics, since she furnishes them their "racket," the material for their jobs. Not that any critic ever condescends to inform his reader authoritatively just what it really is all about. But each has his own opinion of "Orlando." Professor Canby says it is the esthetic history of English belles-lettres, showing the literary mind of England in all its modes from the time of Elizabeth until today. Rebecca West says it is "an account of human experience during that period which historians call modern history: the last few hundred years, which are near enough for us to recognize their parentage of us." My own guess is that Mrs. Woolf has imagined in "Orlando" a human being independent of time in order to show that in each individual there are a number of selves all built up, "one on top of another, as plates are piled in a waiter's hand," all of these selves handed down to the individual biologically through the germ plasm which contains all the grandparents to the uttermost generations. If one wants to know how we may read all of this out of a biography, one has only to recall "Gulliver's Travels," a good and amusing tale for children on its face and yet also, to those who read it right, a scathing satire on human beings.

"Orlando" is a biography of a human spirit who is introduced to us as a youth at the court of Queen Elizabeth and left as a woman of thirty-six on October 11, 1928. Orlando is a courtier at the Court of King Charles, an Ambassador to the Turkish court. He becomes a woman author traveling with gypsies, who returns to the England of Queen Anne, a woman who marries in 1840 one Marmaduke Shelmerdine. Throughout this time she owns a house of 365 rooms marvelously furnished with the paraphernalia of all the ages in which she has lived.

Do not ask how the illusion is maintained. That is Mrs. Woolf's secret. There is no fairy lamp, nor are there any long trances to account for Orlando's flirtation with time. A demand is made upon the reader's imagination which tests its elasticity to the uttermost, but great is the reward of those who can meet it. For here is more than a biography. The book is thick, like a heavy soup in which many vegetables, many meats, many herbs have gone to the making of its rare succulence.

Another book which shows a writer independent of the time sequence is Kay Burdekin's "The Burning Ring" (Morrow, $2.50), but in it the transition from period to period is due to a tiny green ring which burns into the flesh when one of the four wishes to which it is limited is made. Mr. Carling, a pleasant, every-day sort of fellow, becomes through it a friend of Marcus Valerius, a courtier of Charles II, and a gentleman at the court of Elizabeth. At one period he finds a hero, at one a friend, and at the last a love. So delightful did I find this story when I read it a year ago in an English edition that I begged one of my publisher friends to give us an American edition—and now that another publisher has done so, I can put it in Mrs. Keyes' basket for the day when she wishes she might, like Alice, walk through the looking-glass.

"Redemption Island," by Charles M. Hale

Beauty comes into the kitchen *with porcelain-enamel*

An extra table saves steps in any kitchen. One with a porcelain-enamel top will not mar from hot dishes nor does it ever need re-covering

MODERN kitchen equipment does double duty: it is both decorative and practical!

Gay colors, as well as immaculate white, now shine from its lustrous porcelain-enamel surfaces. And this type of finish is so easy to keep spick and span at all times.

No wonder every woman wants the beauty and convenience of porcelain-enamel equipment for her own kitchen! But remember, when you buy, that there are great differences in the quality of such products.

For lasting wear . . . don't overlook the ARMCO TRIANGLE

Your investment in kitchen beauty will be a *lasting* one if you look for the ARMCO TRIANGLE when you buy. ARMCO Ingot Iron has played a big part in making possible the beautiful porcelain-enamel products of today. No other metal takes and *holds* a porcelain-enamel covering like ARMCO Ingot Iron. The manufacturers who put the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE on their products are offering you the best material-value that money can buy.

It will also pay you to insist on ARMCO Ingot Iron wherever metal must resist rust. This iron is so *pure* that it outlasts ordinary steel and iron by long years of service.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

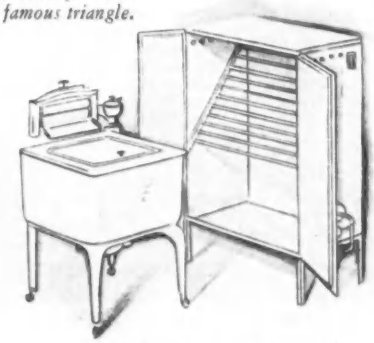
Export: The Armco International Corp. *Cable Address:* "ARMCO-MIDDLETOWN"

Cooking utensils of porcelain-enamel never absorb cooking flavors and save much scouring and scrubbing.

Now cabinet heaters finished attractively in gleaming porcelain-enamel replace the old-style stove.

You can be sure of the quality of porcelain-enameled products that bear this famous triangle.

The new gas heaters, too, are as good-looking as they are practical when finished in porcelain-enamel.



Clothes washers and dryers will last longer when they are made with ARMCO *Ingot Iron.*

In using advertisements see page 6

FITTING ONLY THE LENGTH—

—ISN'T FITTING THE FOOT

Wilbur Coon Shoes are Fitted at Five Different Places

"WHY five?" you may ask. But the moment you slip your foot into a Wilbur Coon Shoe you know. Such comfort! Such daintiness!

Wilbur Coon Shoes have Special Measurements; they fit not only length and width but also heel, instep aud waist.

That's why they do not slip at the heel nor wrinkle at the arch. Sides and top fit with glove-like smoothness. They hug your foot everywhere, giving a firm but flexible support that makes every step a pleasure.

Over 200 Sizes—and Special Measurements

Sizes from 1 to 12, widths AAAA to EEEEE. Also scores of special measurements—AA heel with A instep and B ball, or whatever combination your own foot may need.

At Stores Everywhere

Made in many fabrics and leathers, in a remarkable range of styles. Priced at $8.50 and up at your Wilbur Coon dealer's. Tear out the coupon below. You'll do your feet a kindness that they'll never forget.

Wilbur Coon Shoes Reg U S Pat Off

A Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes

Free Book Gives Details

W. B. Coon Co., 73 Canal Street, Rochester, N.Y.

Please send me your latest catalog *"How to Get a Perfect Fitting Shoe,"* and name of nearest Wilbur Coon dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

A Hamper of Books

and Evan John (Morrow, $2.00), I know she will want to read, having heard me grow enthusiastic over the story of that island where Colonel Wray tried to salvage the wreckage of the police courts, a prison theory worked out through a most engrossing tale of Marcelin Randall's crime, conviction, and reformation.

And one so interested in the women of all countries must find especially rewarding the story of "The Rebel Generation" (Dutton, $2.50), in which Jo van Ammers-Küller follows that excellent Holland family, the Cornvelts, through three generations of social change and evolution.

For such a raconteuse as Mrs. Keyes there must be books about real people, too, books which contain anecdotes. My choice will be "Forgotten Ladies" (Lippincott, $5.00), in which Richardson Wright brings to life some thrilling ladies who have made history—Maria Monk, Anne Royall, Belle Boyd, the Fox sisters—some of whom ought to be forgotten except that he makes them so amusing.

A book by another Richardson, Norval Richardson of Mississippi, "Mother of Kings" (Scribners, $5.00), goes in because it is so moving, this fictional biography of the Letizia Bonaparte who stands always in the background of her strange son's strange destiny.

If she has not had time for it already, Mrs. Keyes will want to read Nathalie Colby's "A Man Can Build a House" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), if only because she knows that rarely lovely-looking lady. I rather think, too, that she will like the way this gifted woman throws into bleak contrast the values of this crude Norwegian immigrant, Maria, and her man, Carl, to whom the house built with his own hands and paid for partly by the work of hers was the sum of human attainment, with the values of the selfish, greedy, vain, silly Ruby and her husband, Mr. Kaufman, who mistook tissue and tinsel for beauty. It is true that the house which the Kaufmans build is ugly, and Mrs. Colby omits no part of its ugliness, but contrasts, even if odious, do serve to emphasize, and the Kaufmans do emphasize the beauty of Carl and Maria. Baldly frank and slightly exotic as to phrases, nevertheless this book has something which gives it distinction. Not the cleverness with which the plot is developed nor the deft way in which the human lives are woven together, but the insight that cuts deep into motives and distils emotions always and ever with what seems to me a sure sense of what is good, true, and beautiful.

A Book of the South

"Mamba's Daughters" by Du Bose Heyward (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) must go on my list, not only because it is a really finely written book, an exquisitely composed book, but because Mrs. Keyes, half Southerner as she is, cares deeply about the problems of the South even though her residence in New Hampshire may spare her their penalties. Charleston—the very word suggests an atmosphere heavy with romance. And Mr. Heyward, like a barometer, reports its full humidity—and here one does obeisance to him—remitting not one single fact. Mamba, the old black sybil who lived next door to Porgy; Hagar, her giant daughter in the bottom of whose savage soul lived mother love; and Lissa, tragic victim of racial treachery; Mrs. Wentworth, "the grand lady"; Saint Wentworth, the artist; and Valerie—each is perfect. As for action, Mr. Heyward is essentially a dramatist; as for presentation, he is one of the few who has both wit and humor in his author's kit and knows in what proportion to mix them.

For a boring day I must put in the basket Arnold Bennett's "Accident" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), with its diverting tale of a train journey between Paris and Genoa; for a depressing day, the gay story told by Denis Mackail in "Another Part of the Wood" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50).

And to end the list there must go "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" by Siegfried Sassoon

A Hamper of Books

(Coward-McCann, $2.50), which can serve throughout the trip as a sedative to rest a brain over-exhilarated with people or sights. Without a plot, gentle in its movement, quaint in its material, the words slip softly off the page, an English idyl which has but one fault—that its poet-author did not end it where the idyl ended, with the War. With it for her to fall back on if one or another of the other books fails, I shall feel safe.

Books Mentioned in this Article

"The Magic Island" by W. B. Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" by Arnold Zweig (Viking, $2.50). "Chrysalis" by Zephine Humphrey (Dutton, $2.50). "The Strange Necessity" by Rebecca West (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00). "Orlando" by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). "The Burning Ring" by Kay Burdekin (Morrow, $2.50). "Redemption Island" by Charles M. Hale and Evan John (Morrow, $2.00). "The Rebel Generation" by Jo van Ammers-Küller (Dutton, $2.50). "Forgotten Ladies" by Richardson Wright (Lippincott, $5.00). "Mother of Kings" by Norval Richardson (Scribners, $5.00). "A Man Can Build a House" by Nathalie Colby (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). "Mamba's Daughters" by Du Bose Heyward (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). "Accident" by Arnold Bennett (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). "Another Part of the Wood" by Denis Mackail (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" by Siegfried Sassoon (Coward-McCann, $2.50). If you can not find these books in your local bookshop, we will buy them for you. Send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City.

Our Next-Door Neighbor

(*Continued from page 35*)

at first glance as if the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod—who sounded as if he might belong to a medieval pageant—expected one to know by instinct at what time the Opening was to take place, since no hour was indicated on this imposing invitation. But I soon discovered that the crackling envelope also contained a small sheet of paper likewise surmounted by the British coat-of-arms—engraved in scarlet this time—together with the words, "The Senate—Canada," on which the following illuminating instructions were typewritten:

"OPENING OF PARLIAMENT
7th February, 1929

Please admit bearer, and direct to dressing-room No. 149, and afterwards by the East door to the South gallery.

Ladies and gentlemen receiving these passes are respectfully urged to assemble at their dressing-room not later than 2:15 p.m. sharp.

A. R. Thompson
Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

Note:
You are requested to await in dressing-room 49 the Secretary of the Legation, who will conduct you to the Gallery at 2:20 promptly. This pass should be retained until reaching the door of the Gallery."

WITH the characteristic promptness which causes me to waste many golden hours of my life waiting for other people, I was in dressing-room 149 before two-fifteen sharp, and for once there was no waste of golden hours, but actually a golden reward instead; for I was immediately taken to the place "reserved for the guests of the American Legation," and, comfortably installed there, improved my unexpected leisure and opportunity by looking about the beautiful gothic chamber of the Canadian Senate. At either end tall galleries rise steeply, and beneath one of these is the throne upon which the Governor General—representing the King—takes his seat when,

does your mirror say "powder" or "beauty"

If only powder were magic! If you could use it to achieve JUST BEAUTY! Marvelous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness, to have your mirror say "beauty" and not "powder"

Well, then, Princess Pat does give just soft, powdery beauty without the slightest hint of chalky appearance, and your intelligence will grasp the reason. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky effect. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says "Powder" and it always will—until you use powder without the ingredients that give the undesirable chalky appearance.

Such ingredients are banished from Princess Pat. Precious almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness there is softness. The very feel is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, and touches the surface of your skin with a delicate powdery bloom.

Now then! After you have powdered what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually yet surely. Ordinary powders become patchy and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the almond in Princess Pat powder has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by almond. Thus distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer disturbed nor beauty marred. Wonderful! Yes, of course.

And think! This almond in Princess Pat, giving untold powdery beauty, likewise assures you a fine-textured skin, the oil glands never sealed, never choked, never distended. If already distended Princess Pat gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again.

But it is beauty without an artificial look that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat for make-up of more than natural beauty. Of course, though, the added virtue of *improved skin texture* is equally well loved as time passes . . . as pores become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat almond base powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the "drawer" box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

FREE *Send for a generous free sample of Princess Pat almond base face powder in purse size enameled box. Plenty for a thorough test.* ★

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. A-895, Chicago
Check shade you prefer ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve

Name (Print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is the one vanishing cream that acts like ice to close and refine the pores. Ideal as the powder base—effective longer—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Always use before powder.

In using advertisements see page 6

This loveliness ... for you

PERSIAN GARDEN
Reproduction

WHAT romance lies in the words "In a Persian Garden"? Songs have been written around it. Oriental artists have glorified its never-dying beauty.

Riches only could have bought the original of this Rug. Yet you may have a truthful reproduction, with the identical pattern and color, to live with you in your own home. The price for a Bengal-Oriental, 9x12 size, is less than $200.

Send only 10 cents ... We will mail you a portfolio of color reproductions of rare and beautiful Bengal-Oriental rugs James M. Shoemaker Co., Dept. G.H., 119 W. 40th St., N.Y.

Bengal-Oriental Rugs

THE HOUSE OF SHOEMAKER—TWENTY-THIRD YEAR

K-V Clothes Closet Fixtures

For Women who care for their Clothes

If your department store or hardware dealer cannot show you, explain to you, and supply you with K-V Clothes Closet Fixtures—the ideal space saving garment carrier—write direct to us for our booklet "The Clothes Closet and the Housewife". You will discover in this device—made in sizes to fit all clothes closets, in new homes and old—a new note in order, convenience and efficiency. Thousands of homes now equipped. Installation easy. Inexpensive. Lasts always. Write today.

KNAPE & VOGT MFG. COMPANY
1584 Muskegon Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ready for Use— No Polishing

Silverseal

Tarnish Proof Container

NO last minute anguish to remove tarnish from your flat table service when guests are to arrive. Bright and glistening as the day of your first service. Always ready for those of the most fastidious appointments. SILVERSEAL is a household necessity—a tremendous time saver. Indispensable to the modern housewife. Designed particularly to meet the requirements of the small kitchenette apartment as well as the most discriminating homes.

Holds 120 Pieces

Associated Silver Company
4450-56 RAVENSWOOD AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

COUPON
ASSOCIATED SILVER CO.
4450-56 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. M1, Chicago
If your Jeweler does not have Tarnish Proof Containers enclose $1.00—balance of $3.50 to be paid postman on receipt of one SILVERSEAL Container.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

Our Next-Door Neighbor

following an ancient custom, he comes in an open sleigh from Government House to open Parliament, heralded by a vice-regal salute of nineteen guns, and preceded by a cavalry escort from the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards wearing full dress and bearing their pennoned lances. The chamber's high walls are of gray stone, and gray, too, is the predominating color in the mural paintings representing Canadian troops in the World War, which adorn either side of the Chamber—a gray that is austere and cool, with firmness and stability about it, that is symbolic in its stateliness. But the carpet that covers the floor, the rich draperies, the upholstery and hangings of the throne, are all of crimson.

The beautiful chamber, which appeared a little cold at first glance, suddenly seemed to glow with gorgeous color. And not only because of the glorious trappings: beautifully-dressed women, men in white satin knee-breeches, gold-braided uniforms, and ecclesiastical purple, began to fill the raised seats on either side of the carpeted central aisle, where the fine, cleared length is broken only by the ancient "woolsack," where, in due course of time, the members of the Supreme Court in ermine-trimmed robes of scarlet took their appointed places. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, wearing velvet and lace ruffles, looked quite as much a figure of the past when he appeared in the flesh as he did when momentarily visualized after his first communication.

A Marvelous Pageant

But all these splendid figures, superb both in themselves and in their setting, seemed suddenly dimmed, as Lady Willingdon, escorted by the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, and followed by her Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Phyllis Edgerton, who wore sable-bordered cloth of gold, began her progress through the Senate chamber, her train borne by two pages in blue velvet and white satin. Slowly she went up through that cleared central aisle of scarlet, a regal figure in amethyst and silver. There was not a sound of any kind to mar the solemnity of the silence which marked her advance, and which was not broken as she took her place beside the throne, a glittering tiara crowning her dark hair, her orders and decorations gleaming on her breast, her brocade gown falling in soft folds about her, her velvet train spreading out in smooth and shining stateliness. An instant later she inclined her head in acknowledgment of her husband's salute, as, having made his own progress through the chamber, preceded by eighteen honorary aides-de-camp and other military officers, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the private secretary, and followed by the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Senate, and various other officials, he took his place upon the throne, attired in court dress. It all seemed as perfect as some imagined ceremony of the days "when Knighthood was in flower."

But perfect as it was, it was not yet complete. Seated upon the throne, with the Prime Minister on his right and the Leader of the Senate, the Honorable Raoul Danderand, on his left, His Excellency conveyed through his secretary his wishes to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. This functionary then crossed a long corridor to the House of Commons and, after giving "three resounding knocks" upon its door, was admitted by the sergeant-at-arms. The three knocks were followed by three bows directed toward the Speaker of the House, the Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux. Next, first in English and then in French, the emissary delivered his message:

"His Excellency, the Governor General, desires the immediate presence of the members of this honorable house in the chamber of the honorable senate."

Having fulfilled his mission, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod returned to the Senate chamber; and after a slight traditional delay, intended to signify independence of spirit, the members of the House of Commons formed

Not many people dared the deck of La France

— *that misty, squally morning*

A handful of hardy ones—mostly men—breasted the buffeting wind, as they trudged the deck for exercise—ten rounds to the mile!

A lull in the wind—I raised my eyes—and the plodding procession of mufflered men ceased to exist for me—

For towards me, down the swaying deck, came a *Sea Sprite*—if ever there were one!

She swept past with exuberant buoyancy, with the effortless ease of a cresting wave, with the joy of life echoing from every light footfall!

Anxiously, I awaited her reappearance and was *rewarded* for waiting—from her chic little cloche to the tips of her trim ties, she was all poise, all lightness—all *grace!* ' ' '

We were watching the tiled roofs of Cherbourg break through the morning mists, before I gathered courage to tell my Divinity of the Deck how much I admired the lithesome grace which was hers.

Modestly, she disclaimed any credit. The secret, she said, was shoes—shoes gloriously snug at every step and gloriously *free* as well—shoes that fitted the feet *perfectly* in action as well as in repose—"Red Cross Shoes," she added. ' ' '

Since then I have learned a lot about Red Cross Shoes.

For instance, that every pair of these remarkable shoes is shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, derived from averaging the measurements of thousands of active feminine feet—*so they can't fail to fit!*

CARLOS

Then, too, they have the exclusive Arch-Tone support—*exactly* the *right* support, they tell me, for flexing insteps... and the Natural-shaped heel that hugs so cozily, without rubbing or chafing.

Clothe such advantages as these in the Parisian *chic* that only French designers can create, and you have Red Cross Shoes—marvels of modishness and marvels of ease, whether for street, sport or formal wear.

BARBA

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes, at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00.

"Walk in Beauty" *is the title of this interestingly illustrated booklet, which gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, and also tells how many lovely women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Send for your copy. Address Dept. G-17.*

The RED CROSS SHOE

© 1929, U. S. Shoe Co.

PRODUCT OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, CINCINNATI

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Trifles that make for perfection

In fine homes where the buyer is unusually careful, you'll find Texlin. A cloth-like Toilet Tissue—dainty, soft and absorbent. Strong enough for the most exacting. Sterilized in process of manufacture—pure—a vitally important protection for all.

Such are the qualities of Texlin. Every roll is dust-proof wrapped to keep the tissue spotless white. Every roll supplies a thousand full-size sheets that strip evenly and quickly from the roll.

Try Texlin—you'll like it. It's easy to get.

Sold at most

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

5 and 10c Stores

REGAL **Texlin**

REGAL PAPER CO., INC.

PULASKI, N. Y.

IRON GLUE

Mends Picture Frames

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles.

McCormick & CO., Baltimore, Md.

LEADERS IN

Cleaning **RITZ** Aids

Preferred Where Housekeepers Are Particular

Ask your dealer to show you these improved housework accessories—

Sponge Dish Cloths	Heat Proof Pot Cloths
Scrubbing Cloths	Tile Cloths
Chamois Dusting Cloths	Lettuce Bags
Prepared Silver Cloths	Colored Dish Cloths
Prepared Window Cloths	Colored Pot Holders
Bath Tub Cleaning Cloths	High Glo Polishing Cloths

For sale at your Department Store, Housefurnishing or Hardware Shop. Booklet on request, also sample RITZ famous Window Cloth for 40c in stamps if your dealer does not stock it.

JOHN RITZENTHALER, 73 Franklin Street, New York

Our Next-Door Neighbor

into procession behind the speaker and, preceded by the sergeant-at-arms carrying the golden mace, entered the rear of the senate chamber, where they stood to listen to the "Speech from the Throne."

This Speech, read first in English and then in French, began by expressing thankfulness for the recovery of King George; dwelt upon the "unprecedented prosperity apparent through the Dominion"; and outlined the industrial, commercial and diplomatic advancement achieved by Canada during the past year. It made a brief mention of the measures which would, in the course of the coming season, be submitted to the legislative bodies, among them the multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war (which was passed a few days after the opening), and a plan for a convention between the United States and the Dominion "providing for the preservation of the scenic values of Niagara Falls"; and it ended with a prayer that Divine Providence might "guide and bless all deliberations."

Immediately after its conclusion the members of the house of commons withdrew; the procession of His Excellency was reformed to escort him from the Chamber; Her Excellency took her departure, giving her arm this time to the leader of the senate; and the senate settled down to the "orders of the day" and the introduction of three new senators who were duly sworn in. Since Canadian senators are appointed for life and not elected once in six years like American senators, this oath of office is never renewed, and it is attended with all the solemnity which such a vow inevitably entails.

The Drawing-Room

This opening of the Dominion Parliament was marked with such rare dignity and beauty that it was not without some anxiety that I prepared to attend the court held the following evening. However, when finally attired in the blue velvet dress and the veil and feathers aforementioned, my spirits began to rise, for there is something peculiarly reassuring about pretty clothes to the normal feminine heart; and as I reread for the last time the careful directions which had been sent me, and realized that there was no possibility of the confusion which often mars great functions, this feeling of reassurance increased. I was to go—I noted—to the northeastern entrance of the Parliament building, and from there to the Diplomatic dressing room, the number and location of which were clearly described.

Again with characteristic promptness I arrived at the designated dressing-room. Even this was pervaded with an atmosphere of festivity. As Mrs. Phillips removed the little yellow jacket lined with white fur, which she wore underneath her fur-lined evening wrap of ultramarine velvet, she was revealed as a vision of supreme loveliness; her gown of green velvet trimmed with gold lace, her gold lace train lined with green chiffon, a tiara of diamonds resting above her white feathers, a diamond dog-collar studded with emeralds around her throat. Madame Tomii, the wife of the Japanese *Chargé d'Affaires*, wearing black gold-embroidered gauze, was no less lovely in a different way. One exquisitely dressed woman after another came in, slipped from a furry wrap, and spread out a glistening train. There was one especially whom I shall never forget—though I never even heard her name—whose cloak of royal purple velvet lined with ermine covered—for a moment—a dress of satin so white that it had the dazzling effect of snow, with a bertha of rare old lace, fastened with a rare old diamond brooch, resting on it as lightly as frost. Never, anywhere in the world, have I seen more beautiful clothes than I saw that night. From Lady Willingdon—in sapphire and silver this time—to the last woman who was presented, each had come arrayed in all imaginable state and splendor.

The solemnity of the opening of Parliament,

Our Next-Door Neighbor

as I have already remarked, was unbroken by any sound of music, but at the Drawing Room—more of a festivity, less of a function—the band of the Governor General's Foot Guards was playing joyously as we left the dressing-room and approached the entrance to the Senate chamber. The throne had been moved from the end of this apartment and placed on a dais at the center of one side. Promptly at nine o'clock the vice-regal party entered, and Lady Willingdon, having made her bow to His Excellency, seated herself near him, her pages at her feet, and the presentations began. Contrary to the custom in England—where men are received by the King at Levees and women by the King and Queen at Drawing Rooms—both men and women are presented to Their Excellencies at the Drawing Room in Ottawa; and in all, over a thousand persons, in order of precedence, passed before them and their gorgeous guard of honor.

The group on the raised platform facing the throne, roped off for those entitled to "private presentation" because of official position, included the representatives of provincial Government Houses, the diplomats, the dignitaries of the church, the members of the cabinet, the British High Commissioner, the supreme court judges, the privy councilors, and heads of foreign consulates, and the wives and unmarried daughters of these personages, in distinguished and imposing array. Standing, deeply impressed, beside Mrs. Phillips, I felt happy that so kindly a courtesy had been extended to the wife of a senator from a neighboring country as to include her in this gathering.

The Opening and the Drawing Room were not the only gala occasions at Ottawa of which I have carried away vivid and joyous memories. There was a dinner at Government House—or Rideau Hall, as it is generally called, part of which is three hundred years old—attended with great "pomp and circumstance." There the guests formed a circle in the drawing-room before the Governor General and Lady Willingdon entered; and as each lady was presented in turn by the aide-de-camp, she courtesied to them both. After dinner she turned, as she left the dining room, and courtesied again to the Governor General, who remained standing by his place; and when she said good-night, before Their Excellencies withdrew to their private apartment, she courtesied once more. But in the meantime there was no sense of undue formality; and the dinner was delightful as well as delicious.

A Vivid Memory

But to one guest, at least, this dinner was much more than a function; it was a vivid reminder of another British Government House twelve thousand miles away, where, when she landed with a beloved son lying at the point of death, stricken and sorrowful, she was received with such overwhelming kindness, sympathy, and understanding that she will never cease to feel the welcome and the solace given her there, both in letter and in spirit, a shining example of that wonderful verse in the Bible, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; . . . I was sick and ye visited me."

I wished there were time for me to go over the length and breadth of Canada during the course of this visit to our northern next-door neighbor, but I must await another opportunity for this experience. Feeling, however, that I could not come directly back to Washington without first thinking over quietly all that I had seen and felt and heard in Ottawa, I went to Quebec, planning to sit peacefully in a bay window of the Château Frontenac tower, looking down—as I reflected on the events and impressions which had stirred me so deeply—on the unsurpassable scene before me; the frozen, quiet river with the twinkling lights on the shore beyond; the big rink with the slender, skilful skaters darting back and forth; the steep streets and quaint houses with their

Whether your floors are old or new, hardwood, softwood, linoleum, varnished, shellaced or painted—all can quickly be given this lasting polish.

WAXING

Adds $100 to looks of your home

MOST of your home consists of wood—floors, woodwork, furniture. Nothing will add to or detract from the looks of a room as much as the way wood is finished. You very likely would pay $10.00—yes even $100.00 for a new piece of furniture to improve one room—but for a few cents you can buy enough wax to add a hundred dollars to the appearance of *every room* in your house.

Gleaming floors to frame your rugs—polished woodwork and doors—furniture with the same subdued wax finish as is used on fine furniture when it comes from the factory. And Old English Wax will clean the wood and protect it from scratches and wear.

And so easily! Just apply a thin coat of Old English Wax. Dry for a few minutes, then polish by hand or with an Old English Waxer-Polisher.

Old English Wax costs no more than ordinary wax. That's why it has been preferred by hundreds of thousands of thrifty housewives for more than 30 years.

On sale at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing, grocery, department stores. Made in U. S. A. by The A. S. Boyle Co., 1934-44 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Old English Wax

PASTE & LIQUID POLISH

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Many Openings in Fashionable Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Everywhere

LEARN to be a hotel hostess. Opportunities everywhere in fashionable hotels, clubs, apartment houses, for women of all ages. Splendid salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings in this fascinating profession. Previous experience unnecessary. Our easy method of special instruction qualifies you for a splendid position and good salary. Nation-wide Employment Service Free of extra cost. Lewis students everywhere are winning success in this new profession for women. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $1,600 a year, with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." *Write today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY."*

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

Sta. BL-2412 Washington, D. C.

Charter Member of National Home-Study Council

The Original and Only School of Its Kind in the World

In using advertisements see page 6

Lady Jean Skipwith was the Best Housekeeper in the Colonies

LADY JEAN SKIPWITH had a genius for domestic management and for open-handed hospitality. Her house hummed with the music of the spinning wheel. The busy shuttle bobbed and flashed through the loom. In her leisure hours Lady Jean made quilts.

The "quilting bee" was one of the most popular forms of entertainment in her day, and no one who has examined the rare old hand-made quilts can wonder that our ancestors prized them so highly. Very few of these old quilts are left, but eight of the most charming of them were used as models for *Olde Kentucky Quilts.*

The reasonable prices permit you to choose one of these beautiful reproductions for each of your bedrooms. An Olde Kentucky *Wheel of Fortune* is seen in the drawing of Lady Jean's bedroom. Tub-fast colors. Fluffy new cotton filling. Beautiful covering by day; soft, light warmth by night. $5.00 to $15.00 at principal department stores.

Historic Models for Your Rooms

You can introduce into your own home many of the lovely old designs seen in furniture and decorations of famous bedrooms. A beautiful booklet shows in colors the bedrooms of Thomas Jefferson, Priscilla Alden, Paul Revere, Evelyn Byrd, and other celebrated men and women of Early America. You will be delighted with the suggestions offered in this booklet for bringing the magic of Early America into your home. LOUISVILLE BEDDING COMPANY, *Incorporated,* Manufacturers, Louisville, Kentucky.

Louisville Bedding Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
Enclosed find 25 cents for your booklet "Decorative Details from Historic Bedrooms."
Name _____
Address _____
My Dealer's Name _____
Address _____

Olde Kentucky Quilts

Our Next-Door Neighbor

dormer windows and sloping roofs; the ancient citadel, and the still more ancient city walls.

Of course, I did not stay there so quietly, or so long, as I had planned. I met our two American Consuls and their wives who are stationed there—Mr. and Mrs. Dennison and Mr. and Mrs. Mooers—and in doing so experienced again that sense of pride and reliance in the members of our diplomatic and consular service, which I have mentioned before. I discovered that Senator and Madame Tessier, whom I had met in Ottawa, were Mrs. Dennison's aunt and uncle—Mrs. Dennison is a Canadian by birth—and found tea at their charming old house another festive occasion to take away in my store of happy memories. I thrilled at the very name of "Spencer Wood," the charming, ancient manor set in the midst of a forest, where the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec—Sir Lomer Gouin—and Lady Gouin receive so beautifully. I was gladder than ever that I had met the Premier of Quebec and Madame Taschereau during their visit to Washington, when Madame Taschereau invited me to a perfectly appointed luncheon at her lovely house and took me afterward to a session of the Provincial Parliament.

In Old Quebec

These activities and many others besides interrupted my reflections beside the tower window at the Château Frontenac; but I managed to spend some quiet hours there just the same; and as I did so, I found a definite feeling about this northern next-door neighbor of ours welling up inside me. There was, first of all, a new consciousness of Canada as an entity: not only a loyal part of the British Empire, not only—like ourselves—a part of the North American continent, but a great country in itself, individual, rugged, sterling, strong, sensitive to slights, and endowed with ultimate might. A country with an area larger than that of the United States, and with such limitless resources, many of them as yet undeveloped but all of them possible of development, we can only guess at their magnitude; a country with a splendid past, a magnificent present, a wonderful future.

Second, there was the consciousness of Canada in relation to the United States: a relation inevitably close; a relation which not only the boundary line, stretching three thousand miles across the continent, but also the boundary line between Alaska and the Yukon Territory—which we are apt to forget all about, though it is over one thousand miles in length—must be either a link or a division according to our common decision; a relation which each of the two countries concerned is—naturally and properly—so anxious to maintain to her own advantage, that there is perhaps danger she may forget that in order to achieve this it must be maintained to mutual advantage; a relation in which the questions of tariff, of immigration, of waterways are more pressing—and perhaps more important—than they are between us and any other part of the world.

As I write this letter, these questions are already being discussed in the Dominion Parliament, sometimes in a kindly and sometimes in an unkindly spirit; by the time this letter reaches you these same questions, in kindred ways, will be raised in the extra session of the Congress of the United States. I can not presume to express a detailed opinion of how they should all be settled, but I can at least beg you to join with me in the hope—and in the prayer—that between us and our northern next-door neighbor there may be ever-increasing friendliness and harmony and affection.

With my love as always,

Faithfully yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Let Us Buy for You This Inexpensive Lingerie

TO ORDER Just send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

Hand-made is this lovely nightgown of batiste with appliqué and binding; in white or flesh; 15 to 17; $1.25

For those who prefer a V-shaped neck and wish trimming of hand-made filét inset, this batiste gown comes in white, peach or flesh; 15 to 17; $1.50

BRIDES *Our folio for brides tells all about the wedding, trousseau, invitations, decorations, etc.; send 25c to Good Housekeeping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. City*

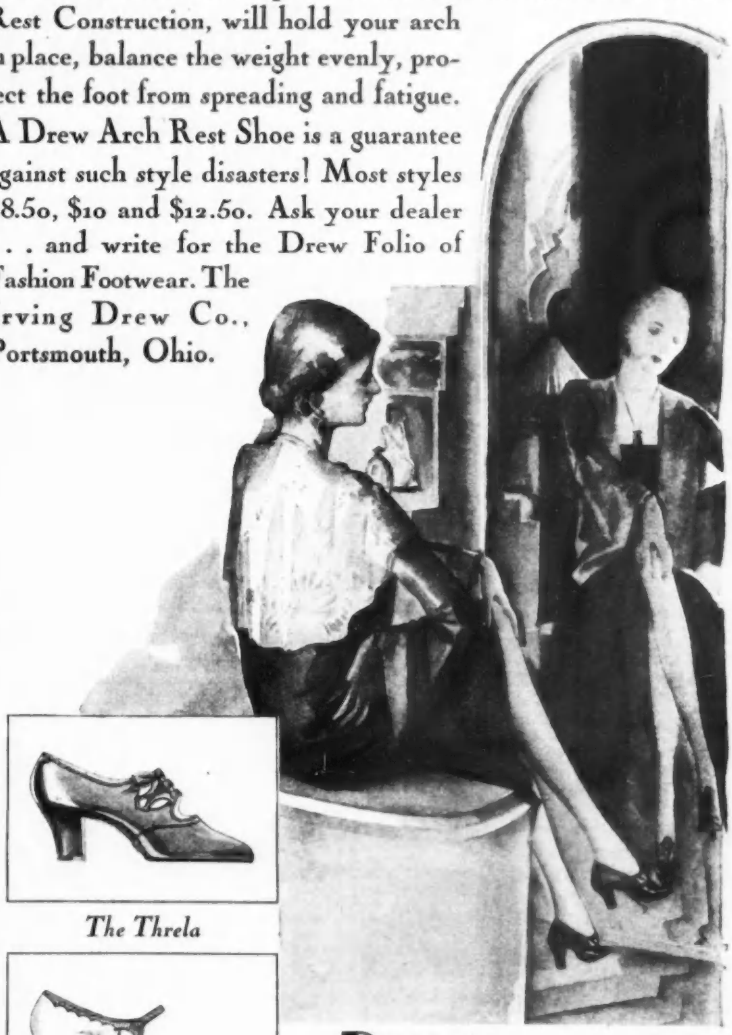
All hand-made, with a deep hem which may be let down if necessary, this white batiste slip, to wear with summer frocks, has trimming all hand-done and hand-made Irish crochet edge; and an inverted plait each side; 34 to 44; $1.50

Milanese silk panties and vest to match, flesh or peach; vest, 34 to 44; $1.95; panties, 4 to 7; $2.95

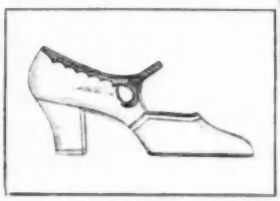
Lace-edged vest and panties in Milanese silk; flesh, white, peach; vest, 34 to 42; $2.95; panties, 4 to 7; $3.95

From every view.... a DREW *Reflects a Trim Smartness*

Every foot, whatever size it takes, looks smaller and oh, so *fashionable* in a Drew Arch Rest Shoe . . . for Drew Arch Rest Shoes flatter every foot and keep it small and graceful. The trim, narrow heel will not slip. The famous feature, the Drew Arch Rest Construction, will hold your arch in place, balance the weight evenly, protect the foot from spreading and fatigue. A Drew Arch Rest Shoe is a guarantee against such style disasters! Most styles $8.50, $10 and $12.50. Ask your dealer . . . and write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.



The Threla



The Floris

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women

"keep the foot small"

THE IRVING DREW COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

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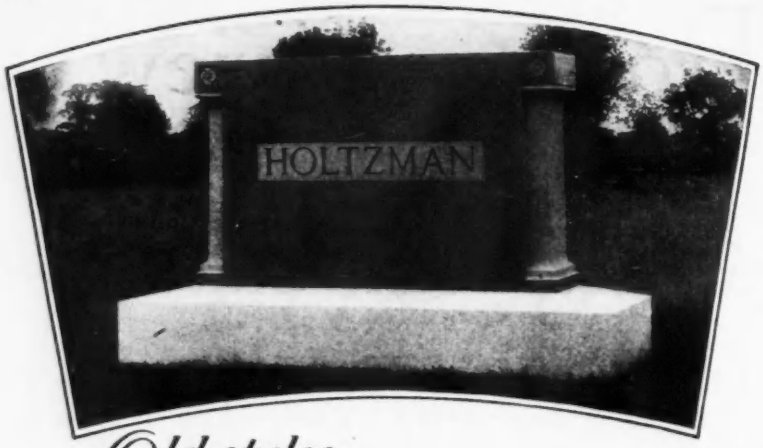

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The Golden Trail

(*Continued from page 27*)

widely, then flickered shut. She put one hand up to her bosom, and her body swayed as if an icy wind had smitten her.

"Leonor! My child!" he cried, taking her cold hands in his. "What is it? Tell me! Is Don Francisco so distasteful to thee?"

With an effort she answered. Her lips felt stiff, as if they had suddenly been frozen. "Nay, my father, I dislike him not, but neither can I love him. Thou hast promised me in holy marriage to a man whose wife I can not be, since I have pledged my heart and soul and faith to one who richly merits this favor of thee —Don Portocarerro, in Mexico."

Don Pedro de Alvarado released her hands and strode agitatedly the length of the long, tapestried chamber. It was true that Don Portocarerro, a captain of Cortez' army, was of birth that might have made such an alliance a possible thing. He had ever been a favorite of the Adelantado, who valued highly his services in Mexico. He would gladly have welcomed him as a son-in-law, even in preference to the quiet, scholarly Don Francisco, whose tastes, he feared, ran more to books than to the clash of weapons.

"Caramba!" he swore under his breath, "why could I not have known this sooner? You have done ill, my daughter, in keeping this emotion a secret from me. Had I known it before I left for Spain—"

THERE was no reproach, only infinite sadness, in Leonor's voice as she answered: "My father, there was little time betwixt Doña Francisca's death and thy departure to seek another bride."

Don Pedro had the grace to flush slightly. "That is past," he said crisply. "My word has been given and can not be broken. It is my will that this marriage take place."

Doña Leonor drew a deep breath. A flood of crimson came rushing back into her pale face. "Not *thy* will," she said clearly; "the will of Doña Beatriz, O my father!"

He turned sharply upon her.

"Mind thy tongue!" he said angrily. "I wish obedience, not insolence!"

Her eyes met his steadily and without fear. There were not many who would thus have braved the quick, relentless fury of the Adelantado. Father and daughter faced each other, their eyes alike in unbending defiance, their two wills crossed like thin, stubborn rapiers of the same pattern and material and strength.

"In all else, my father, I will give thee obedience. My life is thine to dispose of according to thy desires—but not my soul! I will not sully it with vows that are lies, and if I am forbidden to wed the man of my choice, then I will take for my bridegroom—the Holy Church of God!"

Don Pedro's face purpled with rage. "A nun, *thou*? The daughter of the Adelantado? Never!"

He struck savagely a string of silver bells that hung beside the table. "Neither thou, nor any living person shall defy me," he cried. "Summon Don Francisco!" he added, flinging about at his secretary, who had entered.

"A thousand pardons, my lord," the man bowed agitatedly, "but there is grave news. The Indian king, Tzin Acam, has escaped from his prison and thus far has not been found. The guards fired upon him, but it is feared that he was untouched. It is thought that without doubt he will try to return to his people, who only await his coming to rise in fresh rebellion."

Instantly all else was forgotten. The Adelantado was a soldier once more.

"My casque and breastplate," he ordered sharply. "Make ready my horse and call my men to arms. Assemble the captains here instantly to take my orders!"

Doña Leonor stood silent and rigid by the great, carved chair of state as her father strode

Last Call

to amateur photographers—May 31st ends Eastman competition for 1,223 cash prizes totaling

$30,000

THE biggest amateur photographic contest ever conducted has now reached its third and final month.

There were picture opportunities in March, more in April, but there will be most of all in May.

Those who have already entered will improve their chances greatly by submitting additional pictures taken during this wonderful month.

Those who have not yet entered still have an excellent chance because the best picture-taking period of the contest is now at hand.

You don't need to be a camera-expert to win. What the judges are looking for are *interesting* pictures—pictures of children and scenes, sports and animals, still life and nature studies, buildings and architectural details, interiors and unusual photographs.

If you live under the flag of the United States or that of the Dominion of Canada, you're eligible to enter and compete—except, of course, if you or some member of your family is connected with the photographic business. And practically any snapshot or time exposure that you may take during March, April or May, this year, is eligible also, provided it is received by us on or before May 31. There are enough classifications to cover all kinds. When we receive your entries we'll place them in the classes where they'll have the best chance of winning.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

Any brand of camera or film may be used, but negatives must not be larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches and prints not larger than 7 inches in width or length.

This is the last call—the final reminder that the opportunity to win a share of this $30,000 knocks at your door. Some of the readers of these lines are going to seize that opportunity. They are going to begin taking pictures *at once*. They are going to enter not one but several pictures. They are going to open a letter from us next month enclosing a check—a check that may be for $5, $2,500 or some amount in between.

They are going to thank their stars they acted on this advertisement. *Will YOU be one of them?*

PRIZES

Grand Prize of	$2,500.00	
11 *prizes of*	500.00	*each*
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1,223	$30,000.00	

In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants. (57 of the above $100 prizes were sent to winners April 1. 57 more will be sent May 1. That leaves 1,109 prizes for *you* to aim at.)

Only pictures made during March, April and May, 1929, are eligible.

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Enclose this blank or a copy with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

While this page tells you practically everything you need to know to enter the contest, further details, including the rules for the Special Enlargement Award, may be secured from your dealer or from the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

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Many women earn good money, full or spare time—showing beautiful Lingerie "V" Chain. **Positively prevents shoulder straps slipping.** Real comfort at last! Women adore it and buy eagerly. **Free Chain Offer.** Write today. Have your own income. No experience needed.

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The Golden Trail

bruskly from the room. She was staring at the long, curtained windows of the palatial chamber as if her eyes could pierce the heavy hangings and look out into the night. Her lips moved stiffly.

"He has—escaped," she whispered, "gone back to his people; he has found—freedom!"

A sudden footstep startled her. Don Francisco had entered quietly. There was a deep sadness in his eyes.

"Doña Leonor," he said in a deep, rich voice that brought her averted gaze involuntarily to his, "if thy heart can not give me place as a lover, then let me be thy friend. I promise thee that I will not betray thy trust."

For an instant it seemed that the hardness of her eyes would soften. But the Indian in her looked out at him as she replied in low, level tones:

"From now, I trust no man or woman. No wretched conquered slave am I, to be broken on the wheel of thy sister's pride!"

She turned from him, the crimson velvet of her spreading skirts trailing fan-like behind her across the polished floor. But at the door she heard his voice again.

"Doña Leonor!"

She turned, her pale face beautiful in its stormy rebellion. "Señor?"

"Dost thou believe in the will of Heaven?"

"Señor, I am a Christian, even though my mother was pagan born."

"Then, Doña Leonor, believe this: that human will and human pride avail naught against the intention of God. If my sister's inordinate pride be sinful, be sure that it will not go unpunished. As for thee—I only counsel patience, and for the present submission."

She drew herself up haughtily. "Señor, I come of a race that does not submit with such ease. Didst thou hear? The Caquichel king, Tzin Acam, has escaped! He has staked his all for freedom!"

IT was near to midnight when a slender figure, closely enveloped in a black cape, slipped out of a doorway at the rear of the government palace and moved with hasty stealth away from the circle of the shadows beyond. For a moment she paused, crouching, thinking she had heard the door open again behind her. But the silence was absolute; the closely huddled houses on the radiating streets presented faces as blank as stone idols. There were stars in the sky, great white, brittle stars such as are seen in mountain air. Far against the brilliant canopy of the heavens Doña Leonor saw the three symmetrical cones of the volcanoes, blotted there like an escutcheon.

Presently she came to the outskirts of the city, where the air was fragrant with the wet breathing of the pines; where the slope of the Volcan Agua loomed up mightily against the starry horizon, and the blue-green fireflies swung to and fro like luminous pendulums.

She stopped, her breath coming fast and tremulously. Suddenly she shook the enveloping cloak from around her and stood revealed to the wondering darkness in a guise such as no one would have dreamed the Adelantado's daughter would have chosen. For instead of wide-spreading velvets and cloth of silver, her young, supple body was simply sheathed in an embroidered *huipil*, such as the Indian women wore. Her dark, thick hair hung in two heavy plaits over her shoulders; there were deerskin sandals upon her feet.

She lifted her face to the northern star, her whole being concentrated on a wild, impossible project. She would go back to Tlascala, her native province. Her grandfather was a king in name only now, since the conquering Spaniards had come. But he was still powerful and influential; he would give her his protection, and perhaps the Captain General Cortez would intercede for her against the ultimatum of her father. At any rate she would be in Mexico, nearer to the man she loved. Some way would surely be found—for so much did the madness of love possess her.

The Golden Trail

She started back with a gasping cry. Her sandaled foot had struck against a recumbent body almost invisible in the darkness. A low, tortured groan followed the slight impact. And as the girl paused, trembling in every limb, the man on the ground half lifted himself and stared up into her face. She knew without the aid of sight that it was Tzin Acam, the fugitive Indian king. He saw the outlines of her close-fitting *huipil*.

"Thou—art—of my people," he whispered jerkily. "Thou wilt not betray me to the Tuiles—the Spaniards. I am wounded—I die. But I die in freedom—not in a cage—"

All her fear left her. She knelt beside him.

"I will not betray thee," she answered unsteadily.

Something alien in her manner of speech struck against his ear. She spoke his tongue, but not as the Indians spoke it.

"Who art thou?" he asked faintly.

"I am—of Indian blood," she said at last. "Have no fear of me. I, too, seek for freedom."

At the word the dying king seemed to regain a fraction of strength. "Freedom!" he cried out in a strangled voice. "It is not for us, stranger maiden. The sun of our glory has set; the night has come upon us. I sought to stay the hand of fate, to stay the footsteps of the fair-haired, cruel Tuile, he whom we call 'The Child of the Sun.' But it was not to be. The will of the gods is greater than that of man—"

He fell back, coughing and gasping.

A footstep crackled on a dry branch. A man stood there, a man garbed after the Spanish fashion, with dark plumed hat and heavy cloak—"Doña Leonor!" he said softly.

She suppressed the cry that rose to her lips. For it was Don Francisco. She knew then that he had seen her flight and had followed her.

But somehow she felt no resentment. Only a thankfulness that he was there. For she knew instinctively that, Spaniard though he was, his sympathies were with the conquered Indian peoples and that he would not betray the dying, fugitive king.

"This Indio is hurt," she whispered urgently. "Can we not find a village where he may be cared for?"

Tzin Acam half lifted himself once more. It was as if he listened to something far away. His breath came in labored gasps.

"I hear—the voice—of the gods!" he cried hoarsely. "Quicab, the warrior god within the mountain of fire, is speaking—he who foretold, in ages long past, that when the land of Mayab should be desecrated by strangers, he would rise to avenge it. The time comes soon—the god has spoken—his word is blazing in the sky—"

A long, deep rumble shook the earth. There was a wave of sickening movement. And then from the summit of the distant volcano Fuego burst a spouting roar of smoke and flames. The sky was suddenly illuminated by a red, fantastic glare that brought into grotesque birth the shuddering shadows and misshapen streamers of light.

"There! There!" cried out the dying Indian king. "The god speaks! Vengeance will come—soon!"

He fell back, dead.

DAZED, terrified, Leonor did not draw away as Don Francisco gently lifted her to her feet. From the distant city they could hear the shouts and cries of the awakened, frightened people. The blaze above the volcano died down abruptly, leaving only a sullen red glare that belched now and then into black clouds of smoke.

"Come," said Don Francisco, "we must go back. In the excitement we may be able to enter the palace unnoticed."

She tried weakly to pull away from him. But he divested himself of his cloak and put it about her.

"Nay," he said in his deep, rich voice, "canst thou not see, even as this poor Indio saw, that man can not escape that which is

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DOLLY MADISON
Bed Spreads

The Golden Trail

decreed by heaven? Come with me and have no fear. I give my word to thee that I will not wed thee without thy free consent. Until then—it is not meet that the daughter of the Adelantado should be seen abroad at such an hour and in such a garb. Come, Leonor, trust thyself to me in friendship."

THE year that followed was a prosperous one for the newly established province and the mountain capital of Guatemala. Rebellion among the conquered Indian tribes had ceased with the death of Tzin Acam. There was gold in plenty; the land was amazingly fertile; Spain was too far away to exercise more than nominal sovereignty. The ruler of the kingdom was Don Pedro de Alvarado—or was it Doña Beatriz?

Only once did her popularity waver. The Bishop of Marroquin in Mexico had sent as a gift for the newly finished cathedral a massive lamp of beaten silver. The Doña Beatriz coveted it. She diverted it first to her own chapel at the top of the hill, and then later, on the flimsy pretext that it was in need of repair, to her own magnificent chambers already filled with rare and beautiful ornaments.

The intensely religious people of the city were shocked at the careless sacrilege. And when another eruption of the Volcan Fuego was followed by an earthquake, they were certain that it was God's displeasure. They presented a petition to the Adelantado that the sacred gift should be restored to the church for which it had been intended. Doña Beatriz, always alert to the stirring of popular sentiment, returned it gracefully herself, adding in her own name a robe sewn with pearls for the statue of the Virgin. But she still coveted the silver lamp—she loved the shimmering pattern of lights cast through the filagree as it hung above her bed.

The Adelantado, indulgent in all else, was strangely indifferent to the marriage that the Doña Beatriz so greatly desired. He would not break his word by releasing his daughter from the unwelcome betrothal, but neither would he give his command for the wedding. Perhaps in his heart he regretted the promise so hastily given, and hoped for some miracle that would solve the difficulty.

Don Francisco proved as baffling. He was no longer the shy, silent youth who had been under his sister's domination. He had won the Adelantado's respect for his statesmanship and clear judgment in matters of importance. And whenever Doña Beatriz broached the subject of the protracted betrothal, he said merely:

"I am occupied with other matters. I do not wish to wed as yet."

One other thing occupied the mind of Doña Beatriz. The Adelantado seemed to bear a charmed life. When she married him, it was not without a definite thought for the future, when the uncertainties and hazards of a soldier's life should leave her widowed—and endowed with power. Neither was she unaware that her vivid, full-flowered beauty was a magnet that drew the eyes of all men; that there were many who envied the Gobernador possession of such an enchanting woman.

There was a certain Don Jorge de Olid, who had been Don Pedro's enemy. Doña Beatriz cultivated the friendship of this man, knowing full well his attitude toward the Adelantado and the rancor that gnawed at his heart. She found him a willing tool, the more because she tacitly encouraged him to love her; and to believe that if, through the misfortunes of war, she were to be left a widow, she would not prove indifferent to his suit.

Leonor, with the primitive intuition of her Indian heritage, sensed the intrigue of the pair. But she had no proof—there was nothing definite of which she could warn her father . . .

When Don Pedro de Alvarado was called to Jalisco in Mexico to suppress an Indian revolt, Don Jorge de Olid rode with him. And Leonor clung tearlessly, but white-lipped, to the Adelantado ere he mounted his snow-white horse.

The Golden Trail

"My father, my dear father, may the saints keep thee and bring thee safely back! I pray thee, *padre mio,* be on thy guard for—for all danger; the arrows of the savages—and the treachery of those who have thy trust!"

"Nay, fear not for me," laughed the yellow-haired Child of the Sun. "Think only of thine own youthful happiness and thine own brilliant future."

Her great, dark eyes lifted to his with intense sorrow and foreboding. "My father, if thou returnest not, there will be for me no happiness, no future. Without thy love and protection I will indeed be *sin ventura!*"

Doña Beatriz drew her gently away.

"How selfish thou art," she chided mildly, "to burden thy dear father's heart with such sad words!"

But her own sharp mind had caught and held the phrase, "*Sin ventura!* Without happiness!" The sound of it pleased her. There was poetry in it, and drama . . .

Don Pedro de Alvarado did not come back from Jalisco. He who had escaped the poisoned arrows of a thousand Indian caciques fell to his death beneath the hoofs of Don Jorge Olid's plunging horse. It may have been that in that moment of annihilation, which to all others seemed an accident, he realized the truth. For when they carried him tenderly to a near-by hacienda and bent above him asking,

"Where, dear lord, dost thou feel most pain?" his black eyes flickered open, and he smiled, a sad, rueful smile.

"In my soul," he answered cryptically.

IN THE mountain capital of Guatemala the Christmas season had come and gone. There had been torrential rains of unusual violence, and the cobblestoned streets ran with floods of water. A dreary, gloomy winter, a fit setting for the grievous news that came after months of silence.

Doña Beatriz, together with Leonor and Don Francisco, was at prayers in the small chapel at the top of the palace. Doña Leonor went white as death when she saw the messenger enter, and her eyes sought those of Don Francisco. For the first time she did not draw away from his steadying arm. Doña Beatriz rose from her knees, and her lips parted. Her eyes were hot and eager.

"Señora—" the man choked, almost unable to speak, "Don Pedro—may God rest his valiant soul!"

Leonor did not weep. Two words she cried out in anguish. "My father!" And then a third, this one to the woman beside her,

"*Murderess!*"

She fled down the stairway like a thing demented.

But the Doña Beatriz—it seemed almost at first that her lips were smiling. Then they twisted into a knot of suffering, and she screamed out hoarsely. She fell prostrate upon the tiled floor and lay for a long moment as if dead. When the alarmed Don Francisco lifted her inert body, she opened her eyes and moaned faintly.

The terrible news stunned the soul of the city. And as if even the gods of nature were moved by the death of the conquering "Child of the Sun," the Volcan Fuego began to rumble and mutter, and the gray torrents of never-ending rain were reddened by the glare of an eruption. Twice the earth shook faintly but menacingly. The native Indios began to leave the capital in frightened swarms, driving their cattle before them through the rain. Quicab had spoken, they said. Some terrible doom was soon to overtake the city.

The Audencia hastily met to determine upon an emergency measure for the government of the province until instructions should be received from Spain. And in respect to Doña Beatriz' grief—or perhaps from considerations more material—it was decided to invest her with the title of Gobernadora and full powers of government. For the first time on this continent a woman received such an honor.

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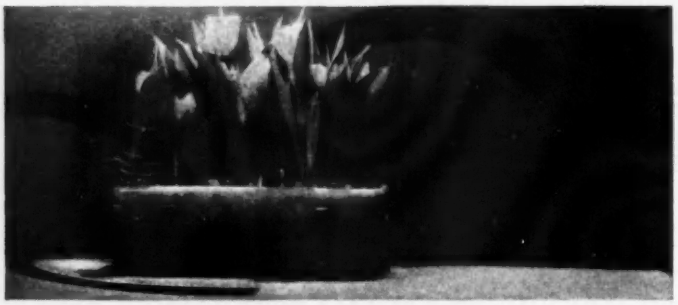

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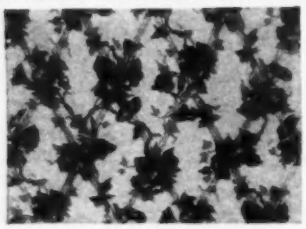

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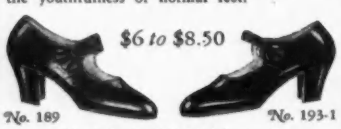

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The Golden Trail

They came to her in the great, tapestried chamber that the Adelantado had used for conducting affairs of state. She was robed heavily in black, even to the lace ruff about her throat. The whole palace was hung with mourning; there were sheaves of wild, black mountain berries against the walls.

The document was placed before her, the oath of office administered. With white, firm hand she took the long-plumed pen and held it poised above the parchment. Then the quill moved blackly across the crackling sheet, "*La Sin Ventura Doña Beatriz.*" Suddenly, with a dramatic gesture, the point went plunging through her own name, inking it out. She flung the quill from her, sobbing wildly, her black-velveted body swaying in a storm of uncontrollable grief. And now upon the heavy parchment stood the title that history had preserved—"*La Sin Ventura!* The Hapless One!" Thus Doña Beatriz named herself at the moment of her greatest triumph.

THE rain had never stopped. For three long days and nights it poured down in a dreadful, breath-taking deluge. Business was at an end, for no one could go abroad over the flooded streets. The wild beating of the rain made a ceaseless, monotonous roar. The hissing of water rushing down the hills filled all the crevices, seeped in under foundations, gnawed insistently at stone walls. So deep was the darkness that night and day mingled imperceptibly, lighted only by the far, belching flames of Fuego. Horrible, demoniac weather, that had in it naught of nature, or naturalness . . .

The fourth day passed. The fourth day of Doña Beatriz' sovereignty. And in the evening she smiled as she sat in the Adelantado's great chair of state and struck the little silver bells beside the table. It was not a smile of mirth—that smile of one who had so lately signed herself, "Without happiness."

"Send the Doña Leonor to me," she said imperiously, "and have the Indio I have commanded within call, if I should give the word."

The fatherless girl came drooping, almost borne down by grief and the heavy garments of mourning. The Doña Beatriz looked at her with hard, pitiless eyes. She had not forgotten the word flung at her in the chapel.

"I have sent for thee," she said with short, little, biting words, "to tell thee that I am sick of thy insolence to me, weary of thy disobedience. Thy betrothal to my brother was announced almost two years gone. The marriage shall take place at once—within the month; this is my will. I have spoken."

The daughter of Alvarado lifted her head and stared at the woman in her father's great chair of state. All the sick loathing of her soul was concentrated in that look.

"Before I would wed with one of thy breed," she said slowly and distinctly, "I would give myself to the lowest Indian slave! I, too, have spoken."

The Doña Beatriz drew back as if the girl had struck her. Her face flushed scarlet with fury. Black devils leaped into her eyes.

"So?" she half whispered, leaning forward across the table, "that is what thou wouldst prefer? So be it! I have anticipated thy desires. Thou *shalt* be given in marriage to the lowest Indio slave in this, my realm—dost thou hear—in *my* realm! Thou art not dealing now with a fatuous, too-indulgent father!"

Again—and this time savagely—she struck the silver bells. And they dragged into the regal chamber a sodden, miserable creature, an imbecile Indian slave who supplied the kitchens with charcoal. They flung him on the floor at her feet, and he lay there groveling like a turtle turned on its back.

The Gobernadora laughed. There were hectic patches of red in her cheeks, black flecks of fury in her eyes. "This," she said, touching the muttering, wild-eyed man with her foot, "is thy bridegroom, Leonor. Thou wouldst not have one of my 'breed'? Perhaps this hidalgo will better suit thy fastidious taste.

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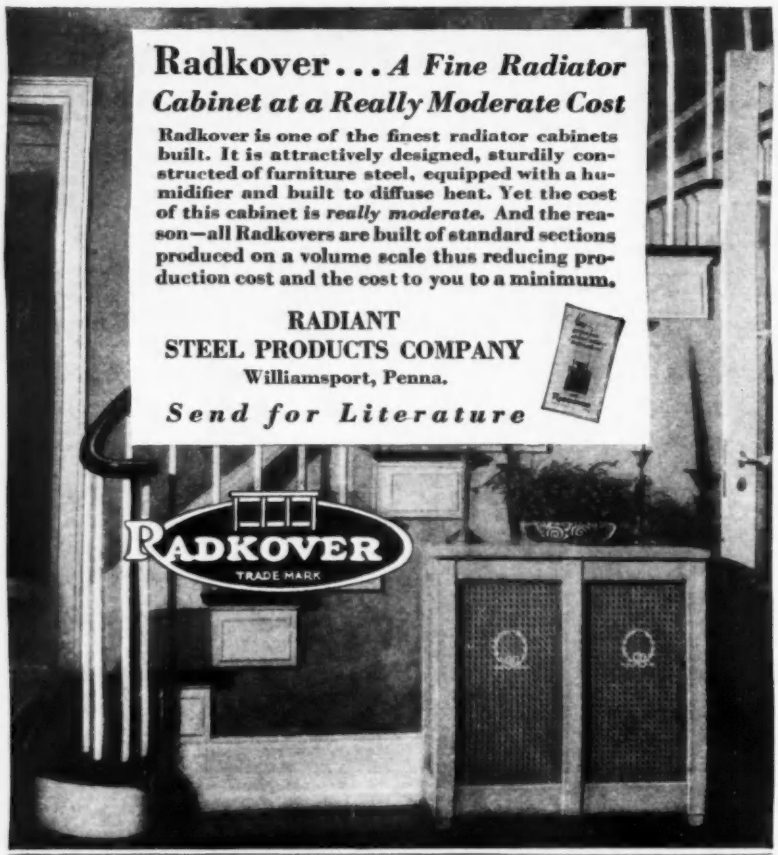

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The Golden Trail

The ceremony shall be performed here—and now! Call the priest who waits outside!"

In spite of all her resolution the girl grew pale before the hideous indignity of it. "Thou wilt not dare!" she cried trembling. "No priest in my father's province will deliver me into such horror!"

Again Doña Beatriz laughed, a harsh, merciless laugh. "This is not thy father's province; it is mine! Thou art forgetting!"

Tempestuously the door was flung open. Don Francisco stood there in the portal. "Beatriz!" he cried out in amazement and wrath. "What means this? I will permit no harm to come to my betrothed."

"*Thy* betrothed, dear brother?" Her voice was silken, mocking. "Nay, thy bride-to-be has renounced thee because of the name which thou dost bear. She prefers instead to mate with one of her own race and station—this imbecile Indio here. Keep silent, Francisquito, or I will have thee removed by force. Do not forget that in this land *mine* is the power of life and death!"

She struck the silver gong once more. A trembling, white-faced priest entered, staring at her with frightened, reproving eyes.

"My daughter—" he began pleadingly.

She stopped him with a gesture.

"There they are!" she flung at him. "Marry them! Hasten! It is my command!"

Don Francisco started forward, his hand on the hilt of his sword. But almost with the movement he was thrown violently to his knees. For the floor seemed to rise and fall back again. The walls split apart with a hideous grinding explosion, and a great beam crashed down from the ceiling.

FROM the corridor came the screams of frightened women:

"The earthquake! The earthquake! Fly! *Ai, Dios,* mercy!"

The great building lurched upon its massive foundations. And in that same moment came a new and awful sound. A far hissing, rushing, grinding roar swelling into a mighty tumult of devastation . . .

Water, pouring in merging floods down the steep slopes of the Volcan Agua, a mad cataract of uprooted trees and boulders, crashing down in awful, gigantic maelstrom of destruction, to engulf the doomed city!

Doña Beatriz fled from the rocking chamber, up the stone stairway and into the chapel, followed by her weeping, wailing maids of honor. Leonor stood for an instant stricken with insensate terror. Then Don Francisco caught her up in his arms and stumbled down the corridors beneath wrenching, groaning beams. Straight out into the full fury of the downpour he rushed, knowing not direction or purpose, only the blind instinct of escape from tottering walls. The darkness was lurid with a twisting spiral of flame belching upward from Fuego's maw, as if the aroused god held aloft a torch that the Volcan Agua might better complete the work of destruction.

The tempest smote them and hurled them down. Don Francisco rose again gasping and panting.

"Save thyself!" Leonor cried out to him, burdened by her heavy, clinging garments.

"I will not leave thee in life or death!" he answered through grim, straining lips.

He caught her up in his arms once more; together they were fused into a helpless mote, wind-driven, in the awful saturnalia of death.

Suddenly the torrent seized them. They were swirled about like straws in a millrace. Don Francisco felt the ice-cold suffocating rush of water engulf him; it roared in his ears like the din of a thousand battle cries. He was sucked under, then pushed upward to air—yet would not release his hold on the clinging burden in his arms. Dimly he heard the crash of walls, saw the shadowy shapes of timbers racing past him in the flood.

Life had almost gone out of him. Only the grim, tenacious will remained that would not

The Golden Trail

take the one chance of escape by loosing himself from the girl's encumbering body.

Then he felt himself lifted and hurled forward violently. A scraping, entangled embrace retained him. With the last shreds of conscious thought he flung out an arm that grasped a swaying branch of a tree. Desperately he clung. The boiling water beat him and bruised him, but still he hung there, sobbing an incoherent prayer. And somehow, with strength that was not his own, pulled Leonor up beside him.

A great ceiba tree had given them refuge. It shook and bent like a warrior in distress, but its roots held fast. The raging flood surged around it, leaving it isolated in a terrible safety with two human beings held fast in its grip.

Presently Don Francisco felt Leonor stir against him. And in spite of the horror and the terror of the night, he felt a warm thrill course through his blood—for her arms had tightened around his neck.

"Francisco—" her voice came close to his ear, "I was wrong. God hath punished me for my pride—and I submit. If this be death for us, know at least before we die that I love thee; that I am indeed thy betrothed!"

"Leonor!"

His lips bent fiercely to hers, and they clung wordlessly to each other while around them swept the unleashed torrent, and against the sodden sky the red arms of Fuego clawed upward in awful triumph.

A SAD, gray dawn rose over the broken city of the Adelantado that winter morn. For the once proud capital of Guatemala had been gutted by the flood. Ruins, ruins were everywhere, covered with mud and débris, tangled with trees, strewn with the dead. The black smoke of Fuego hung in the air like a funeral shroud. Only the cathedral, at the foot of the hill, had escaped the deluge entire. That, and the huge ceiba tree beside it, whose strong, kindly branches had reached out and caught to safety those two who were being swept into the maw of death.

The palace of the Adelantado had fallen, shaken down in part by the earthquake and wholly by the flood that had hurtled down the slope of the Volcan Agua. And under the piled ruins of the chapel that crowned the hilltop the survivors of the night found Doña Beatriz and her maidens, crushed by the fall of the heavy dome!

Strangely enough, in that hour of universal tragedy, public sentiment turned against the woman who during her life had been the idol of the populace. They remembered now her craving for power, her boundless ambition, and belatedly they hated her. They remembered the silver lamp and charged her anew with the sin of sacrilege. From the priest whom she had thought to coerce into performing an unholy marriage, they had the story of her attempted injustice to Doña Leonor; and the insult to the daughter of the Adelantado stirred their frenzy into madness. They accused her of bringing upon them God's wrath—they wished to tear her body to pieces, to hurl it into the river. Stranger still, it was Leonor de Alvarado, miraculously saved from death, who with quiet, rebuking words calmed the hysteria and the futile desire for vengeance.

So at last the body of Beatriz de la Cueva lay in state upon a black-velveted bier in the Cathedral. Above her in her last sleep hung the massive lamp of silver, the Bishop's gift—the beautiful thing she had coveted. In the high shadows of the great vaulted crypt it glowed like a radiant star. And the shimmering, filagreed pattern of lights sprayed over her still, pale face in wavering undulations.

She had had power; she had reigned like a queen, alone. She had, though unwittingly, worked her will with those two who had fought against her domination. For Leonor de Alvarado was to marry Don Francisco when the period of mourning was over.

But upon the white, drawn face there was

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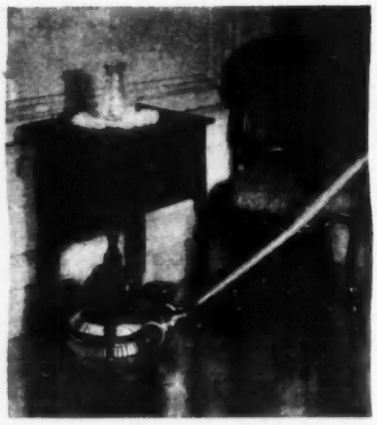

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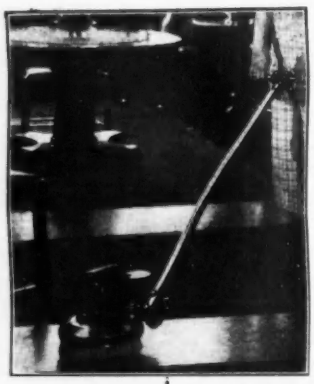

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The Golden Trail

now no pride, no exultation. It was the face of one who has discovered too late that human will can not overrule the law of God. One slender hand was clenched tightly upon her bosom. It was as if it still held the long-plumed quill. As if in death, the words signed in such impious mockery had become a bitter truth,

"*La sin ventura!* She who is without happiness!"

The next story of this series, "Old Man Duendy," will appear in the July number

Foiling the Moth

(Continued from page 94)

House fumigation we do not consider to be a task for the housewife. It is best to call in a reliable exterminating company, but make sure that it *is* reliable.

Cedar chests that are well made, with tight joints and with a tight-fitting cover, are effective in preventing moth damage. Unfortunately there is a wide difference in the quality of cedar chests offered for sale to the public. To be dependable a cedar chest should contain in the body a high percentage of red cedar heartwood lumber. As the effectiveness of the cedar chest is due to the presence of volatile oils in the wood, it should be kept closed. If clothing must be taken from it, this should be done as quickly as possible. To prevent any possibility of damage from moths, the clothing placed in the chest should be thoroughly cleaned.

From the standpoint of application by the housewife mothproofing materials are most effective on clothing or garments that are of such a nature that they can be immersed in the mothproofing solution, which in this way will reach every fiber. When mothproofing materials are to be applied by the spraying method, care should be taken to do the work thoroughly. The spraying material should be used generously. Spray all that the cloth will take up. Unlined garments should be sprayed on both sides, seams, folds, pockets—inside and out; trouser and coat cuffs, etc., should be given particular attention. The thoroughness of the application, assuming the use of an effective material, will determine the amount of protection afforded.

One problem the housewife frequently must contend with is the guarding of upholstered furniture against the ravages of moths. Fumigation by commercial exterminating companies is one way to free furniture of moths. However, for routine care the housewife can use napthalene crystals or crystals of paradichlorobenzene. As stated above, it is the gases from these that are effective, and so the gases must be confined. Clean the furniture thoroughly and then apply the crystals liberally on the surfaces of the furniture, into all cracks and crevices and even in the linings by opening these, if necessary. The piece of furniture should then be wrapped tightly with heavy paper or other heavy wrappings, sealed just as tightly as possible or completely covered with blankets. The coverings should not be removed for several days.

Moths shun the light, and breed and live in dark places. The back of your upholstered furniture, the hair stuffing in furniture, that part of the rug which is covered up, the under side of the rug, and the clothing that has been put on a shelf or in a drawer or hung at the back of the closet are most likely to be subject to the attacks of moths. If you fully realize these things you will know better how to prevent moth damage.

The United States Department of Agriculture has done much work on moth prevention, and if you wish to know more about the moth, send to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for Farmer's Bulletin No. 1353 on "Clothes Moths and Their Control."

The Little Maid in the Captain's House

(*Continued from page 50*)

and lay his hand on my leprosy and call on his God to heal me. Instead of that what does he do? Tells me to go and wash in the Jordan! I didn't have to come all this way to be told to take a bath. And if it's a matter of dipping in a river, we have much bigger and better rivers than the Jordan in my own country."

So he was about to turn around and go home in disgust, but his less sophisticated servants remonstrated with him.

"If the prophet had told you to do something very hard and intricate, you would have done it gladly and felt sure that it was doing you good," they exclaimed. "Just because he gives you an easy, common-sense prescription, you sniff at it. Why not give it a trial? It can't hurt you, anyway."

Doubtingly, Naaman went down to the Jordan and bathed seven times, and to his amazement it worked. "His flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

Meanwhile, back at home, the little girl, proud but frightened, watched eagerly for his return. What a responsibility she had incurred! With what eagerness she counted the days and hours! Suppose Elisha had declined to see her lord. Suppose for once his miraculous power had failed. What a bitter disappointment to her mistress! What a false situation she would have created for herself!

Fortunately, she did not have long to wait. The streets of Damascus were in a tumult of rejoicing.

"Naaman is healed! Our great captain has recovered! Rejoice! The noble leader of our armies is restored to health!"

We may be sure that shouts like this rang in her ears and brought the flush of happiness to her pretty cheeks. There was a carnival, no doubt, and maybe she was crowned as queen. Perhaps when she grew a little older she married Naaman's son and lived happily ever after.

A Pleasant Figure

We are not told about the succeeding years, for the little maid disappears from the narrative as quietly and unobtrusively as she entered it. But she leaves behind some pleasant memories.

We like to remember, for example, how much quiet, unobtrusive kindness there must have been in the homes even in those rough and rather cruel days. We think of the Old Testament times as a period of war and plots and penalties: the Egyptians drowned in the Jordan; Tyre and Sidon destroyed by fire; Joseph thrown into a pit by his brothers and left to die; Samson pulling down the Philistine temple on its multitude of men and women and children. The days of the judges were bloody days; yet "it came to pass in those days" that Ruth lived her gracious life—and left behind one of the great stories of love and sacrifice. The fights between the Israelites and their opponents occupy many chapters; yet here is a glimpse of the home of one of the opponents, a leader in the battles, and we see in him and his wife a couple considerate enough to win the affection of a little girl and, by so doing, receive a great and unexpected benefit . . . History and the daily newspapers deal in wars and crimes and horrors, not because these are the rule of human nature, but because they are the exception and therefore dramatic—news. But underneath the angry surface waves is always and forever the calm and peaceful ocean of simple, common lives.

We like to remember the little girl's courage. Of course, she longed for the home from which she had been snatched away, but she did not waste her time in tears or vain complaint. She accepted bravely the new situation and sought the welfare of the family to which she had been carried so unwillingly. Because she

A NEST of MIXING BOWLS . . . in cheering color . . . . .

You can have a nest of these *new* Polar Enamel Mixing Bowls in Powder Blue, Jade Green, Canary Yellow, Coral Red, or in White. With these attractive utensils in your kitchen, there is always the right bowl handy for any mixing—five different sizes ranging from 1-quart to 4-quart capacities.

The beautiful, smooth outside color is triple-enameled over a base of strong one-piece steel, so that you can use these bowls day after day without dimming their brightness. You will be delighted with the pure, gleaming white enamel linings which cannot absorb odors or traces of food. Easy to clean, easy to keep fresh and sanitary—just as they should be for your cooking.

Ask to see this fine kitchenware at the store where you usually buy the furnishings for your kitchen.

POLAR WARE COMPANY
Sheboygan, Wis.

POLAR
★ Colored
ENAMEL WARE

In using advertisements see page 6

Hat and handbag, of matching fabric and harmonious line, complete the chic ensemble of the moment.

Blended as *carefully* as the details of a smart *ensemble*..

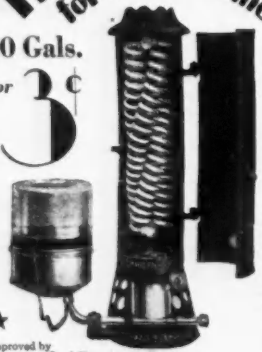
WINE OF TOMATOES GORGEOUSLY SPICED

★ Snider's

THE MULLED CATSUP

HOT WATER for every home

20 Gals. for 3¢



Let this remarkable HOLYOKE Heater furnish you with running hot water at this low cost. It can be easily installed by your plumber in any suburban, country or city home where there is running water. No gas is needed—burns kerosene oil, the economical fuel.

★ Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, The Tribune Institute, Priscilla Proving Plant

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Name .....
Address .....
G.H.M.
City ..... State .....

HOLYOKE HEATER CO.
94 Sargeant St. HOLYOKE, MASS.

SANETTE ★

The Modern, Odorless, Kitchen Garbage Receiver

FOR cleanliness, for convenience . . . the handy Sanette under the sink is indispensable in thousands of modern kitchens. Its 3 gallon capacity saves many trips to outside garbage can. Its close-fitting, noiseless cover absolutely prevents odors. Its attractive colors, green, yellow, blue, red or white, are cheerful and harmonious. Its removable galvanized inner pail is leakproof.

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Also made in 2 gal. and 5 gal. sizes. Prices—2 gal. $1.50, 3 gal. $3.00, 5 gal. $5.00. If your department store or hardware dealer cannot supply, send check or money order. We pay shipping charges.

Ask your dealer to show you new Sanette Waxed Bags to fit these cans. Save wrapping of garbage. Keep can clean

MASTER METAL PRODUCTS, Inc.
295 Chicago St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Little Maid in the Captain's House

kept her head high and her heart cheerful, the miracle came to the head of the house, and her own life must have been richer and happier in consequence. It's the way in which folks stand hard situations and trying times that shows of what sort of stuff they are made. She smiled, and did what she could to help. And she won.

Finally, we remember her faith. No adult courtier of Naaman would have dared to suggest a visit to a wild prophet in the woods. It was too absurd a chance on which to risk a reputation. Naaman, himself, believed so little in the efficacy of the visit that he almost lost out through failure to do as he was told. Maturity finds it hard to believe. Childhood accepts the simple, old-fashioned teachings and goes forward fearlessly, full of the faith that great things are sure to happen.

Unless we become as little children, we are told, we shall not enter the Kingdom. Little children like David, stepping out to meet the giant; little children like Samuel, hearing the voice in the night; little children like the maid in Naaman's house, who believed so genuinely in miracles that a miracle occurred.

Next month, "The First Caddy"

Patterns for Frocks

(*Continued from page 78*)

dress, pin, baste, and try on the various parts separately before joining them. For example, as the flounces are semi-circular, there should be no unnecessary fulness around the hips. In the same way the slip which forms the hip yoke should fit perfectly. Make sure that these sections are not too full before you sew up the seams by machine. Try them on and adjust them to each other. Baste and adjust the bolero in the same way. When you have made sure that the various sections fit you properly, sew them together.

Next to the afternoon dress is a smart and useful two-piece ensemble suitable for shopping or the country club. A charming printed linen in tones of red on a white ground was used for the dress. The cardigan jacket worn with it is made of red linen in a matching shade. This same jacket could also be worn with a plain white linen or piqué tennis frock, such as the one next to it. The dress of the ensemble is easily made. It is sleeveless, with a square neck trimmed with a soft bow of the material, and a fitted hip yoke. Fulness is cleverly introduced in the straight skirt by means of a cluster of small tucks on the left hip. The armholes and neck are bound, and a wide belt of self material is worn around the hip yoke. The cardigan is perfectly plain with applied bands of self material as its only trimming. Be sure, in making this ensemble, that the hip yoke fits you perfectly and that the sleeves of the cardigan set right.

The tennis frock next it has smart lines; its success depends upon perfect tailoring. The pattern is simply cut. The back is perfectly plain, in one piece, with a slight flare from the hips down. The skirt has inverted plaits in the front and is joined to the waist under the belt. The smartly stitched shirt front with its tab and buttonhole is applied to the waist and faced to form revers at the neck. The squared armholes with their applied bands are not only new and smart, but give greater freedom of action than the usual round armhole. Both the shirt front and the bands are outlined with a row of machine stitching. Piqué in white and in pastel shades is smart for this frock.

For the house dress at the extreme right any crisp gingham or springlike print would be a successful choice. Checked gingham is particularly smart this season. The skirt, which has deep box-plaits all around, is joined to a pointed hip yoke. The slightly bloused waist is plain, with set-in sleeves.

Cooks a Whole Meal *While You're Miles Away*

NOWADAYS good cooks come high. Few homes can afford to employ one. But there's a Magic Chef that will match his skill with the best. And *every* woman can afford to employ him—365 days a year.

This Magic Chef will stay at the stove while you go miles away—on business or pleasure. When you return at the time you have told him, he'll have a delicious Whole Meal, soup to dessert, ready for you to serve your family or your guests.

Sounds impossible, doesn't it? Nevertheless, it's true! For, this Magic Chef is none other than one of the six makes of gas ranges that you see illustrated below. Each of these six makes is equipped with the famous Red Wheel (Lorain) Oven Heat Regulator.

Simply place the food you want cooked for dinner in the magic, self-regulating oven. Then set the Red Wheel at the temperature desired. The temperature used determines the time required for cooking. No further work or worry—except to serve the dinner to your delighted family or guests.

And when you buy a Red Wheel Gas Range the Red Wheel Oven Heat Regulator isn't all you get. Far from it. You get at the same time as fine a gas range as science can design or expert skill can build. You get a gas range that will boil and broil as well as it will bake. Which is saying a lot! A gas range that will lend beauty to your kitchen, not for a day or a month but for years. A gas range that because of its graceful lines and beautiful, smooth finish is easy to keep clean and sanitary. A gas range that will make cooking a pleasure and cooking-drudgery a thing of the past.

Wherever gas is available you will find dealers who sell Red Wheel Gas Ranges. *Right now* you will find sparkling new models on display in a wide range of attractive prices. You cannot possibly invest your money in any other article of household equipment that will give you more real enjoyment, greater leisure and satisfaction than a Red Wheel Gas Range!

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY · *829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.*
LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co., Div., Cleveland, Ohio

DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio

NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., *829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.*
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipes for Berry Pies (*Print* name and address plainly).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

G.H.-5-29

Unless the Gas Range has a **RED WHEEL** **IT IS NOT A LORAIN**

In using advertisements see page 6

Compare your Sweeper with this . . .

Amazing Improvement

A NEW improvement, the "Hi-Lo" Brush Control, makes the latest Bissell twice as good. This *improved* sweeper sweeps *every surface, from bare floors* to heaviest tufted rugs, with magic ease. No need now of "bearing down." Just the *slightest* pressure, or no pressure, on the handle for the average carpet or rug. Then the revolving bristles swiftly pick up every speck of dirt and lint. Once you see and try the improved Bissell, you'll want it. Ask any leading hardware, furniture or department store for a demonstration. A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50 cents more in West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Address Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The new

★BISSELL

Sweeper with

Hi-Lo Brush Control

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at Home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-537, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A. S. 1923 CHICAGO

Heavy Pictures Won't Fall

Moore Push-less Hangers

(The Hanger with the Twist)

Hold them snugly to walls

10c Pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia

Originators of the world-famous

MOORE PUSH-PINS

For Perfect Washdays!

DRIZZLY rains, blustery winds and zero weather cause absolutely no washday inconvenience to the owner of a LAMNECK LAUNDRY DRYER. Clothes are always washed, dried and ironed on the same day each week. They are always spotlessly clean, fresh and sweet-smelling

Fine linens, dainty underthings and baby's tiny garments—every single piece is gently washed, carefully rinsed and wrung, then *dried and sterilized* in

The LAMNECK LAUNDRY DRYER

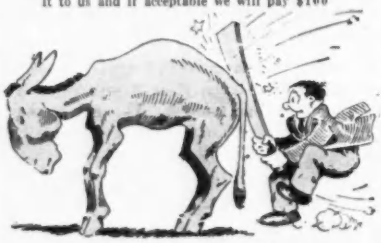
The clothes are protected from dust and soot, from whipping winds, clothes pin tears, sagging lines and frozen fibers. There is absolutely no chance of the clothes becoming scorched or discolored because a thermostat controls the drying temperature and there is a constant circulation of clean, fresh, warm air.

Your local gas company will be glad to show you the LAMNECK. Or, if you prefer, write us direct for complete information.

The W. E. Lamneck Company

441 Dublin Ave., Columbus, Ohio

This adv. suggested by Chas. R. Mougey, Columbus, O. If you have a new and original idea, send it to us and if acceptable we will pay $100



—and it is just as unsafe to use inflammable Cleaning Fluids

demand-

CARBONA

Cleaning Fluid

CANNOT BURN

CANNOT EXPLODE

absolutely safe!-

Removes Grease Spots

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

Does it Quickly and Easily

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES AT ALL DRUG STORES

Carbona Products Co., 302-304 West 26th Street, New York

The Silver Bracelet

(*Continued from page 39*)

fascination of a jade river that ran lazily beside the railroad. Sometimes it disappeared under an avenue of trees or behind a flower-covered bank, but always it came back to glide gracefully over flat, gray stones and smile enchantingly under the morning sunlight.

Hardly an hour afterward the train stopped at Andalsnes. The sleepy little town leaped into life as the grinding wheels slowed and stopped. Tall boys with their porter's caps rakishly atilt on their blond hair swarmed on the train. Allan surrendered his luggage and followed one of them down the little path that ran to the quay. The mountains closing in on the town stood like friendly sentinels warding off the grotesque Trolltinder that were seen in the distance outlined against their snow-covered peaks. There was a smell of ships and sea, the tang of salt and fresh paint, of tar and the far-away sweetness of juniper and spruce.

There was a great bustle of preparation on the little steamer, a grating of anchor chains and the swish of rope across the deck, and they were off down the fjord. Between rows and rows of mountains the little steamer went on its peaceful way, skirting the innumerable little islands that lay almost as though they were sleeping in the morning sunlight.

"On the Island there is a church . . . if you follow the worshipers on Whitsuntide morning, you will find me," Blanchefleur had whispered in Cannes a short eight days ago, and he had started on the quest, but now that he had followed her so far the thread seemed lost. To find one island—Blanchefleur's island—among all those scattered about in the fjord, seemed an insurmountable achievement.

The boat skirted around a bend, and Molde sprang into view. It was a smiling little town somewhat reminiscent of a small girl with well-combed hair and a starched pinafore, carrying a nosegay in her hand. Here, too, there was a smell of fresh tar and salt, but more enduring was the odor of millions of flowers, garden primroses and jasmine, lily bells and mignonette and roses. For gardens flourished everywhere, facing the prim little walks, tilting in terraces up the hills that ran through the town like a pattern, sloping down to the sea with demure, little, white fences to keep them from tumbling pell-mell into the blue water.

Almost the whole town had assembled at the boat landing to welcome them. There was shouting and laughter and bandying of words between the passengers crowded along the rail and the townspeople. What if the coming of the boat was an every-day occurrence, there was always an element of surprise in it, seeing the strangers debarking, greeting friends, hearing something new from Oslo.

AS the days went on, Allan found himself one with the crowd on the quay, welcoming the boats as they came into the harbor. Maybe Blanchefleur would come that way some day—Blanchefleur who had been lost to him so long. For weeks he had combed the town, searching for her in the most incredible places, sometimes in the woods where great patches of wild lilies-of-the-valley lay in smooth carpets, lighted by the sunbeams that came gliding through the thick foliage like naughty sprites; sometimes in the town itself, where every turned corner brought him face to face with the sea, sometimes down at the market place or torvet, where the peasants brought their wares—pitchers of strawberries covered with cool green leaves, baskets of cherries, eggs in painted bins, and smooth, yellow butter.

He went into the stores, where conscious little placards informed the world at large that English and German were spoken inside. But somehow he could never make them understand quite what it was he wanted. The church? Why, it was right up there on the hill. And they pointed to the spire up above the trees.

EVERY ROOM'S A STAGE

A glow of color on walls and ceilings. Mello-Gloss in pastel shades . . . the perfect background

THOSE familiar rooms in which you spend so much of your life . . . those rooms which hold so many memories, hopes and dreams . . . they are your stage, the stage on which you enact a large portion of your part in the drama of life.

What backgrounds have you provided for your rooms? Are they in harmony with the decorative schemes? Or are they dull and forbidding?

Bring color into your home. Brighten your walls and ceilings with the soft, pastel shades of Mello-Gloss.

Mello-Gloss is a washable paint made in a wealth of soft, charming shades. It dries quickly to a smooth, semi-gloss finish which does not readily catch or hold dirt. It can be cleaned easily and quickly with soap and water or with Lowe Brothers Cleaner.

Mello-Gloss is but one of the outstanding paint products prepared by Lowe Brothers. It is made primarily to do one specific thing. . . to give beautiful and lasting color to walls and ceilings . . . and it does that one thing superlatively well.

FREE BOOKLET "Color Harmony in the Home" at any Lowe Brothers dealer. Profusely illustrated in colors with valuable information on home decoration. Or mailed direct for 10 cents in stamps.

All Lowe Brothers paint products are made to meet specific requirements and there is a product for each decorative and protective need.

When you are planning the painting or decoration of your home, and now is the time to plan it, go to the Lowe Brothers dealer in your community. He will be glad to give you the Lowe Brothers Color Cards and help you select the products and the colors you should use for each particular surface. The Lowe Brothers Company, *Factories:* Dayton, Ohio, Toronto, Canada. Branches in Principal Cities.

Lowe Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

In using advertisements see page 6

HOW TO DECORATE

PORCHES, TERRACES *and* SUN ROOMS

and other rooms as well

Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations offers you expert advice and really usable ideas in its folios. You can easily adapt the Studio's suggestions to make your house a charming and livable home. Folios are fully illustrated.

☐ Porches, Terraces, and Sun Rooms. 25c
☐ Dining Rooms of Various Types for House and Apartment. 25c
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☐ Furnishing and Decorating a Five-Room Home for Two Thousand Dollars. 25c
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☐ The Principal Periods of Furniture Design Since the 12th Century. 25c
☐ Early American Living-Dining Rooms and Bedrooms. 25c

☐ **Artificial Leather Binder For Folios You Already Have** **$1.00**

Check those you want. Send stamps, check or money order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

"Viyella"

(Reg'd)

The Original Washable and Unshrinkable Flannel

"Viyella" comes in a charming selection of fast solid colors, stripes and plaids. It does not pull or stretch in sewing. It drapes beautifully to the mode and makes up smartly in whatever pattern you may select. It washes like a linen handkerchief and positively will not shrink.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Send for "Viyella" fashion sheet.

WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY, Inc
386 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Augusta TOTS-TOGS*

Best Clothes for ages 2 to 6
Washable Jersey. 100% Wool. Finest Quality.

Fast Colors
Smart Styles

SUITS
$3.00
$4.00
$5.00

Also Junior Sizes

Best Shops Everywhere

*Trademark Reg.

AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP.
171 Madison Avenue New York City

Exercise for BABIES

The Modern Theory

Exercise makes babies' tiny muscles grow strong and develop in the natural way that makes straight, sturdy little bodies. Babies love to play in this fascinating Circus Pony Shoofly, which gives them the exercise they need to be strong and healthy, and keeps them safely occupied, relieving mothers for other duties.

CIRCUS PONY SHOOFLY

Is suitable for children from six to thirty-six months old. Built to stand the usage of romping children. It has a playbox to hold small toys and under the seat is a solid foot rest. Attractively finished in ivory, red and black.

This plaything will be sent to you direct from the factory, if your local dealer cannot supply you. Delivery guaranteed. Your money back if you are not satisfied after a week's trial. Just send name and address with $5.00 ($5.50 Denver and west); or write for beautiful, illustrated catalog, free, of this and other playthings, to The Mengel Company, Toy Department, 1902 North Market Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

MENGEL *Playthings*

The Silver Bracelet

The precious days slipped by until at last it was the Tuesday before Whitsunday. Easter had come late that year, and Whitsuntide was in June. Sunday, somewhere, the people would be going to church, and Blanchefleur would be waiting—and he could not find her. He walked disconsolate through the crooked little streets he had searched so often, through the outskirts of the town where white villas sat enthroned in fragrant gardens, down the narrow, twisting path that led to the fjord.

It was all so quiet, so peaceful, that when a moment later a cannon barked a thundering salute, he almost thought the end of the world had come. But it was only a warship entering the harbor, all decked out in holiday attire with flags and bright bunting.

Confusion crowded Blanchefleur from his thoughts. Molde was on holiday. The streets echoed with laughter and voices vibrant with youth and happiness. Balconies were crowded with girls throwing bouquets down to the officers walking two and three abreast. Allan sighed as he started back to the hotel. A glance at his watch told him it was after ten. The eternal summer daylight confused him and made it seem almost as though time had ceased to exist.

THEY were dancing at the hotel when he came in, the young officers and the girls of the village. Allan stopped at the doorway for a moment, looking at them, as they whirled past, the men in full-dress uniform, resplendent with braid and decorations, the girls like flowers in their pastel summer evening frocks.

A month ago, nothing could have restrained him from joining the dancers, but then he had not met Blanchefleur and loved and lost her.

And then, when an intolerable longing for her had driven him away from the dancers out on a balcony overlooking the fjord, he saw her again. Incredible as it was, he saw Blanchefleur, and she was in the arms of a young officer.

The words of the assistant in the shop in Oslo flashed through his mind. "She was with a naval officer . . . I remember because they seemed so happy." But she was not happy now—not that that knowledge brought any special comfort, for the dark young man was kissing away the tears that ran like broken crystal beads down her cheek, and whispering little love words in a language Allan could not understand.

But in any language it is impossible not to recognize love words, little slurring sounds that kiss the very air, tender phrases embracing every caress that ever was or ever will be.

And as the man spoke, Blanchefleur's arms crept up about him, and she hid her face against his shoulder.

For an eternity Allan watched them, then he turned and walked slowly away. So it was for this he had come to Norway, for this that he had sought her.

It was hard to tear Blanchefleur's image from his heart. She had possessed him so completely. And it brought scant solace to remember that for him she had never been real but only a lovely, legendary princess who had kissed him one moonlit night and slipped away in the darkness.

He walked through the sleeping town, down the little path to the fjord. The music from the hotel drifted lazily over the water; the fragrance of the little gardens sloping to the sea pressed against him. He was in a blue world, the sky, the sea, the distant mountains; all that clear, rapturous blue that had lifted him out of himself in the beginning now closed in on him like an azure prison.

He knew that it was very late. Laughing groups were drifting from the hotel and walking down the streets. The tender was speeding to the warship lying so gray and brooding out in the harbor.

A girl brushed past him, sobbing a little as she ran, her feet swift and unfaltering on the

Study this

CHARMING DINING ROOM ARRANGED BY MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

Number Four of a Series of Room Interiors by America's Foremost Decorators

AND FEATURING THE NEW KNICKERBOCKER SUITE ON DISPLAY DURING MAY BY LEADING FURNITURE STORES EVERYWHERE

THE dining room illustrated above was created by the Decorative staff of Marshall Field & Company to illustrate what can be achieved, at very moderate cost, if care and taste are used in the selection and arrangement of your furniture and furnishings.

The Knickerbocker suite, by Berkey & Gay, for which the room was designed, will be on special display during May in leading furniture stores throughout America.

This charming suite is an authentic modern interpretation of the famous Duncan Phyfe style, so highly popular today, as in years gone by, for its graceful simplicity of line and Colonial refinement of detail.

The beauty and value of the Knickerbocker are further heightened by the harmonious contrasting of hand-matched woods and the many commodious drawers and compartments for linen, silver, china and glassware. Typical, indeed, is the Knickerbocker suite of Berkey & Gay craftsmanship.

Inspect it, together with many other advanced Berkey & Gay creations, at your leading furniture dealer's—during MAY. And watch his newspaper advertising for further announcements.

DETAILS OF THE MARSHALL FIELD ROOM

For the Knickerbocker suite, Marshall Field & Company have designed this exquisitely simple and appropriate setting, with woodwork, panelled walls and ceiling in old white; oak finished floor in medium brown; and rug copied from a sixteenth century palace carpet. The glass curtains are ecru marquisette, with overcurtains of glazed chintz in a floral pattern of rose and soft green on an ecru background, hung from gilded wood poles with pineapple-shaped ends and held back by mirror glass holders with cord and fluffy tassels. On the sideboard is a Wedgwood Queensware bowl, embossed in Wedgwood blue on deep ivory, with two crystal candelabra and ivory candles. Over the sideboard an eighteenth century flower oil painting, with antique gold frame to blend with the rich colors of the flowers. For the table a beautiful Pointe Venice scarf with sterling silver bowl, hand-chased. Chandelier in dull gold with silk shades to match and chair coverings in green and gold frieze.

For a host of similar hints on interior decoration and furniture arrangement—including a fascinating new chapter on Modern Furniture—consult the new 1929 edition of the Berkey & Gay "Furniture Style Book," endorsed by the country's leading decorators. Send fifty cents in stamps or coin for your copy.

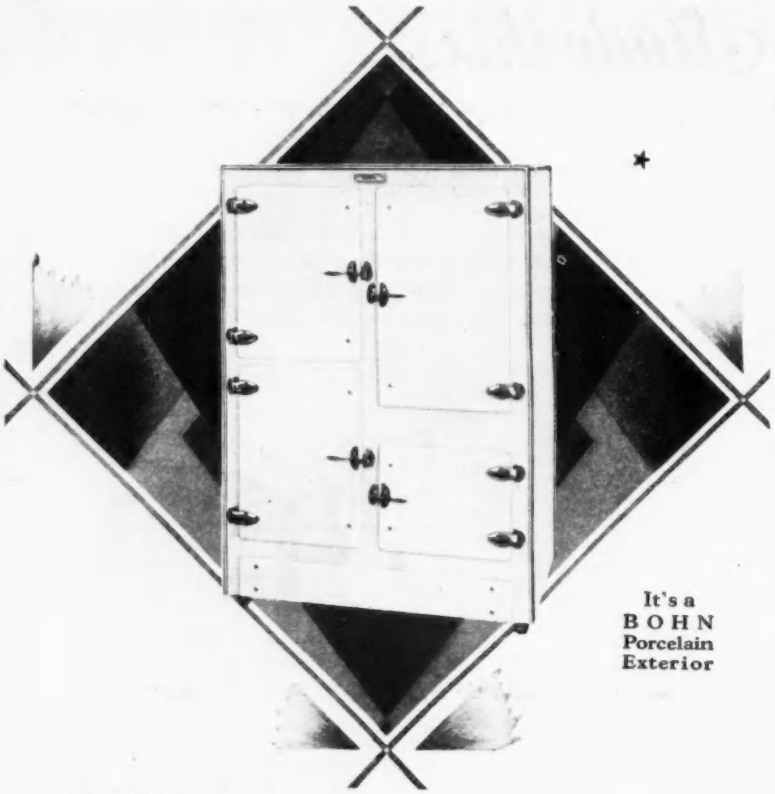
BERKEY & GAY SUITES ARE PRICED FROM $200 TO $6000

Berkey & Gay Furniture

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN:
FOUNDED 1853, NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM, 115 WEST 40th ST.

Furniture's Proudest Coat-of-Arms: Inside every Berkey & Gay piece—your protection when buying—your pride ever after.

In using advertisements see page 6



Install the electric unit of your choice in a BOHN *refrigerator.*

IT took thousands of hours of consideration and experiment to achieve the unrivaled sweetness which greets the eye today when one opens the doors of a BOHN pure white porcelain-lined refrigerator. And what refreshes the mind reacts pleasantly on the appetite.

Then it dawned on the minds of the makers that it was hardly fair to require people to open a door to be refreshed. Why not provide a definite feeling of security about food preservation by having refrigerators white as the driven snow, *within* and *without*?

This desire to guarantee the health and happiness of mankind and at the same time please the eye with an attractive article of furniture, culminated in the creation of the scientific, pure white BOHN porcelain enamel refrigerator.

BOHN *is the world's largest manufacturer of all-porcelain refrigerators.*

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May 1929 Good Housekeeping

The Silver Bracelet

uncertain rocky ground. She had passed him before he realized it was Blanchefleur.

All his hurt, his resentment, was gone now. Blanchefleur was unhappy. She needed him.

He called to her, but his voice was lost in the babble of singing and shouting of the homegoing merrymakers up on the street. His feet, unsteady where hers had been so sure, followed along the rocky beach.

When he saw her again, she was rowing away from the quay, her slim arms belying their frailty with the sureness of her stroke as she pulled at the oars.

He remembered a boat he had seen pulled into a little cove around the bend of the fjord, and in a few moments he had launched it and was on his way after Blanchefleur. She was far out on the fjord now, her white boat gliding as gracefully as a huge swan, and in spite of the training he had received at the oars in college it was all he could do to keep her sighted.

There were obstacles. His boat leaked, and he had to bail it out with the rusty can that lay under the seat, and the oars slipped in their crude, hemp locks. His straining muscles told him of the distance he had rowed, and he wondered at Blanchefleur always so far in the lead.

Sometimes he lost sight of her when her boat disappeared around one of the islands dotting the fjord, and when he saw her again his heart quickened and his arms lost their fatigue.

At last Blanchefleur rowed toward a large island in the middle of the fjord. As her boat touched the little pebbly beach, she jumped ashore, pulling the boat after her, and ran up a little path leading through the pines.

Allan followed, but she was nowhere to be seen. He called her name softly, but there was no answer. A death-like silence hung about the island, and his steps on the steep, little path echoed startlingly in the stillness.

SUDDENLY he stopped. In front of him loomed a stone church so old that it was beginning to decay, and back of it was a low, rambling building. There was no sign of life anywhere. An old church yard with its crumbling stones surrounded the house like a garden—a garden whose flowers had been choked by weeds long ago.

In the eerie blue light the whole island looked unreal, and when Allan looked beyond it he saw the Trolltinder in the distance, casting their sinister shadow over it all. Molde seemed far away, with its friendly little houses and fragrant gardens, its smiling blue hills so tranquilly apart from the fearful grandeur of the fairy crags.

Over it all brooded the silence, a silence so menacing that it could almost be heard. It didn't seem possible anything human could live in so demoniacal a place.

But there was Blanchefleur. He had seen her disappear almost before his eyes. Was she, too, unreal—a phantom of some lovely girl who had lived centuries ago? In the shadow of the terrible Trolltinder anything could be true.

And then a cock crowed, and the unreal island became real. He heard the familiar sounds of domestic animals waking—birds sang in the trees above him, and the sun rose out of the Trolltinder in a glorious burst of amethyst and rose. Everything was bathed in warm yellow sunlight, and he saw that the island was beautiful.

A girl came out of the house, dressed in rough homespun, her feet in cumbersome wooden shoes clanking against the stone path. As Allan walked toward her, she turned.

It was Blanchefleur. With a little cry she ran to him. His arms closed around her.

"You have come," she whispered. "Dear Prince Charming, you did not fail me."

With a little cry she lifted his hand to her lips and kissed the bracelet.

"I knew you would bring him to me." She laughed, but tears still clouded her eyes.

"The bracelet helped, but it was more than that, Blanchefleur. I came to you with

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the instinct of a homing bird," he whispered.

The girl trembled. "Soon it will be Whitsunday, and I was afraid you would not come. Yesterday I went to the church. No one was there, and I knelt before the altar and prayed that God should guide your feet. You see, on Sunday I am to be betrothed, and I am afraid —afraid."

"But you can't marry some one else, loving me." Allan's eyes searched hers frantically. "And you do love me, Blanchefleur—you do!"

"With all my heart," she said simply. "But it can not be. I am to marry Carl Helm from across the fjord. Yesterday, after I had prayed, it seemed that God had answered me. A letter came from my brother telling me he was in Molde, and yesterday, after every one was asleep, I rowed down the fjord to meet him. He wanted me to go away, when I told him about you, and wait for you somewhere far away from the Troll castle. But I had promised my father, and I could not go against his word."

"But, Blanchefleur, you love me," Allan protested, his eyes staring into space over the fertile little island, over the fjord and the kindly blue hills to the Trolltinder in the distance.

"It is because I love you that I can not do anything dishonorable, and deceiving my father would be dishonorable."

Allan's arms tightened about her.

"I HOPED my bracelet would find a way out for us," Blanchefleur went on softly. "It is a love charm, and once during every century it has served a Blanchefleur ever since my ancestors, the first of us to be known by that name, gave it to Ivar, the young Jarl, as a hostage for her lover. Would you like me to tell you about her?"

"Was she as beautiful as you, that first Blanchefleur?" Allan whispered into her hair.

"They called her the White Flower of Brittany," Blanchefleur answered him with a kiss, "and she was affianced to a nobleman's son. A Viking ship raided the coast of France, and Blanchefleur and her betrothed were among the prisoners taken by them to a castle on the shore. Her lover killed the son of the Viking chief and was sentenced to die.

"Ivar Jarl, who was second in command, fell madly in love with her when she knelt before the old chief pleading for her betrothed.

" 'Life would be intolerable if he should die,' she entreated."

Blanchefleur's hand trembled in Allan's and her eyes looked into his. In her ancestress' words she was telling of her own love, her own hopelessness. When she spoke again, her voice was hushed with tenderness.

"It was then that Ivar Jarl stepped down from his place beside the Chieftain and stood beside the weeping girl.

" 'Life would be intolerable knowing you will never love me,' he whispered, and turning to the Chieftain he said in a ringing voice that could be heard from one end of the hall to the other, 'Let me die in her lover's stead, but first grant me one kiss from her that I may carry it with me to Valhalla.'

"My ancestress paled and looked at her lover, who was smiling now that life had come back to him.

" 'Blanchefleur, you can save me, and a kiss lasts but a moment,' he begged her."

"The cad!" Allan interrupted angrily. "I would die a thousand deaths rather than see you in another man's arms. Even though I know now it was your brother you kissed last night, my—"

"Dearest Silly," Blanchefleur sighed, "he kissed me because I was weeping for you. My love for you was running down my cheeks in great tears, and he kissed them away. Ivar is such a dear. I adore him, but not as I adore you, beloved."

"Your brother, Ivar," Allan said. "Then Blanchefleur of Brittany did not marry her betrothed after all?"

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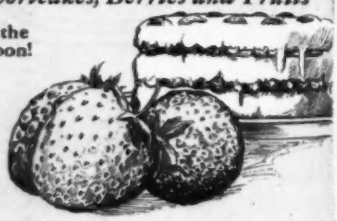

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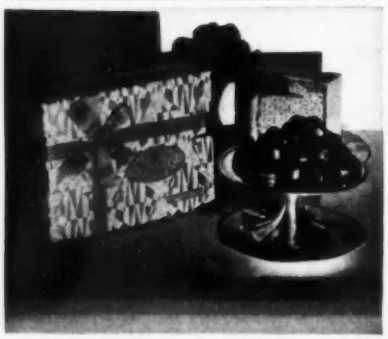

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"No," Blanchefleur went on. "When my ancestress waited trembling for her enemy's lips to violate hers, Ivar came closer and knelt at her feet.

" 'Fair lady, your cheeks blanch and your eyes widen in terror,' he whispered. Then he lifted the jeweled hem of her gown to his lips and kissed it. 'You have given me your kiss, and now I go to Valhalla,' he cried.

"But the ways of love are strange. My ancestress, who had waited in terror for the kiss of the marauder, now threw herself into his arms and pressed her lips to his in a wild ecstasy.

" 'I love you,' she cried. 'When you die, my love goes with you.' And she tore her bracelet from her arm and placed it about his wrist. 'When we meet in Heaven, you will give it back to me,' she whispered.

"Then the Viking chief rose. 'Ivar Jarl,' he commanded, 'you are my son, now that he who was born of my heart's blood is slain. Blanchefleur of Brittany, you are worthy to be a Viking's bride and the mother of tall young sons who shall sail the seas forevermore, and of daughters who will enrich Norway's soil when their fair hands touch it. And as for the Breton traitor, let him go. He is unworthy of death by a Viking's sword. I have spoken.'

"And so," Blanchefleur smiled up at Allan, "Ivar Jarl brought his bride to this very island, and they lived happily forever after."

"As happily as we shall." Allan lifted her chin so that her eyes looked straight into his.

"But you forget." The laughter died from Blanchefleur's face. "I am bewitched."

Her eyes brooded on the Troll peaks far in the distance. "Ever since I was a little girl, I have known what life held for me—and if I went against the prophecy of the old Viking, the Trolltinder would crush me."

"But you can't sacrifice yourself for an old superstition," Allan remonstrated. "And how can they harm you? They are only a heap of ugly, gray stones carved by nature into fantastic shapes to frighten little sillies like you, beloved."

The girl's eyes widened. "But you don't realize what you are saying. The Trolltinder are Soria Moria Castle itself, the stronghold of the Trolls."

"Shall I scale them and slay the sleeping Trolls on the top?" Allan teased.

But there was something in his voice that told the girl he was more in earnest than he pretended.

"It would not help," she answered softly. "It has been written in the stars, since that day in Brittany, that I be given to the soil to pay for that first Blanchefleur's happiness. And Carl Helm is the master of many broad acres."

"Blanchefleur, why didn't you tell me before?" Allan laughed, stooping to kiss the tears from the girl's troubled eyes. "I thought it was a real spell you were talking about."

SHE turned away as a man and woman walked toward them. The man, tall and slim, was like an inhabitant of another world in the long, white tunic richly embroidered in silver and amethyst. His feet were encased in pointed, silver slippers, while his hands incongruously grasped a debonair malacca cane such as dandies carry on any of the Paris boulevards.

Allan's startled eyes fled from him to the woman at his side, and he smiled when he saw the reassuring marcel in her hair. In her trim tweeds she was as much at variance with her escort in dress as in appearance. Plump where he was slim, short to his tallness, her eyes sparkled with suppressed mirth, while his were as brooding as the Trolltinder themselves. They were talking together rather heatedly, and at last the man frowned and walked away. But his wife remained unruffled as she approached, smiling.

"Good day," she said in a voice as crisp as the morning. "My husband wants to know

"Ah Madame— for your supper tonight *my Chicken a la King!*

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who you are and what you wish of our daughter?"

"I wish to marry her," Allan said simply.

There was something about the older woman's cheery friendliness that made him glad from the bottom of his heart that she was Blanchefleur's mother.

"What fun!" Mrs. Lynd's gray-green eyes crinkled with amusement as she looked after her disappearing husband. "My husband will be quite furious," she said calmly.

"You see, he is a writer of fairy-tales—whimsical fairy-tales that grown people as well as children adore. But they bore me. It is so difficult living with a whimsical man. I hope you are not whimsical?" she interrogated.

"On the contrary." Allan laughed.

"Good!" Mrs. Lynd's small head nodded approvingly. "But now I must tell you that Blanchefleur has been promised to a wealthy young farmer from across the fjord. His farm is the finest in this part of the country, and her father is determined that she shall rule over its fertile acres. I myself do not approve. Carl Helm is a dumb clod."

Blanchefleur wept softly, and her mother took her in her arms.

"My poor baby," she whispered. "Had I known the consequences of christening you Blanchefleur, I should have called you Katrina."

SHE looked over the girl's bowed head to Allan.

"I know nothing of you, and yet I like you," she said. "There is something in your eyes that is courageous and true. My daughter has told me of you, and yet how can I be certain you really love each other? Moonlight and youth and the Riviera have turned heads before this."

Blanchefleur looked up and smiled into Allan's eyes, and the boy returned her smile.

"We love each other," he said simply. "I knew it as soon as I saw Blanchefleur. I had been waiting for her all my life."

"It is sweet to be young and in love," Mrs. Lynd sighed. "But it is impossible. You see it is my husband's boast that he has married his sons to the sea and betrothed his daughter to the land. It has been so written, he insists, since the day a Viking chief predicted it of the children of the first Blanchefleur.

"Since she was a baby her father has reared Blanchefleur on fairy-tales. So," she shrugged, "what chance had a practical woman like myself against him? Only in one thing have I triumphed. My children have been reared here in medieval fashion, and only on Whitsunday, the one day in the year when the church is open for services, does the world visit us. But my father left me a little heritage, and with that I insisted Blanchefleur should visit the outside world and see life as it really is. This year I made a wise choice in Cannes because she met you there. And I like you."

She smiled, and Allan warmed toward her.

"My sons are all at sea. They hate it. Each one of them had set his heart on another career, but it was whimsical to conform with the old legend.

"Blanchefleur was given to the soil, and since her childhood I have had to stand by and see her do work a serving maid would scorn, so that her father could coin pretty phrases to delight his public. And now he is marrying her to a peasant. My child is to be sacrificed as though heathen gods still ruled the earth."

She stopped as her husband approached. The lord of the island walked slowly, with bent head, until he stood before them, then with a sudden gesture he flung out his arms. It brought the Troll peaks unbelievably close.

"Who are you and what do you wish?" he asked.

"My name is Allan Craig," the boy said calmly. "And I love your daughter."

"But my daughter is already betrothed." The lord of the island met Allan's eyes with an unflinching gaze. "She will be married to

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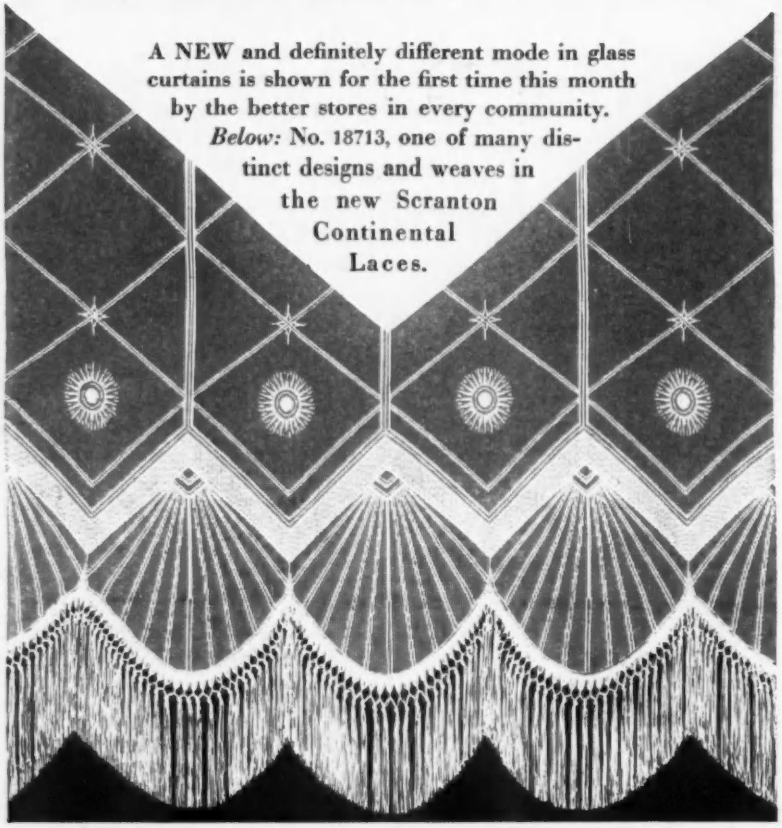

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The Silver Bracelet

Norway's soil. The stars have written it, and so it will be."

"But don't you understand?" Allan said softly. "If Blanchefleur marries me, she will make the flowers grow in my heart. And it is a greater thing to make flowers bloom in a man's heart than to call them forth from the earth."

Mrs. Lynd touched her husband's arm. Her eyes were shining.

"They are so happy," she pleaded. "Do you remember, Sverre, once there were two others who found the flowers in each other's hearts?"

Her husband looked resolutely away. "My boy," his voice was suddenly kind, "if you had been brought up in a country like Norway you would understand. A country of stone and mountains where pasture land is at such a premium that the cattle are turned out to graze on the mountain tops. Carl Helm's farm is a fertile green oasis in a countryside of rocky land. It is not that I am giving Blanchefleur to the owner of those many acres. I am giving her to the soil itself."

His eyes glowed. For the moment he was lifted out of himself into his own imaginative world, and the others almost ceased to exist.

"Blanchefleur will be married to Norway itself. She will till the soil, and from it will come manna for a barren country—the finest clover for the kine—green vegetables for poor peasants who live now on turnips and potatoes—there will be plenty for man and beast alike. But you who come from a land of plenty can not understand how we feel on such matters. In your country there is farm land for whoever will take it. We are less fortunate."

Allan held out his hand, and the older man took it.

"Maybe I do understand—more than you know," Allan said quietly. "And now I shall have to be on my way."

Blanchefleur wept softly, as he turned to her.

"But I am coming back." Allan lifted her hand to his lips. "Blanchefleur—beloved—it will be goodby only until Whitsunday."

THE peasants were coming to church, and the lord and lady of the island welcomed them, as they stood outside the massive, carved door with the gentle, old minister who had come from his own parish across the water. A little apart from them waited Blanchefleur, and never had she looked lovelier. In her slim, white gown of another day she might have been that first Blanchefleur of Brittany. Her eyes, luminous with unshed tears, stared down at the fjord and beyond the fjord to the distant mountains.

"He has promised, and he will come." She said that to herself over and over again, and it gave her courage.

The peasants gathered about in little groups were whispering together, and once the girl heard the name of Carl Helm mentioned. There was a suppressed excitement about them—that same electric tension that warns a calm summer day of an approaching thunder-storm. The whispering stopped suddenly. Carl Helm was strolling stolidly up the path.

Dressed in new, shiny broadcloth, a massive gold watchchain stretched across his embroidered silk vest, Carl Helm's wide, complacent smile gave way to embarrassment when he stood before Blanchefleur.

She tried to smile a welcome, but her lips quivered, and she held out her hand to him instead. He took it awkwardly. Her calm loveliness awed him, and he felt strangely embarrassed before her—he, Carl Helm, who was such a devil of a fellow with the girls across the fjord.

He smiled almost with relief when her father came between them.

"You are late, Carl. The Pastor has been waiting for you."

Helm fingered his watchchain impressively. "I have news for you." His voice struggled between importance and the old awe for the lord of the island. "I am a rich man now."

When Spring Looks in . . .

Spring, peeping in through your windows, will reveal many things that winter, perhaps, has hidden.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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The Silver Bracelet

His smile widened. "Your daughter will not live on a farm like a peasant woman. I can buy a house in the town—a store—maybe even an automobile!"

"What do you mean?" The girl's father paled. There was a note almost of fear in his voice.

"I have sold my farm!" Carl Helm's triumph burst from him in a mighty shout. "Don't you see? I'm not a peasant any longer. I can go to the city, and your daughter will be a great lady—a shopkeeper's wife. Imagine that!"

He strutted like a peacock and smiled expansively at Blanchefleur.

"Blanchefleur will not marry you." Her father's voice was curiously calm. Only his eyes betrayed his anger. "Imbecile, did you think it was to you I was giving her?"

Helm quailed before his wrath. "How could I refuse such an offer?" He was stammering now, all his bravado gone. "The young American was such a fool with his money. He gave me three times what the land was worth—and all in gold."

"The young American!" Blanchefleur echoed, her eyes shining.

She laughed, and then, because she was so happy, she cried a little, too.

And as she waited breathlessly, Allan came up the steep little path from the fjord, and when he held out his arms to her the bracelet on his wrist flashed in the sunlight.

Carl Helm looked on as Allan caught Blanchefleur in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. Understanding came to him slowly, painfully. The neighboring peasants who had been so envious of his good fortune laughed, and he stared sullenly back at them. Then, squaring his shoulders, he swaggered away.

"At any rate I have the gold," he consoled himself. "And there are laughing girls across the fjord."

Mrs. Lynd grasped Allan's hand.

"You wise young Americans, you can conquer even our trolls and our silly charms. My blessing goes with you."

Visions came back to the eyes of her husband. Again he was closed in his own kingdom of dreams. He saw the farm across the fjord and the tall young man and Blanchefleur, and because they loved each other they were happy. He knew then that he was happy, too.

"I fought you with words," a slow smile gave them his blessing. "But words are weak against the steel of a man's love. I wish you happiness."

He stretched out his hand, and Allan grasped it. Then Blanchefleur was in his arms. Blanchefleur's tears were on his cheeks, and her lips were so close that he could feel her breath breaking in jerky, little sobs.

The church bells rang, and the sun shone, and the peasants followed the lord and lady of the island into the old church. The Trolltinder seemed to recede in the distance, and the girl and the man, close in each other's arms, did not stir.

A Garden Beautiful at All Seasons

(*Continued from page 65*)

a combination I noticed in an English cottage garden. Shasta daisies, blossoming through the summer, are also lovely beside the tall poppies, and a valuable addition to the perennial border.

Sweet peas are effective in such a planting—a new idea to me, noticed first in the beautiful perennial border at Canterbury, England, and later in many English gardens. They are developed in an original way—five or six plants only, set some inches apart around a not-too-spreading brush, and having plenty of room and support, grow very tall and branch abundantly, producing the effect of an ornamental blossoming shrub. Lavender and white are the colors most used. Set these clumps at regular

A Garden Beautiful at All Seasons

intervals; I am sure that you will be delighted with the result. If faded sprigs are kept clipped, all-season bloom is obtained.

Foxgloves (digitalis)—blooming in early summer—are one of the most effective inclusions of the perennial border or of any garden. Their tall, spectacular spires, preferably white, are beautiful, especially against a green background. Giant Shirley is the finest variety. Clip out the central stalk when shabby, to improve laterals. Hollyhocks (summer-blooming) are also splendid background plants. Sensation, a gorgeous salmon-pink, is a new favorite. Spray with Bordeaux as a preventive against rust when leaves first appear.

Anchusa—brilliant blue, blooming the entire season—fits well into the perennial border, as it is grateful and more luxuriant for support; prune when shabby. Monkshood (aconitum)—late June—is another fine blue summer flower; select the variegated blue and white. Artemisia lactiflora is a splendid hardy border plant, blossoming in fall, valuable because both foliage and tall, branching sprays of delicate, white flowers are lovely. The foliage value of plants should always be considered, as often luxuriant green is as beautiful an inclusion in the garden as color and is especially important in midsummer.

Hardy asters (Michaelmas daisies), fall-blooming, are set according to their height. All are lovely. Novae Anglae—tallest—with its brilliant masses of lavender blossoms, is among the glories of the late garden. Little Boy Blue is a charming new variety.

Masses of phlox of carefully selected colors fill the summer and early fall borders and gardens with masses of glowing color, and are the dependence at this time; set them freely.

A few good peonies are gorgeous in June, and their foliage is lovely at all times. Speciosum lilies, planted among them, bloom later, and gain additional beauty from the peony foliage.

Among lower perennials are pyrethrums, Oriental poppies (select the salmon-pink and white), lupin, bee balm (monyda), veronica, the various beautiful campanulas.

Although, as a rule, short-season varieties should be avoided in the perennial border, occasional clumps of iris should be included, both on account of the beauty of the blossoms, and the all-season value of the sword-like foliage.

Edge this sort of planting carefully with low-growing, effective plants supplying masses of color; golden alyssum (saxatile compactum), the spring phloxes, perennial candytuft (iberis sempervirens), catmint (nepeta), various pinks, cerastium, violas, primroses. Statice (sea lavender) and geum should be set freely in both border and garden, to soften and beautify the general effect. Annuals—of which more anon—must be liberally included in any planting, to enrich and glorify the whole.

Bulbs, set as edging color, and in clumps among the slower-growing perennials, are essential to the early-season beauty of any garden or border. Crocuses are especially lovely allowed to scallop into the grass, and tulips as delicate edges or in irregular groupings in beds of later blooming perennials.

If one's Garden Beautiful at All Seasons is a formally planned and planted space instead of an all-season hardy border, more room may be given to different varieties, and color and beauty secured by masses of separate bloom and congenial combinations of limited varieties rather than by unbroken stretches of varicolors and diverse planting.

A Simple Plan

Often all-season beauty may be secured by a simple plan and methods. I have in mind a small garden that is always lovely; the planting and design are of the simplest. A round bed of clipped English ivy surrounding a tall bird bath centers a square composed of four corner beds, with paths around and between all; a rather narrow perennial border incloses the whole.

Just think what you could do with first award *in the* O-Cedar $5,000 *Cash Contest*

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Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. A-5, O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

Put name and address at top of each sheet. Write only on one side of sheet.

In case of tie for any award full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date—but prize money will be mailed winners as soon as judges make decisions.

* * *

Judges are Katharine A. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of *Modern Priscilla*, and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of *Woman's World*. Their decision will be final.

THINK of what your letter on "Why Housewives Should Use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish" might bring to you. 381 lucky women will get $5,000—most of them women who never entered a contest of this sort before. Be one of them. Write your letter now. The time is short. May 31st is the last day.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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A Garden Beautiful at All Seasons

The four beds, effectively planted each year with tulips in simple color combinations, are later on filled with seedlings of all-season annuals—one variety in each bed. There is never a time when the little garden is not wholly beautiful.

One season's planting of the different beds was as follows: verbena (var. Mayflower); ageratum (var. Blue Perfection), edged with alyssum White Fleece; phlox Drummondi, mixed, edged with Isabellina (very light coffee-color—perfectly lovely); petunia (var. Dwarf Violet), edged with petunia White Pearl. The border was composed of rather low-growing perennials edged with alternate myosotis (forgetmenot) and semperflorens begonia (var. Coral Gem)—both all-season bloomers—if the former is kept clipped. I should like to suggest one inclusion of this border which I consider altogether lovely—Eupatorium coelestinum, a delicate shrubby perennial two feet high, with exquisite feathery sky-blue blossoms.

The two pictures on pages 64 and 65 illustrating all-season general planting are of a garden in Old Concord, Massachusetts, belonging to Mrs. Russell Robb, which is especially successful in this respect. One picture was taken in late August and the second in tulip time—both of the same part of the garden.

First to appear in this spring garden—and in any planned for all-season beauty—are the early-flowering spring bulbs: snowdrops, crocus, scillas, chionodoxas, muscari (grape hyacinth) the varied and wonderful family of the narcissi (always including the poeticus), and the dwarf and intermediate irises. I should like to suggest, for fall beauty, some of the autumn-flowering species of crocus, not so well known, but lovely. The "Giants" are most effective for spring planting. The Spring Snowflake (leucojum), resembling large, green-tipped snowdrops, is a charming addition. All of these, in as large numbers as possible, are ornamentally planted in the front of the perennial border, and outlining or deeply edging the beds in the formal garden.

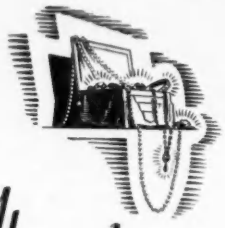
These are followed and accompanied with the low-growing spring-flowering perennials: alyssum saxatile, iberis, Iceland poppies, spring phloxes, violets, and the like. The Iceland poppies I consider invaluable, as one of the earliest—as well as loveliest—flowers to appear, and blooming sparsely all summer. The various primula and dianthus (pinks) are all beautiful; and polymonium (Jacob's ladder) is a must-have. Cerastium supplies snowy masses of bloom, and the charming dwarf iris pumila makes lovely edges and sheets of color.

Spring-flowering shrubs are set in the borders and are necessary to the beauty of the perfect garden.

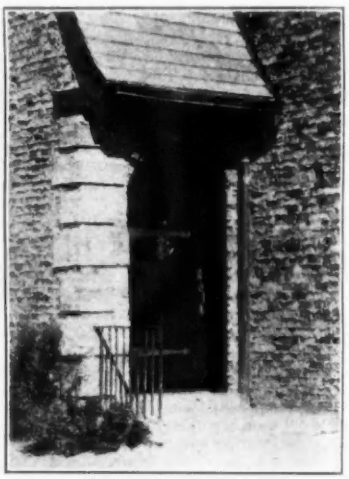
In Springtime

The beautiful Darwin tulips—an ornament in any garden—are here featured extensively, delicately planted in groups. Iris is set at intervals, a little of each variety. Peonies are somewhat specialized, although grown extensively in another part of the garden, their rich, strong green making for all-season beauty. Their colors, like those of the tulips, are carefully chosen with regard to harmonious combination—many soft pinks and lavenders among the tulips, and whites and rose among the peonies. Iris Florentina, the earliest German iris, pearl white and royal purple, is among the effective early blooms.

Columbine—especially the enchanting long-spurred—is grown abundantly, producing a peculiarly delicate and springlike effect. Early ranunculus, pyrethrums, lupins, Oriental poppies, phlox divaricata (one of the loveliest of spring flowers), are among the early varieties seen in this successfully planted all-season garden. Rose-covered arbors and flowering trees—old appletrees, ancient inhabitants of the hillside and highly valued, with pink and white dogwood—add to the spring charm.



It adorns the door like Jewelry



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With all its charm and unusualness, McKinney Forged Iron Hardware is surprisingly reasonable in price. It is available in so many designs and in such a variety of pieces, practically any home, however modest or pretentious, can be completely outfitted. Builders' Hardware Merchants have it on display. Remember, it is rust-proofed and will last indefinitely. *McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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The picture on page 64 shows the same garden in late summer, when the beautiful hardy phloxes hold the center of the stage. Observe how cleverly the summer perennials and the annuals are planted in reference to taking the place of the spring show.

White phlox (var. F. G. von Lassburg) is largely stressed, plenty of white always being necessary to the garden beautiful. Miss Lingard, a beautiful and showy early-blooming white, is also used. Lavenders and light pinks, with brilliant salmons and cherries, are effective additions. Note the all-season value of the green of the iris-spires.

Balloon flower (platycodon), heuchera with its showers of coral bells, shasta daisies, are in evidence, and the lower Michaelmas daisies and the purple and yellow rudbeckias are now in bloom. In other parts of the garden dahlias, the glorious yellows of the various fall perennials—helianthus, helenium, heliopsis, etc.—proclaim the beginning of the splendid fall show. The later purple, lavender, and white hardy asters are used here, as in the all-season perennial border.

Annuals Are Valuable Assets

Annuals are not only valuable, but absolutely necessary, to the beauty of the all-season garden, and a full seedbed of well-selected varieties is a mine of wealth to the successful gardener. They are at their best when many perennials are gone or getting shabby.

They are of especial value in three ways: as fillers among perennials at any time; as edging plants; or massed, in beds. We also use them to beautify our vegetable garden—but that is another story!

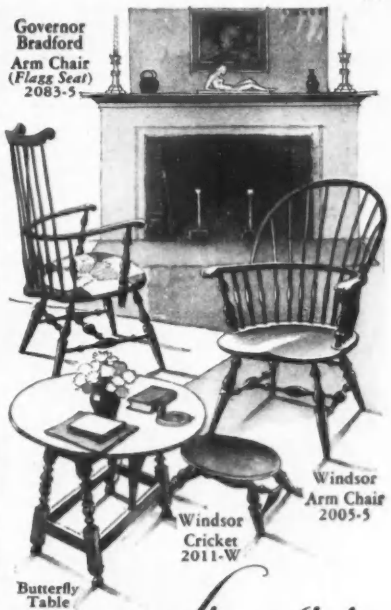
In a garden of formal design, good edging annuals are alyssum (White Fleece), ageratum (Little Blue Star), myosotis, violas (biennial)—much used in England and France, lobelia (Azure Blue). Border plants—those growing stiffly and regularly—for paths and larger beds, are zinnias, dwarf marigolds, single asters, balsams. The brilliant dwarf zinnias are also lovely.

For bedding annuals, inclosed in box-bordered beds, are phlox Drummondi, verbenas, eschscholtzia, calendula, mignonette with brilliant border. At Kew Gardens, England, I saw a foot-wide border of mixed verbenas which, strange to say, was most effective. Versailles furnished me with a modernistic color combination of brilliant, salmon-red tubrous begonias bordered with deep blue ageratum; the effect was gorgeous—as was also a broad all-color border of dark salmon nasturtiums at the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. Both these features would furnish all-season bloom and beauty and were most effective.

Poppies, of all sorts and varieties, are beautiful everywhere. For massed corners and backgrounds, cosmos (also lovely as a filler), the exquisite Stella sunflower (shades of light primrose to orange, black centers), seedling dahlias, are among the best all-season annuals. Naturally there are many other worthy varieties under all these heads.

I should like to suggest, as especially lovely in the garden and for picking, the exquisite Laceflower (didiscus), the new double and also the crested cosmos (much used in the pictured garden), mixed eschscholtzia—white, cream, ruby, yellows—the enchanting single aster of every imaginable shade, the double annual larkspur, and last a dwarf convolvulus—pink, white, blues, and striped—seen first at Sutton's, England, which blooms luxuriantly and most exquisitely until hard frosts. This makes an effective long border if kept in bounds and if space is abundant.

Potted plants are much used in French and English gardens to add color and beauty during the sparse season, and I have noticed their increasing use in our American gardens. In France the pots are often painted in gay colors—usually bright blue, adding to the brilliant effect. Marguerites are favorites for this use, and luxuriantly flowering, snowy specimens of this lovely daisy are effective in gay, blue pots. Pink ivy geranium is generally used, however,



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HOOD

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RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS · RUBBER FLOOR TILING

A Garden Beautiful at All Seasons

and nothing is lovelier. Pots of bright-flowering plants at either end of wide steps leading to a garden, or well placed at entrance paths or with reference to garden features, are attractive additions, and often a valuable color aid at a time of sparse bloom.

As a last suggestion, if a time comes when one's own garden seems destitute of color, and one is perplexed to supply the deficiency, it is an excellent idea to visit a garden or two. Even the smallest planting may give one valuable ideas as to new inclusions, and prove a stimulus and practical help.

The Smart Bride Chooses Her Trousseau in Paris

(Continued from page 75)

since one of the smartest color combinations for spring is black with white, she is certain to want it.

Since no hat is smart unless it fits the head, and since the French know *how* to fit hats better than any other milliners, Ann should buy all her hats here. It is an opportunity not to be lost. Small hats are still the smartest for general wear, and this means less packing space required while traveling, so she could well afford to buy two for each of her ensembles. They may be of felt or felt-and-straw, and probably one of all-straw.

To complete her trousseau she should have one or two lovely afternoon frocks, one of printed chiffon and one of crêpe. She will need these for parties in the afternoon. I am being conservative about this, my dear, but if she wishes and her budget allows, she could buy several more of these individual frocks, one or two of them to be of the street type for spring.

The same is true of evening frocks. They are so classically beautiful this year, and because Ann will be entertained a great deal on her trip, she should have at least half a dozen. One in white chiffon, one in black tulle, one in printed chiffon, perhaps one in printed taffeta, one in pink chiffon, and another one in black. We shall buy the evening wrap where the gowns are made and choose the fabric and color to harmonize with all and each of her frocks.

Since Ann is not inclined to sports, we shall not bother about clothes for such activities, because she may wear either of her ensembles or a daytime frock if she attends the races or other sports events.

I have seen some heavenly tea-gowns, and Ann will exclaim with delight when I take her to one charming place where the colors are too beautiful to describe—in chiffons and lace of gossamer texture. Really, I can hardly wait, I am so eager to start the shopping tour with her. Even the thought of all the fittings she will have to endure does not diminish my enthusiasm.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention gloves. Ann should get at least a dozen pairs of washable ones while here. They are much less expensive, as you know, and are in just the right colors and of the right leathers. Shoes, she can buy in New York.

From your description, Ann's mother's wedding dress must be beautiful. The veil, too! Think of Ann, the modern girl that she is, in her mother's wedding dress and veil. It will be a lovely picture, for she is a distinguished-looking child, and old-ivory lace could have no more charming wearer than she will be on her wedding day.

So sorry I can not return to America for the wedding, but I assure you, my dear, I am simply delighted to do this for you and for her.

Lots of love,
CORNELIA

Home Again

(*Continued from page 29*)

pairs of any one species. The twelve householders of this lake colony are extremely diversified in habit, else they could not have got on together under such relatively crowded conditions.

Some are hardy birds that have remained throughout the winter or returned early in the spring. They might be spoken of as the April contingent, since all of them had set up housekeeping before the end of that month—getting an early start, in order that they might have time for second or even third broods before the season closes.

These comprised the following pairs of householders: robins in a juniper on the rocky hillslope just beyond the outlet brook; song sparrows in the brier tangle beside the juniper; starlings in a flicker's vacated hole in the big maple close by the lake; the flickers themselves in a new home burrowed in the trunk of an old apple tree close to the brook at the head of the home meadow; nuthatches in the last year's home of a downy woodpecker higher up in the same tree; and bluebirds in a birch-bark house on a pole a few yards farther down the meadow.

Housekeeping was well under way in all these homes before the other half of the colonists—the May contingent—began building. Only one of these, indeed, was as yet on the ground—the red-winged blackbird; and he prefers to delay nesting till the leaves on the elder-brush he has chosen are a little farther advanced. Meantime the other five prospective colonists are hurrying home from the tropics and will arrive on schedule time. They have far to come, for they have wintered in Guatemala, in Brazil, in Bolivia, in Ecuador; but we know that nothing short of dire disaster can prevent every one of them from returning.

The May Contingent

And now, in rapid sequence, they appear, just as May is preparing to justify its climatic reputation. As we visit the lake colony in the fulness of apple-blossom time, the newcomers are much in evidence. The militant kingbird is on his old perch at the top of the particular apple tree that has been his home for three years; the exquisite golden warbler is inspecting the willow thicket; the friendly catbird calls from the thickest brier patch; and velvet cadences of the warbling vireo greet us from the boughs of the maple, where its marvelous cradle will presently be swung.

If we are lucky, we shall catch a glimpse or two of the twelfth member of the nesting colony, a quaint little wren-like sprite with olive-green mantle, yellow throat and breast, and a distinctive black mask across his face, which haunts the thickets at the outlet, and is heard calling "*Witchety, witchety, witchety*" much oftener than he is seen. His name is Maryland yellow-throat—a strange misnomer, considering that the little chap is of a clan that flourishes not only in every state of the Union, but in Canada at the north and Mexico at the south of us, and through Central America and across most of the southern continent to Patagonia. But he is an alluring citizen, and names do not matter.

Despite his seeming elusiveness, yellow-throat is the most sociably inclined of warblers. He often comes to the edge of the shrubbery to inspect us and exchange compliments. As Felicia and I then note the seeming feebleness of his bobbing flight, we marvel that this frail little waif can make a journey of five miles, let alone a thousand.

Yet we know that he has come from Cuba at nearest, in all likelihood, or possibly from Yucatan across the Gulf. And when in imagination we picture the across-sea flight, followed by the leap-frog migration over endless successions of colonies of yellow-throats in every intervening state, with no thought of a permanent stop on the part of the voyager till he sighted Three

Best he ever tasted!

Devil's Food Cake Now quickly made the easy way

Here's the Recipe

Easy with a Gem—Hard by hand

Using beating attachment throughout, cream ½ cup butter, at first speed. Add 2 cups sugar while machine runs. Stop. Add 4 eggs, beat at 2nd speed; then 4 squares melted chocolate; 2¾ cups flour and one cup of milk added alternately while machine works at 1st speed. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon salt. Final beating. Pour into greased layer cake tins. Bake 50 minutes at temperature of 350° F.

Boiled Icing for the cake—Boil 2 cups sugar and ⅔ cup water to a thread. 238° F. Beat 2 egg whites with whip at 2nd speed. Add hot syrup slowly with Gem running at 1st speed. Add one tablespoon orange juice. Beat. Spread over cake.

YOU can now make this tempting Devil's Food cake frosted with boiled icing, quicker, easier and better, than ever before. Gem Electric Kitchen Mechanic takes all the hard work out of mixing, beating and whipping. Does it in one-third of the time it used to take by hand. Does it better, because the thorough machine mixing gives you fine texture and uniform, dependable results.

By actual test the Gem Electric Kitchen Mechanic cut the mixing time on this cake and icing recipe from 33 minutes to 12 minutes, 22 seconds. And, what is far more important, it cut the mixing labor to—nothing!

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Cake making is only one of a host of kitchen jobs that Gem Electric Kitchen Mechanic helps you with. It's like willing hands to help you. Expert hands, that know how to eliminate all the tedious efforts of beating and mixing jobs in the kitchen. Dependable hands, for with a Gem you can count on uniformly good results—every time.

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Kitchen Mechanic

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*Name*_____

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In using advertisements see page 6

It's new—the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo pad and Brillo soap. Send for it—10c.

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Grease dissolves (truly!) at the touch of Brillo. Aluminum shines. Glass glistens. Agate glitters. Wood gleams.

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A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

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Generous trial package—10c—write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap **10**

G. H. 5-29

Home Again

Brooks and the particular tangle by the lake—we are lost in wonderment.

But, of course, we know that the feat of little yellow-throat, in thus coming home, is only typical. It seems more remarkable than the similar feats of the other far-voyagers merely because most of them are apparently much stronger flyers.

In due course there were eggs, and then fledglings, in every nest. You might naturally suppose that since the owners of the nests were of twelve species, there would be offspring of the same number of species. In reality, there were thirteen. And for once the odd number justified its bad repute, for the supernumerary individual was a cowbird.

A member of that emancipated race which, like the European cuckoo, never builds a nest had deposited an egg in the cradle of the vireos, either in the absence of the owners or in defiance of their protests. And the egg had been incubated along with four legitimate ones.

As usually happens, the young of the vireos were crowded to death or shouldered out of the nest. So when the lake colony juveniles were abroad, the parent vireos tenderly sponsored a gawky, brown impostor three times their own size.

The other households of the lake colony were remarkably successful that season. The total juvenile population, about two weeks after the last nest was completed, was more than double the adult population. The smallest legitimate family was the kingbirds' three; the largest family, the flickers' scrambling brood of eight. The total infant census was fifty-one individuals.

We Help Supply Food

And so the problem of Malthus confronted the inhabitants of the lake colony—and, of course, all the other colonies of our entire coterie of householders.

But this is the annually recurring emergency that Felicia and I have long prepared to meet. At our regular window-boxes and elsewhere, we have provided food supplies especially adapted for juvenile consumption. The distraught parents flock to them with avidity.

We endeavor to provide foods furnishing all nutrition-requisites, carbohydrate, fat, and protein—the basis being milk and whole-wheat bread, fortified with cheese or eggs and finely ground meat. An unstinted supply of such food being available, the heroic task of some parents, at least, is simplified during those hectic days when each one of a family of four, five, or six offspring requires half its weight of food between dawn and dusk. We feel sure, even, that occasional households of our co-residents are thus carried safely through periods of bad weather that might otherwise prove hazardous.

But of course our offerings are at best only passable substitutes for the natural foods that must constitute the chief bulk of the young bird's diet. The insect life of lawns, gardens, and trees and shrubs must be the main quest of even the birds that frequent our food-boxes; and the exclusive quest of another large company of equally hard-pressed parents—including phoebes, least flycatchers, grosbeaks, vireos of several species, goldfinches, cedar waxwings, yellow warblers—that do not find our artificial products attractive or suited to their needs.

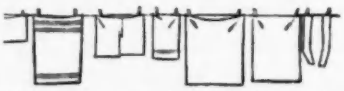
Insect life about our lawns, gardens, tangles of shrubbery, and ancient fruit trees is abundant—doubtless ten times as abundant as on any corresponding area of uncultivated land. That, no doubt, is the chief reason why so many birds colonize the dooryard and in particular cluster in such a favored locality of varied attractions as the juncture of swamp and meadow and hillside and orchard at the outlet of the lake.

But even there the natural food supplies could not hold out forever against the demands of a population that had tripled overnight, and which called for larger and larger quantities of food each successive day. What was to be done?

DIRTY
clothes yesterday—

wash-day today—

WHITE
clothes tomorrow—



MELO was used to soften the water, the hard city water, in which those clothes were washed. Without Melo, hard water combines with soap and makes scum. The scum collects dirt. The dirt gets in the fabric. And that's why clothes are gray.

Water softened with Melo is a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. Scum and sticky ring discouraged from forming. Result, whiter clothes.

As a dishwasher, Melo is remarkable. One or more tablespoonfuls cut grease, save hands, and make the dishes sparkle. Two or more tablespoonfuls in the bathtub discourage the sticky ring from forming. Melo makes soap much more effective and saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount ordinarily used.

Melo costs only 10 cents. Buy 3 cans. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water from your faucets delightfully soft and pleasant to use.

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Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

"That's how I made my reputation as a housekeeper—"

"SALLY, my dear, how do you manage to keep the place and yourself both looking so adorable? You're the most wonderful housekeeper!"

"Give all the credit to VERNAX!" laughed the dainty hostess, looking as though she never touched finger to housework.

"*Is it a beauty cream?*" asked her friend suspiciously.

"*In a way—but for furniture!* It's the best thing the wood could possibly have—works right down into the grain and feeds it."

"But then don't you have to rub and rub to polish the wood?"

"No—that's the best of it. Just go over it once with another cloth—and instantly it brings out that gorgeous lustre—

"And I'll tell you a secret. I forgot to VERNAX* that center table earlier today—and I did it half an hour ago, after I was all dressed. You see, VERNAX doesn't leave that varnishy smell on your hands any more than it leaves that varnishy look on the wood."

"What are you girls gossiping about now?" asked her husband coming up.

"A new beauty treatment," answered the guest. "One I'm planning to give my furniture—tomorrow!"

You, too, can prove the value of VERNAX, and for only 10¢. Send the coupon today for a liberal trial bottle—enough to VERNAX* your favorite piece of furniture.

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Enclosed is 10¢ Send me trial bottle of VERNAX and booklet, "The Care and Restoration of Furniture and Woods," by Arthur S. Vernay.

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Fortunately every parent knew the answer. Every moment of daylight must be utilized at high speed to feed the nestlings until their wings had sprouted, and then they were to be urged, even forced, to leave the cradles, and convoyed to some suitable feeding ground outside the colony—never to return.

Doubtless this move on the part of the parents is purely instinctive. Doubtless it makes, on the whole, for safety. Every hour in the nest is an hour of peril, for one never knows when an enemy may discover the helpless fledglings. The peril outside the nest is less, even though the callow infants run a chance of perishing from exposure—as one of the red-wing blackbird offspring did—if a storm comes inopportunely. On the whole, the early eviction of the young from their cradles doubtless makes for conservation, else racial experience would not so uniformly sanction it.

But beyond this the maneuver has another significance, of profound importance. The fledglings are led away from the natal colony at the moment when they first begin to show signs of dawning intelligence—before they are old enough to form permanent mental pictures of their surroundings. They will have no recollection of their actual birthplace.

When these youngsters, following the primal instinct, come back to the home of their childhood, to set up housekeeping for themselves, next season, they will not come into close competition with their parents. The old birds of this year will come back, if they survive, to the lake colony, but this year's juveniles will not be found there. Their nests will be built in suitable locations at various distances in any and every direction—the locations where they spent their adolescent days.

For the young red-wings, this will perhaps be an alder swamp three hundred yards up the inlet brook; for the young kingbirds, an apple tree on the hill above the studio; for the young Maryland yellow-throats, a brier patch fifty yards down the brook, at the foot of the home meadow.

A Bird Family Colonizing

By such shifts as these we have seen our catbirds extend their breeding range from the shrubbery near Altar Rock on the hilltop, to a brier tangle half-way down the hill; thence to a thicket in the lake colony; from that to a snowberry bush by the house, and on in succeeding years to the thickets by Big Brook across the way. In five years our oriole colony has spread from the house about a quarter of a mile in every direction where there were suitable trees. The red-wing blackbirds came to us by annual stages, along the brook, from a colony three miles away.

Obviously, by this process, the descendants of any pair of birds may spread in an ever-widening circle. The rate of distribution will depend on the prosperity of the species—the relation between its birth-rate and its death-rate.

Under favorable conditions the balance may be so favorable that the offspring of a single bird colony may spread across a wide territory, mile by mile, to cover—as the European starling, introduced at New York in 1890, has done—upward of a million square miles of area in a single human generation. Every bird colony—every individual nest—may be regarded as a potential center of distribution, from which, granted time enough, an entire continent might be populated.

Thus, paradoxically, the species as a whole *emigrates*, while every individual holds inexorably to the home-staying principle. That this is the only way in which birds normally extend their breeding range is a matter of fundamental significance.

When a race of birds thus emigrates, as every prosperous race must do, its breeding range widens in all directions, unless there are insuperable geographical barriers. Climatic changes are for the most part ignored, else the same species would not flourish from Florida to Alaska. But it may happen in the course of years or centuries that the northernmost col-

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In using advertisements see page 6

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It is "Lysol" time. Scrubbing the floors and woodwork with soap and water, beating the rugs and hangings—no matter how thoroughly you do it—cannot kill the germs which lurk everywhere to do their deadly work.

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It is so easy to do this, just as easy as cleaning in your usual way. Simply add a tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant to each quart of your cleaning water, and proceed exactly as you would with plain soap and water. That's all.

Get the "Lysol" habit, it is easy to form. Send for our free booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases." Keep it for constant reference. And buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Full directions come with every bottle.

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Home Again

onies find themselves unable to secure food in adequate quantity in winter.

Such colonies must shift their location southward in the autumn—that is to say, they must learn to migrate. And since the immediately contiguous territory is permanently occupied by the mother colonies, the migrants must pass beyond, till they find unoccupied feeding-grounds.

Thus the migrants may establish winter homes south of the breeding range of the species. In effect, they leap-frog over the stationary mother colonies, and leap-frog back again in the spring to their own homes in the north.

As the species spreads still farther north, new companies of migrants must make an even longer leap-frog journey, passing over both the permanent residents and the first cohort of migrants, to find a winter home still farther south. And so on with successive cohorts of new colonists, so long as the racial spread continues. Of course, there are no absolutely sharp lines of demarcation, since the breeding area has grown by steady accretion, not by leaps and bounds; but the general principle holds, as the history of numberless species shows.

The Spreading of a Species

As a tangible illustration there is an expanded coterie of fox sparrows spread along the Pacific coast, up through British Columbia and Alaska, to the end of the Alaskan Peninsula, successive colonies of which have developed such varietal peculiarities as to be mutually distinguishable, so that their migration habits can be traced.

It is found that the southernmost colony now extant, which we may think of as the mother colony, is permanently resident in the region of Vancouver Island and Puget Sound, in British Columbia and the State of Washington. The members of this colony may move down the mountains to a lower level for the winter, but they make no latitudinal migration. The first colony at the north, summering in lower Alaska, leap-frogs to the coastal region of northern California; the middle-Alaska colony makes the longer leap to central California; and the three northernmost Alaska contingents are forced to overleap all the others to find winter homes in southern California. The shortest migration is perhaps four or five hundred miles; the longest, upward of three thousand. Each coterie returns, of course, to its own home location for the summer, the territory in each case being only a few hundred miles in extent.

It is clear that each coterie of migrating birds thus establishes a winter home; and though this is never a breeding-place, yet return to it in the autumn may be considered a home-going, with a goal as precisely established (if perhaps not always so sharply localized) as the spring home-coming. And ultimately, in the history of each species, habits become so fixed by heredity that for every individual there may be said to exist only two habitable spots in the world—the region of the summer home and the region of the winter home.

In the case of a particular colony—say of black-poll warblers—one home may be in northern Alaska and the other in southern Brazil; and the birds will have no alternative but to make this stupendous journey to and fro, even though most intermediate colonies of the species have been exterminated, leaving millions of square miles of territory uninhabited—invitingly free from competition. The grip of hereditary racial law is not subject to release at option of the individual.

And so we find such frail creatures as the black-poll warbler and the gray-cheeked thrush pausing for a day or two only here in New England, and passing on to Canada, to Ungava, to Alaska, for the summer, though our woodlands might well serve as breeding ground, and we would hospitably welcome them. They could no more accept our invitation

Home Again

than they could change their colors. They feel the lure of the North—not because it *is* North, but because they were born there. Nowhere this side of the Canadian line are they at home in summer, and nowhere this side of South America in winter.

But note now an amazing phenomenon. When the gray-cheeked thrush reaches its summer home, up there at the tree limit in Labrador, it may conceivably rub bills, as it were, with a cousin called the Greenland wheatear, which has come to Ungava, via Greenland, from—Africa!

It seems incredible. Yet there this little gray and white European thrush, kin to gray-cheek, and still closer kin to our bluebird, is at home, though it spends the major part of each year in the Old World, where all other members of its immediate clan permanently reside.

Every spring this little wheatear leaves its winter home in Africa, journeys up across France and the British Isles and vaults into the air for a trans-Atlantic flight to its summer home in America. And of course it makes the return journey by the same hazardous route, accompanied by its offspring, in the autumn.

Such a history would be utterly inexplicable if we were to believe that Europe, Greenland, and Labrador have always been separated by wide stretches of water as they are today. The mile-by-mile emigration of land birds obviously can not take place except across habitable land. Even narrow water channels are known to be formidable barriers. The wheatear would not be at home in Greenland and Labrador had not its ancestors emigrated there along a trail which the bird's present migration route clearly reveals—for such is the fundamental relation between ancestral emigration and subsequent migration for every migratory bird.

So the astounding feat of the little wheatear demonstrates that the old Atlantis fable had foundations in reality, and that the many Old-World families of birds and mammals that now inhabit our continent may have come here by land from Europe. It gives plausibility to the amazing "floating continent" hypothesis of Professor Wesener, according to which the great land masses of the world were formerly one; the American continents having broken away in comparatively recent (geologic) time, and floated off, on the sea of molten rock that is believed to underlie the crust, as a ship floats from its dock.

The Birds Confirm a Theory

There are rival theories as to how the Old World creatures came to America, of course. Undoubtedly there was once land connection between Asia and our continent. We know this, if for no other reason, because two little birds, the willow warbler and the yellow wagtail, still come from Siberia to Alaska each summer to breed (where our black-poll warbler from Brazil may meet them!), and migrate back to winter in China. Many other birds may have come by the same route, as various animals, and man himself, are believed to have come. But the Alaska wheatear proves that an Atlantic route was also available—probably at a much earlier epoch.

There is, I believe, no other item of indisputable evidence for the former union of Europe and America. But the testimony of the little gray and white cousin of the bluebird is adequate and convincing.

Whether Professor Wesener has found the valid interpretation of the wheatear's revelation is a detail that must await the verdict of the geologists—to be reached only after long and ardent palaver. Meantime his thesis must be regarded by every ornithologist with sympathy at least. Its establishment would clear up, at a single coup, a thousand and one mysteries of bird history of the remote past, and of bird migration in the present.

There is one detail of the floating-continent theory, indeed, which gives it a peculiarly personal significance for every bird lover in our country. This is the suggestion that what we

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Home Again

now call the Gulf of Mexico is the distorted gap that was left when what became the Spanish Peninsula was torn away and remained attached to the European land mass, while our continent drifted westward—and drifted more rapidly than the southern continent, so that the gap widened to develop also what we call the Caribbean Sea, with the net result that there is between the two Americas a vast water barrier that did not primordially exist.

A bizarre theory, assuredly. Yet it gains a measure of plausibility from the activities of the great company of migrant birds that cross that water barrier today. These voyagers do not, indeed, tell us how the water barrier was developed, but they do demonstrate that it did not always exist. Just as cogently as the wheatear proves the former union of eastern and western hemispheres, our migrants from the Tropics prove the former land continuity of the two Americas.

No tanager or warbler or vireo or bobolink would make the flight across the Gulf or the Caribbean had not its ancestors blazed the trail by the long, slow process of emigration, across a land surface that then afforded suitable breeding and feeding habitat. If reason entered into the process, our present-day far-travelers would follow along the Mexican coast, or make the short jump from Yucatan to Cuba, or follow the Lesser Antilles, and thus minimize the hazard—if, indeed, they did not stop in our Gulf States for the winter. But their racial heritage leaves them no such choice. They have no option but to travel far and dangerously.

The Far Flyers

Of the fifty migrants that make up the breeding colonies at Three Brooks, about half the species (but by no means half the individuals) are of this company. Some of them were named as making up the May contingent of the lake colony. Among the others are several of our most highly prized associates of the dooryard, and some of the most interesting of the woodland recluses.

Of the more intimate associates are the Baltimore oriole, the humming-bird, the least flycatcher, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the barn-swallow, and the chimney swift; of wildlings, the wood pewee, the two cuckoos, the whip-poor-will, the exquisite chestnut-sided and black-throated blue warblers, the spectacular little redstart; the drab-coated, thrush-like, ground-haunting walking warblers called the Louisiana waterthrush and the ovenbird; and the charming true thrush named the veery.

The midget prairie warbler, the creeper-like black and white warbler, the acrobat chat in the second-growth woodland, the alder and great-crested flycatchers by the big brook, the glittering indigo bunting, and the modest-garbed, sweet-voiced vireos are other members of the company of our co-residents (true Yankees) whose return we await with peculiar solicitude, because we know that their home-coming involves perilous over-seas flights from the Antilles or Bahamas at least, and in most cases from the southern continent across the Caribbean or from Yucatan, over the Gulf of Mexico.

We appreciate the coming of these voyagers the more because we know that they represent only the heroic remnant of vast coteries of their congeners that once peopled our continent. Our scarlet tanager has left more than three hundred cousin-tanagers in the tropics. Our one humming-bird is the representative of five hundred humming-birds. Our kingbird, with his half-dozen allies, represents nearly four hundred flycatchers that do not venture from the land of perpetual summer.

The valley of the Amazon has upward of 3600 species of birds; the valley of the Mississippi, less than one-sixth that number. The reason for the discrepancy is not so much climatic as that the Gulf of Mexico lies between. Before that hazard developed—however the

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geologist may explain the catastrophe—there must have been many hundreds of species of birds on our continent that are now in existence only on the other side of the Gulf. All our song birds are believed to have originated in the northern hemisphere. Only a few could maintain existence here after a semi-annual journey was called for that involved an over-sea flight fully comparable in hazard (for a bird capable of only twenty-five or thirty miles an hour) to a trans-Atlantic flight for a human aviator.

Well may we wonder, then, at the dauntless courage, the amazing adaptiveness, the strength of wing, and the tireless energy of the precious band of survivors that come home to us each season in apple-blossom time. Thrice welcome are these far-travelers. Theirs is the triumph of audacity against overwhelming odds. We love them for their beauty of form and color, for their delightful personalities—and for the dangers they have passed. In our calendar it is never springtime till these compatriots are home again.

West

(Continued from page 49)

explained Jenny fiercely, "that's just exactly why."

The other interrupted with a crisp gesture. "If you are thinking of Baron Keating—*nothing can help him.* He will die, and soon. You know that. Don't be childish. Face it! Learn to face things."

That look of renunciation in Jenny's brown eyes, as if the loss were personal to her. "Oh, I know! I *have* faced it. It's why we must hurry. If only for one day—"

And something—the burning intenseness of her, the look of crusaders who saw a way and took it because it was right, although it was the hard way—held the Chief Nurse momentarily, before she swung about and got her eyes off Jenny.

"This is my busy morning." Closing the incident, gathering her papers up, pushing that troublesome money out of her way and out of her sight. "Take this stuff to the Property Custodian until the Board can decide the proper use for it." And got her mind back on her work; Jenny was something you had to forget.

Before this icy disapproval Jenny's personal conflagration died out. She was always hoping . . . She could like the Chief Nurse if she had a chance.

Jenny turned and walked out. But if the older woman had listened she would have heard a martial ring to Jenny's steps, as one who marches *but with the roll of drums* to a place against a wall at sunrise.

Once a week the Shopping Lady came to the hospital to distribute purchases and take orders. Today Jenny cornered her. There was much subdued discussion and breathless whispering and excited planning. The Shopping Lady went away with a secretive gleam in her eye and a heavy envelope in her pocket. And Jenny went back to her ward, her small face strangely and brilliantly serene, her eyes seeing visions.

ALL this died out later when word came that Jenny was to report at Dr. Huffy's office. The Chief Nurse had told. They had discovered that the money hadn't been turned in at the office. They were going to stop her, and Jenny couldn't bear it.

But it turned out a different matter entirely. The old doctor found difficulty in getting into it. Jenny stood and waited, while he drummed his fingers on his desk. At length—

"Windy! He isn't getting any better."

Jenny caught the back of a chair. Steadied herself. She felt the color and the life leave her face in a cold wash, and in the stillness heard the loud knocking of her heart.

Her voice sounded thin and distant in her own ears, "He's not—worse?"

"They don't stand still, Jenny. He isn't

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In using advertisements see page 6

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West

better. He's losing the vitality necessary to fight with. I've been giving his case particular study for some months. There's a famous surgeon in France with a new operation. I've been largely responsible for bringing him to this country, having Windy Wren in mind." He waited a moment. "Florenz will arrive tomorrow. I shall go with him, the day after, on a tour of three other Veterans' Hospitals in this state. I shall have him look over Windy before we go, and if he finds conditions favorable he will probably operate as soon as we are back."

She wondered if he guessed what this was doing to her—if that was why he kept his eyes turned resolutely away.

He said: "No one can predict definitely the outcome of such an operation, but if it is successful it may mean complete recovery for the lad. He is eager to take the chance. We have no right to deny him this."

"Chance! Then—there's danger?" The four words went up in a little, wild cry.

"Yes."

Outside the March gales blew the sunshine in golden, drifting clouds of color, and somebody was playing flute notes for these to dance by, and the air was astir with gay, invisible banners.

The old doctor took off his glasses and wiped them on a handkerchief, and he said things to Jenny that he felt he must.

"That business of Michael Fort. I've never forgotten. No one else would have done it. None of us would have had the courage. You saved his life, Jenny."

"No, I didn't! He heard the roar of the engines in the sky and it rekindled his old ambitions. I only—" she threw her head up in a gesture of sharp grief and failure—"I only broke the rules," said Jenny.

"You were brave enough to go through with it. You must be brave enough to face this."

SHE put a groping hand out and found the door. Even in the subdued light of the corridor bubbles went past on the prancing air, and the ribbons of the sun fluttered at every window. The boys in Ward 8 were singing an old marching song, tapping their crutches on the floor.

They called out to Jenny. But Jenny went on. Past Wally's door, and Luke's. And here for the last time she had heard the Little Major's voice. And here Erney had laid aside the small battleship, unfinished. It was on this balcony that Peter had told her he loved her, one heart-breaking day in May, long ago. Only a year? Was that all? They had fought the good fight, with hope in their hearts. Hoping hadn't helped; believing hadn't. They had gone—all of them.

With a sense of inevitability she saw that from the first Windy had been among the chosen—one of that bright galaxy of stars that had moved across her days, bringing her a new vision of courage and gallantry. The unnatural brightness of Windy's glance, the gathering etherealness on his face . . . And if he went, the light went from the earth forever for her. Here on a barren desert she would have to live out her days.

She stood by his door—lifted her head—and entered lightly.

"Oh, there you are, Jenny. Have you heard the big news? I've been in a fever of impatience for you to come. Listen at the best word that's been spoken since the Armistice."

Above the loud knocking of her heart she heard him recounting the wonderful news—the chance ahead of him—what it might mean. His face happy and beaming—and perceptibly thinner.

"I've known of this man since last summer. Dr. Huffy has kept me posted about his work, and we've tried to figure how I could get to him. Almost I'd have risked the trip over on a stretcher. And now he's actually coming right here to No. 80. Jenny, I could shout."

Jenny's lips must smile; her eyes hide their terror. (Oh, Windy, just as you are!)

West

"I've got the darndest feeling, Jenny, as if I stood on the brink of recovery. All through the winter I've had this premonition that the spring would mean a change—a great turning—a gain for me."

Jenny, too, had had that unaccountable feeling that the spring held treasure for her!

"This morning I had a letter from the kid—the little rascal's in the fourth grade already, Jenny. And after I read it I lay here planning where we'd go in the summer when his school is out. Did you get that? Unconsciously planning where we'd go!"

Somehow Jenny could smile—play up to his high spirits.

"Well, I've had a long sojourn here, haven't I? And life was one thing when I came, and now it is another, and I a different man. I could never have pulled through, Jenny, without you. You've been in the hospital nearly two years. I remember the day you came—it's been a changed place since that day."

Her chin quivered; she fought hard for control.

And then he spoke again, as if to himself. But the words reached through the wall of suffering that surrounded Jenny's heart, and set their tapers burning there.

"O little flame!"

She looked down at her hands—her weary, dragging feet . . . Flame!

A CHOIR from the city came out that evening and sang in the corridor of Ward 10. And the voice of one young singer clung to the walls—a fresco of liquid notes. The chaplain's words, their ring of calm conviction,

"With Whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

She thought, "If I could pray." And could not. "Oh, Windy, just as you are!"

It came to her that she might be dismissed after tomorrow. She might not be here. From some far-away place she would have to wait uncertain word of Windy. But no, that could never happen to her. Surely the Chief Nurse would see—oh, surely she would! She couldn't be gutta-percha through and through.

She was off duty at seven and went to her room, but there was no peace tonight. Moonlight flooded the hospital grounds and shone on a curving road that ran out to the ends of the earth. Couples went past, some of the nurses and the boys. It was against the rules, but who can set a rule for youth and love?

At last unable to bear it longer, Jenny slipped back through the passage that connected the nurses' home with the hospital; up the stair, and down the quiet hallways until she reached Ward 10. Jenny had brought her suffering back to the place of suffering. These had known heart-break and terror and despair. These could help her.

She stood in the shadow of a pillar, and here were the stars through a window, and yonder the dim lights of the Ward burned their eternal vigil. Now that strange transformation for Jenny: she saw the lights change—the walls dissolve. A step in the distance was a sentinel's tread as he paced his beat under a foreign sky. And here was the army bivouacked for the night—halted in their weary march—awaiting the call to advance. To advance to Victory!

"I know it! It waits for each of them beyond the West!"

THE Shopping Lady was back the next morning, and early in the afternoon the C. O. arrived from the station with the great Florenz.

The staff gathered in the assembly room, where they heard the distinguished visitor speak. So it was later than usual when the Chief Nurse made her rounds and came at length to Ward 10, and to the terminal room where Baron Keating lay.

The first thing she noticed, as she stood in the door, was that he was sleeping. She had never known him to sleep at this hour of the

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In using advertisements see page 6

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West

day. Though he lay so much with his eyes closed, he was always restless, his thin hands moving incessantly upon the covers. But this she recognized as peaceful sleep. She entered the room—gasped—stood petrified.

Jenny had worked fast, the Shopping Lady helping. While the eminent surgeon addressed the hospital staff, Jenny had washed these walls in color, splashing it on at a furious pace, balancing precariously on any two objects she could stack together, leaning at dangerous angles, frightened within an inch of her life—not at being caught, but at being stopped. Screws make no noise, and they had gone up over the windows, and heavy silken draperies framed the small squares of sky. Cushions, a softly-shaded lamp, a brilliant scarf to cover and hide the white bed-stand, and on the floor a small but lovely Oriental rug. The room was truly beautiful.

The Chief Nurse did not see the beauty. She stood in the center of it and did not see it. This was as awful in her eyes as if Jenny had climbed the flag pole and painted up the American standard.

Trembling with rage, she got back to her office and sent for Jenny. This—this was the end. She had warned Dr. Huffy.

JENNY was in her room when the expected summons came. She had fled there when the brisk step of the Chief Nurse rang in the corridor of Ward 10. Jenny was scared. She felt alone and friendless, and she wished she didn't see these things that always got her into trouble.

Against whatever was to come she closed her eyes, reliving again that moment of sweet reward, when upon Baron Keating's hungry face light began dawning. As color joined color across the desert of white space, she saw him come back to himself. Life in the hospital had given Jenny many moments that were epic; never one that quite equaled this.

His voice had kept pace with them as they worked. "Ah, beautiful! Beautiful! The way the light gathers here—and here. Let me touch it—feel it! They are lovelier, my colors, than I remembered. Every one has a history for me. A little path runs back from this blue, and this gold, and this deep mauve, back to a picture, or an unexpected inspiration, or a day when I painted well."

His restless, fine hands moved continually, directing them. "There! No, that's too stiff—a bit more this way. Ah, perfect!"

She had been afraid it would excite him, but it brought peace and quiet instead. And when they had done (Oh, thank God, done—and no one had interrupted or discovered what they were up to!), he had drawn a breath of pure ecstasy.

"I've come home, Jenny—at the last." He turned toward her the full force of his gratitude. "What can a body say to you? I have no words."

The memory of his happiness put heart in Jenny. Perhaps the Chief Nurse, too, had seen his great joy and understood why Jenny must do this. The thought gave Jenny courage. And so with a new hope, and looking rather white in the face, Jenny started out bravely for the office.

But when she saw the Chief Nurse's face . . .

The Chief Nurse stood by the window, her lips in a hard, thin line. Fury showered over Jenny's head.

" . . . And you took this money entrusted to you, *you spent it*—"

Jenny said dully, because it didn't matter: "I was the—old couple."

This only infuriated the Chief Nurse. "Do you understand what you have done? You've defaced government property. It may be a Federal offense."

Prison doors clanged to behind Jenny. It gave her a feeling of protection—as of some one having come to her rescue—and she could speak:

"Oh, I had to do it! I couldn't bear . . . he

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lay always with his eyes closed, trying to get away from these awful white walls. He was dying, and never to see any more beauty—all the colors that he loved so—"

The Chief Nurse spoke hurriedly. "That will do. I'll take this matter up with the authorities. You will hear from it later. Now you may go."

But when Jenny had got to the door, the Chief Nurse spoke again. Her voice was still angry, but there was a note of bitterness in it that might have been regret at what she was having to do.

"I've tried to tell you—I've tried to show you—you could have been valuable here. I could have helped you . . ."

Jenny faced her, a flaming sword there in the cool hospital room. She knew she had received her dismissal, and she spoke at last as woman to woman.

"No, you couldn't!" cried Jenny. "We belong to two different races of beings. You have no heart. You're just a machine, interested in turning out other machines. You don't sympathize with the men, you don't see their side, you haven't the faintest conception of sacrifice or grief or love."

The Chief Nurse raised a hand. She did not move. Her face did not change. "I lost my only son in France, Jenny. The rest of my life goes to these."

Jenny stood turned to stone.

The light from the window fell on the gray hair and the gray lines of a face molded into features of grim austerity.

"I hadn't wanted him to go. He was much too young. There was no necessity—he was all I had. We quarreled, and he left without saying goodby. He wouldn't answer my letters. He didn't understand, he'd never understood that I . . . I baked him a cake and crossed the continent with it. I took it out to his camp. They had gone in the night . . . He was killed."

Jenny leaned her forehead against the door. Her slim hands twisted together.

A little bird sang at the window, and the clock made small, precise minutes between them, and a stretcher went past with something covered on it.

"We can't all of us show our feelings. We can't even show love. But we can suffer."

She moved to her desk, picked up a paper, put it down again. "You may go."

Jenny lifted her eyes with her heart in them—and clearly defined there were row on row of white crosses, and now a new one . . . She put out a hand, but there was nothing on that stern, unresponsive face to show that she had spoken.

Jenny turned and left her.

BARON KEATING awoke from his sleep and lay in a luxury of happy anticipation. He thought he must be getting up soon. Other students in the Quarter would come trooping up his stair presently, and there would be dinner somewhere later, and then the theater.

Purple shadows drifted up from the corners of the room; the sunlight, pouring through the curtains, made a shaft of golden motes, and he was keenly conscious of the subtle fragrance of silks and brocades. This was going to be one of his good days. He would begin his murals. He could feel the concentration of power, that exquisite tingling in his finger-tips, the festival of colors blazing up in his heart.

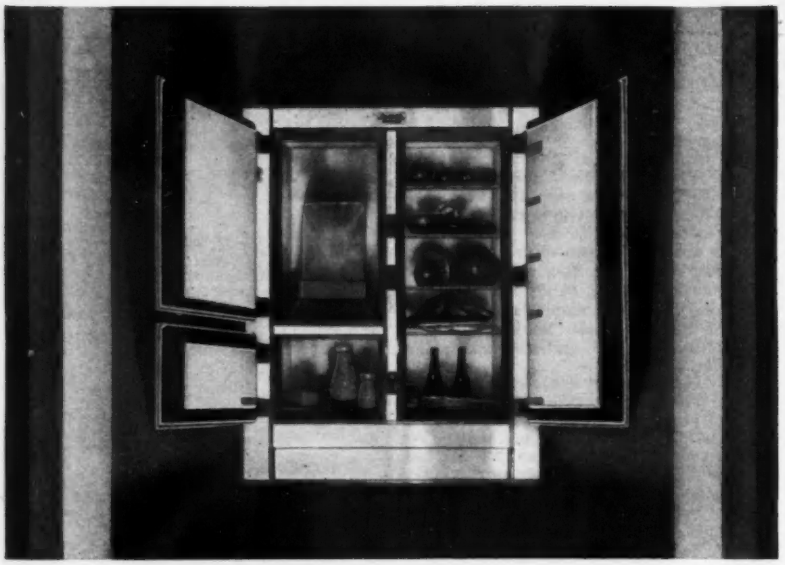
The light in the room became more diffused. The sun was moving west. And the avenue of golden motes swung outward now instead of in . . . a steadfast, purposeful stream. He seemed to be drifting on a sea of loveliness. He thought, if one might ride out on such a tide!

Then he knew! Knew the upward sweep into lightness . . . knew the kiss of release. Yes—today—he would paint!

The next Jenny story by Norma Patterson will appear in June. She calls it "Treasure"

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
UNIVERSAL
FOOD
CHOPPER
So many dainty modern dishes—salads, sandwich fillings, croquettes and the like—require chopped nuts, fruits, vegetables or meats that a UNIVERSAL Food Chopper has become a daily necessity for skillful, economical cookery.
Pays for itself quickly by transforming leftover meats into tasty pot pies, meat cakes, hash and other appetizing foods.
Cleanly cuts the food, coarse, medium, fine or extra fine, as desired. Self-sharpening blades always keen—rust-proof, easy to clean. Ask for it by name.
Free Cook Book
With new choice recipes and suggesting the many uses of a UNIVERSAL Food Chopper, sent without charge upon request—Address Dept. GI.
Landers, Frary & Clark
New Britain, Conn.
Master Metalsmiths for Over Three-quarters of a Century.

In using advertisements see page 6



The world's first refrigerator

with this amazing FOOD INSURANCE *feature...*FOODEX*...simple...new*

See it now at stores

THIS tells of invention's latest real advance in food keeping, the startling new contribution that benefits ice and electric refrigeration users both. A better way that, at a single stroke, gives each new 1929 Alaska refrigerator an excess of value. That improves refrigerating efficiency all the way from 20 to 50 per cent.

No odors pass from food to food

This new development is FOODEX—an exclusive, never-failing, food arrangement guide permanently incorporated on the inside of the refrigerator's doors. You can get it only with the world-famed Alaska line of refrigerators. It is Alaska's undisputed invention, U. S. Government protected. With its aid you can even keep onions and butter in the same refrigerator and the butter will remain utterly fresh and free from odors. Every food in the refrigerator stays palatable and wholesome hours longer than under the old hit or miss arrangement of foods.

See the new Alaskas—send for free book

The amazing story of Alaska's FOODEX feature—what it is—what it does—is graphically told in an interesting new book on food care which we are presenting free to any householder who requests it. Write for your copy today. And by all means make sure to see the feature for yourself in the new Alaskas that are now awaiting your inspection in all their colorful beauty at the stores. Mind you, Alaska advocates no one type of cooling. The refrigerator is convertible from ice to electric or back again to ice. The price range is from the very moderate to the finest there is. You pay no more for the FOODEX insurance at any price. Look for the cork wall window to make sure you are examining a genuine Alaska. And, for the free Food Care Book, simply address Dept. G.H. 5, The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan.

You can see the cork insulation through the Alaska Cork Wall Window

"Good Housekeeping Institute has checked up on this recommended arrangement of food in the refrigerator and finds it quite satisfactory."

★ ALASKA
Cork-Insulated Refrigerators

with their new FOODEX *food insurance*

"Tells you where each food keeps best"

May 1929 Good Housekeeping

For Those Who Do Not Eat at Home

(*Continued from page 91*)

Most restaurants offer these choices in their table d'hôte menus. It is for you to select wisely.

When you are in the habit of ordering à la carte, do not let variety bewilder you. With ample opportunity for a wide choice, be sure that it is a wise one, and let the Good Housekeeping Institute card be your guide! You will soon find that you are selecting well-balanced meals quickly and with assurance.

Many business people have found that a bowl of fresh fruit kept near at hand in their homes is a splendid supplement to their three meals. We feel that this is a fine idea and recommend it to you heartily.

In our talks with owners and managers of all types of eating places, we have found that they realize that a successful business can not be built on anything but good food. There is a new demand for *quality* from their patrons, which they must meet or fail. Research departments, experimental kitchens and laboratories, established by chain restaurants, tea-rooms, and hotels, are constantly standardizing recipes and methods of food preparation to insure uniform excellence in the food they serve. We who partake of a delicious dish in a good tea-room or public dining-room little realize the work that has been done to make it so appealing. Food of standard excellence, more variety, high standards of cleanliness, attractive surroundings, and intelligent management are the aims of the modern well-conducted restaurant.

Women today are extremely active in the restaurant field, both as consumers and as owners or managers. In the capacity of managers women have done much to raise standards of cleanliness, to introduce niceties of service, to hire waitresses and help of a better type, to have an eye for esthetic values, and to lessen the gap between home and institutional service.

When You Travel

The dining-car plays an important part in the life of business people who travel a great deal. I have found that dining-car superintendents are most anxious that everything shall be done for the comfort of travelers. Exhaust fans have been put in to eliminate all odors of cooking and to improve ventilation. The little niceties of service are well taken care of, and the kitchens are models of compactness and cleanliness. All these things, and above all, the excellent character of the food served, add materially to the pleasures of travel.

It is of the utmost importance that the business person who dines out should assure himself of the character of the place where he eats. He should be interested in the conditions under which his food is prepared in the kitchen and how it is kept before cooking. He would find it enlightening to pay a visit to the kitchen. I know one man who makes a point of doing this when he stops at hotels! Places where an inferior quality of food is bought, and where cleanliness does not rule, are, unhappily, still numerous. However, they are so easily recognized that there is no excuse for the careful person to enter them. When you are dubious, stay on the safe side, which is the *outside!* Patronize the place where you know you are safe, and dine pleasurably on wholesome, well-cooked food.

The home-manager who has one or more members of her family enrolled in the business world and away from home for the noon meal has still another problem to meet. She can not be sure what foods will be chosen on the spur of the moment, but she can help them to choose wisely by studying the diet card with them and by planning her breakfast and dinner menus with their welfare in mind. A few questions on her part will reveal their luncheon habits and help her with her own meal plans.

Sacrifice

(Continued from page 87)

He shook his head, but not with conviction. "I don't know. Perhaps. Anyhow, it's sporting of you."

She had a desperate impulse to make him talk of Eileen, but she knew the moment had not come, and stood aside and watched him while he locked the doors and put out the lights.

"Did you bolt the windows in the library? I had them open today."

"Yes. Are you staying down?"

"No, going up."

He extinguished the last light, and together they went upstairs. This simple action of closing the house for the night drew her closer to him and yet emphasized the distance between them.

EILEEN came, as Sabina had foreseen. She was perfectly aware of the storm of gossip that had centered about her, and the advantages of an appearance at Sabina's were obvious. Since the night when Carl had told her of Sabina's solution she had wrapped herself in an enigmatic silence that baffled, irritated, and alarmed him. He had expected a storm and had been confronted by a cold and stormy aloofness that had closed between them with the damp depression of a fog. When he had brought her Sabina's invitation, she had read it without comment, laid the letter in her lap, and fallen into so profound an abstraction that she seemed to have forgotten his presence. Suddenly she had jumped up, laughing with a return to her old light-heartedness, and told him gaily, to his astonishment, that she had decided to accept.

The meeting was more difficult for Sabina than she had anticipated. When she heard Eileen's voice in the hall, she experienced a sensation so paralyzing that for a moment she was unable to go forward. She caught the look of alarm on Carl's face and recovered herself at once. Eileen appeared in the doorway, and in one glance that was like a physical wound Sabina perceived the breathless beauty of the woman. An interior excitement had brought a starry look to her eyes, and the soft velvet wrap wound about her had slipped down upon her arm, revealing the delicately voluptuous line of her breast. She had bound her dark curls with a tendril of tiny, green leaves, and as she stood poised upon the threshold, animated by the spirit of mischief inherent in her, she appeared like a beautiful Bacchante created to trouble and ravish the spirit of men.

Their meeting was faultless. With the uncanny instinct of women for dramatic values, they hit upon the exact note of casual cordiality.

"Don't tell me, Sabina, I am late?"

"Not a bit. How stunning you look!"

"And you! How glorious to have you back! No party has been the same without you!"

"How nice of you to say that!"

"How—how is Tam?"

"Ever so much better. I adore your dress."

The difficult moment had passed.

As they crossed the room arm in arm, Sabina's eyes met Sandhurst's covertly watching her. Her glance went quickly beyond him, but two faint sparks of color appeared on her face.

There was an awkward moment, however, at dinner due to a chance remark from Jacqueline, who, referring to a recent novel, put the question, "How long can a woman hold a lover she cares for but does not wish to marry?"

Sabina with a catch of her breath was covering it up with some irrelevant remark, when Sandhurst, amused, resurrected it and appealed to the table, maliciously putting each woman on record.

"How long can a married woman hold a man who is in love with her when she is not in love herself? Your turn first, Jacqueline."

"Oh, that depends on the woman and the man."

Note size of Washing {25 Pieces} Done in 15 Minutes

NOTE What These Users Say!!

"Your EDENETTE Electric Washer is marvelous—a great time and labor saving piece of machinery. From a hygienic standpoint it is perfect. We have been using the EDENETTE ever since our baby came. He is spotlessly clad with little trouble. We use Ivory Flakes and our clothes are washed spotless white and soft. We like the fact that the use of the machine is so simple that the maid can use it, as no special skill is required. It certainly frees the mother from the usual drudgery with little expense."

Dr. B., New York City

"Am enclosing my check for $49.50 for the EDENETTE Washer and I would like to broadcast it that it is the grandest little washer going. I am going to take it to Nantucket this summer as I find it will help us out a great deal as laundry work there is very expensive."

Mrs. L. S. W., Boston, Mass.

"The EDENETTE reached Willows in good shape and has become an indispensable piece of equipment in our household. It just fits my need for the small household wash and does the work well."

Mrs. R. H., Willows, Calif.

"I am immensely pleased with it—it washes all my small fine things beautifully and I also use it for rinsing them, so I hardly have my hands in the water at all. It is just exactly what I have been looking for, for some time."

Mrs. F. J., Newburgh, N. Y.

"I think it is just wonderful, does its work just perfect. I must say that I love to wash with it."

Mrs. L. M., Sandwich, Ill.

Distributors Wanted

Open territory for Exclusive Representatives. If you wish to build your own business, have $300.00 to invest in merchandise, write for Distributors, Prospectus.

Here is YOUR Washing Machine

AMAZINGLY compact, efficient, fully guaranteed. A most revolutionary washer. No drudgery washing the EDENETTE way. A perfect washing turned out in 15 minutes right on your kitchen table or wherever convenient, without fuss, bother or slopping suds. Think of it—you can own an EDENETTE for less than one-third the cost of the ordinary washer.

Simply drop into the EDENETTE tub an armful of clothing, such as you see in the photograph, pour in hot water and soap flakes, place on the top containing the motor driven vacuum cup, plug extension cord into any light socket. In 15 minutes clothes will be beautifully washed. Handles anything from dainty lingerie to a mattress cover.

Easily carried—weighs only 17 pounds. Constructed almost entirely of aluminum. Top when inverted fits into tub, *as illustrated in photograph.* Store it under table or on closet shelf

Send No Money!

You must actually see and use the EDENETTE to appreciate this amazing Washer. We do not ask for even a deposit. We will ship it to you for 5 Days' Free Trial, all transportation charges paid, knowing full well it will sell itself to you. If you are not as enthusiastic about the EDENETTE as thousands of other users, just return it at our expense. No questions asked. You are dealing with one of the oldest manufacturers of clothes washers in this country. This is the time and labor saving device you have needed.

Don't delay—now is the time to examine it **FREE.** Easy terms offered. *Mail coupon now.*

EDEN APPLIANCE CORP., 225 West 34th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Send me the EDENETTE clothes washer for 5 days' FREE TRIAL. If I keep it I will pay $49.50 cash or $4.50 at the end of trial period and $5.00 per month for 10 months until paid. Title to remain in YOU until FULLY paid.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

Dept. 45

In using advertisements see page 6

Exit...bathroom drudgery!

SANI-FLUSH is used to make that most necessary of household tasks easier—cleaning the toilet bowl. It takes the unpleasantness out of this work. And it does its job thoroughly.

Sani-Flush reaches down into the hidden, unhealthful trap and cleans that. It banishes foul odors. Sani-Flush leaves the toilet bowl glistening, sparkling white. All so easily. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. The job is finished.

You will want to use Sani-Flush the year round. It is perfectly harmless to plumbing.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. *In Canada,* 35c.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

Sacrifice

"That's evading the issue!"

Carl looked apprehensive, but the other men delightedly applauded by drumming on the table with their knives and calling out "Answer!"

"Well, three years," said Jacqueline after a moment's floundering.

"Jackie, you're boasting," said Caroline in her deep voice amid general laughter.

"As long as she isn't bored," said Mimi lazily.

"Neither lady is treating the subject with the seriousness it deserves," said Sandhurst. "I appeal to Sabina."

"If she is honest with him—forever," said Sabina, smiling as she met the personal inquiry in his glance. "If she isn't—six months."

Sandhurst nodded, amused, while the table applauded.

"I wonder just what your definition of honesty would be?" he persisted.

Caroline came up quickly to the rescue. "Fancy having to enlighten you! Six months if she is fool enough to let him kiss her, of course!"

"How true that is!" Mimi exclaimed with such personal conviction that the inquiry was suspended while Mimi, who was incorrigible, ran around the table to appease her husband.

"It depends on the man," said Braganzer, who was annoyed that his wife had brought up the subject. "You can hold a fool forever."

Eileen had remained silent, listening guardedly. She was therefore not unprepared when Sandhurst turned his merciless batteries on her.

"Don't imagine, lovely lady, that you're going to escape. Remember, nothing but the truth!"

Sabina mastered an impulse to rise from the table and brought her glance to meet Eileen's.

"Yes, in our little bourgeois society," she said carelessly, "the safe rule is to give nothing. But," she added with a flash of bravado, facing her tormentor, "to give and hold a man the faster—that is the art of a true aristocrat."

There was an awkward silence. Even the uninitiated perceived that dangerous undercurrents had been in play. Carl sent his wife a mute appeal. She rose hastily, leading the way from the table. To her relief the strain of the evening relaxed, and in the installation of the bridge tables no further incident occurred.

"Eileen was perfectly beautiful tonight," she said when the guests had gone and they were preparing to retire. "We must organize an amusing crowd for Phil's fancy-dress party."

He looked at her curiously, wondering what she really felt.

"What actresses you women are!" he said abruptly.

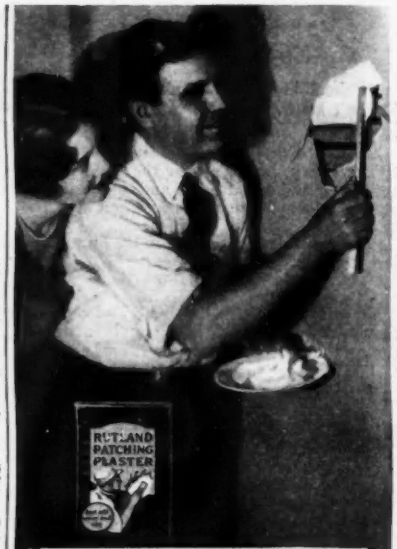
She waited a moment hopefully, but seeing he did not wish to go any further, went upstairs. She felt deeply sorry for him. He was bound to suffer. Eileen's manner might have deceived others; it had not deceived her. Once or twice, in an unguarded moment, she had seen the iron in her look.

"It will be over in three months," she thought. "Never in the world will she consent to accept Carl from my hands."

Matters were at such a pass three days later when she met Lavery.

CHAPTER XXIX

THOUGH Daniel Lavery had resented Mrs. Daike's insinuation that he was falling in love with Sabina Baring, he had no illusions as to the danger. At this time he was confident that he had entrenched himself securely in his philosophy. Multiple interests filled his life with the agreeable satisfaction of achievement. He had known love, and he had known suffering, and the two were inseparably linked in his memory. He prided himself now on being a man's man, with no more than a tolerant and disillusioned amusement in the other sex.



Good as New are cracked walls and ceilings when mended with Rutland Patching Plaster. You can easily do it yourself in a few minutes. Just mix with water, then fill the crack or hole. Makes a *perfect* patch that is as permanent as the wall itself. At all paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vermont.

Rutland Patching Plaster

No mixing, no spreading no muss—
RAT BIS-KIT
is ready to use. Sure death to rats and mice. The quick, clean, easy way. New tin package contains 18 "Bis-Kits," always fresh. 35c at all drug and general stores.
Guarantee coupon in every package.
The Rat Biscuit Co.
Springfield
Ohio

No More Waxing of Floors by Hand

30 DAY Trial Offer *With Pound of Wax* **FREE**

You can get a Durham Waxer, with pound of wax free, on 30-day trial. No need to keep it unless you want to. Write for details.

Donald Durham Co.
858—24th Street
Des Moines, Iowa.
Wanted—representatives for sales service work.

Use this new, easier way to keep floors and linoleum in perfect condition. No more waxing on hands and knees. The Durham Waxer spreads the wax, then polishes. Always ready for use. Does a better job in half the time, with half the wax. Test the Durham Method in your home. Send for free booklet, "Making Floors Live Longer" and for our 30-day trial offer.

Send for this helpful book

DON'T WASH YOUR AUTO

DRY CLEAN IT and all highly polished surfaces with

How-Du-Co Auto Wiper

A chemically treated Chamoisette Dustless-Duster. Looks and acts like Chamois. Removes Dry Mud, road dirt, dust and spots **without scratching.** Just as good for furniture. Price Delivered 50 Cents.

HOWARD DUSTLESS-DUSTER CO.
403 C St., Boston, Mass.

Big Profits in Home Cooking

Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to *make* and *sell* foods in big demand. *How to* cater, run profitable TEAROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 51 Ways to Make Money. Quick profits assured. Write today for illus. booklet, "Cooking for Profit." It's *FREE.*
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GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME

Operating ORIGINAL "Specialty Candy Factory;" begin spare time. We instruct, furnish Tools and Supplies for turning out HUNDREDS of kinds PURE and DELICIOUS Candies and show how to sell. Profits 100 to 300 per cent—unlimited demand. Men or women. FREE Book explains.
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
Drawer 60 East Orange, N. J.

S.O.S

the Modern Way to clean

ALUMINUM

Just wet the pad and rub! That's the *modern* way, the easier, quicker way to clean aluminum. No *extra* soap or powder to bother with. S. O. S. contains its own grease-cutting and scouring materials.

As easily as you wipe off a pan with a cloth, ordinary stains disappear. Even stubborn burned spots are quickly removed.

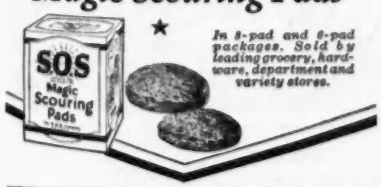
Equally fine for enamelware, tin, baking glass, nickeled stoves and linoleum. S. O. S. polishes as it cleans. Economical, too, for you can use it again and again.

We recommend a full-size package of S. O. S. for a good trial. Your store can supply you. If you prefer, we will send a Free Trial Package on request. The S. O. S. Company, 3500 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill., or S. O. S. MFG. Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

S.O.S

Pat. Jan. 15, 1918—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magic Scouring Pads



In 8-pad and 6-pad packages. Sold by leading grocery, hardware, department and variety stores.

CLAY CLOTHES DRIER
Dries washing spotlessly clean. Revolves in breeze letting air and sunshine thru every piece. No carrying or lifting heavy basket of wet clothes. Hang entire washing without moving a step. Requires only 18 feet of space. Folds like an umbrella. 25 feet of high grade line. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated folder, G 426.
Clay Equipment Corporation, Cedar Falls, Iowa

Women to him represented disorganization, and he had no intention at this period of his experience of allowing the interesting tenor of his life to be disturbed.

The last thing in the world he desired, before he met Sabina, was to fall in love. Nothing could be more upsetting. A high diplomatic post had been tentatively suggested to him that appealed strongly to his ambitions. His career was coming to fruition, and he wished nothing to divert him from it. On meeting her he had instantly a premonition that if he should become genuinely interested, his acquired philosophy would avail him nothing. If he should come to love her, he would love her with all the combustible intensity of which he knew himself to be capable, with the experience of a lifetime, with that obliterating passion that comes only to man in his maturity.

UNTIL he could be certain of her true situation, he must guard himself against the urge of his emotions. His interview with Eileen Daikes had shaken his first convictions. If Eileen was still seeing Carl Baring, what could that portend? For several weeks he fought off the impulse to write again to Mrs. Baring, but in the end, finding that he could not rid his imagination of the spell she had evoked, he determined to end the uncertainty by seeing her again and learning from her own lips her decision. He wrote a formal letter asking when they would be in town, and suggesting a night for dinner and the theater.

He had the letter in his pocket, not quite decided whether to send it or not, when he left his home about noon, having half an hour's time on his hands before a luncheon appointment. He wandered down 57th Street. It was a rare and luminous day in mid-November, a golden stillness in the air. His mood was of the restlessness of New York. Ever since the marriage of his son he had been conscious of a persistent questioning within himself.

"Am I young or am I old?" he had asked himself a dozen times.

Had he turned a milestone? He felt intellectually more alive than ever, brilliant years ahead, the future full of interest. Why, then, this feeling of looking back on his youth? And what was there in the quality of his youth that he regretted? But the feeling existed and could not be thrown off.

Presently he became pleasantly aware of a gayer note in the crowded street, a brilliant, stimulating, feminine flutter. The New York of the pleasure-seekers was awakening. In the luxurious limousines, in the glimpses of pretty faces about him, in the trim figures of women eddying about the shop-windows, he felt the avidity of the city's time of adventure and excitement. He began to notice an alluring silhouette here, the sparkle of a passing glance, feeling the stimulation of the feminine invasion, grateful for an occasional curious glance that greeted him with a passsing interest.

All at once a lithe figure stopped, turned, and came back. With a start he recognized Sabina Baring.

"I nodded, but you were up in the clouds," she said, extending her hand. "I could not let you escape like that."

He took off his hat awkwardly, so startled that he could think of nothing to say.

"What's the matter? Am I such a ghost?" she said with shining eyes. "Or have you forgotten that such a person exists?"

"It's extraordinary. I just this moment wrote you a letter."

"Then our letters will cross."

He realized with a little confusion that he was still holding her hand.

"I wanted you for dinner."

"And I was hoping to get you for a weekend."

He put on his hat and began to smile. "I don't intend to let you run away," he said suddenly.

She was smiling, too, as she fell into his step. They were at the corner, turning toward upper Fifth Avenue. She slipped her hand into his arm, pressed against him by the crowd.

How 3-in-One Prevents Rust and Tarnish

CORROSION is the natural enemy of all the beautiful metal articles in your home. And 3-in-One is the natural enemy of corrosion. It penetrates the microscopic pores of all metal surfaces, forms a film protecting them from the moisture in the air—even salt air—which causes corrosion.

Always use 3-in-One to clean and preserve the beauty of everything that is apt to rust or tarnish — ornamental iron; the nickeled, polished and plain parts of stoves and ranges; all faucets and other kitchen and bathroom fixtures.

3-in-One has 79 valuable uses in every home, oiling all light mechanisms, from sewing machine to grandfather's clock; cleaning and polishing fine furniture, woodwork and floors as well as metal; preventing rust and tarnish. Get acquainted with 3-in-One and the friendship will last for life.

In 3-in-One are the scientifically blended properties of several of the highest quality oils. That's why it is different from ordinary oils — and so much better.

Sold everywhere by grocery, drug, notion, hardware, general and department stores in two-size Handy Oil Cans and three-size bottles. Ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

Manufactured since 1894

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 William St., New York

FREE: *Generous sample of 3-in-One and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. A request on a postal card will bring both.*

A Rustless Range

A Shamokin, Pa., housewife says: "I use 3-in-One on my kitchen range regularly and have never had to polish it. It is always nice and clean."

(Name on request)

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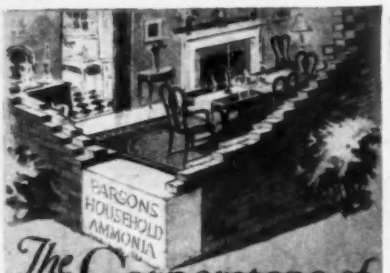

The Cornerstone of Perfect Housekeeping

To thousands of America's most critical housewives, PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA is the cornerstone of perfect housekeeping . . . because it cleans so thoroughly, so easily, so safely.

PARSONS' gets into crevices . . . loosens dirt and grime . . . cuts grease . . . and softens hard water. Wherever you are cleaning . . . in kitchen, bedroom or attic . . . PARSONS' will do a job you'll be proud of . . . and cut down your cleaning time and effort amazingly.

Give this tried and true ammonia one trial and you'll agree with three generations of American housewives that no ordinary ammonia can compare with it. Use just a little in water for cleaning . . .

Linoleum . . . woodwork . . . painted walls and pans . . . sinks . . . tubs . . . refrigerators . . . windows

At all grocers and department stores
4 sizes—from 15c up

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

"AND I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on *one!* For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have *style!*"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn at home to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats at great savings and earn money besides.

Write for
FREE LESSON

Mail the coupon today for the handsome 32-page Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and a FREE SAMPLE LESSON. Prove to yourself how easily you can learn to make smart, stylish clothes at small cost and earn substantial sums weekly.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 6-S, Scranton, Pa.
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your big illustrated booklet, "How to Make Beautiful Clothes." I am most interested in—

- ☐ How to Make Smart Clothes for Myself
- ☐ How to Become a Successful Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Make Distinctive, Becoming Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money at Home
- ☐ The Art of Successful Cookery

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Sacrifice

"Where are you going?" He stopped, troubled with a disturbing sense of her nearness.

She was silent too, vaguely conscious at the sudden content that enveloped her. The traffic was roaring in front of them, the crowd behind them pressing impatiently as they stood.

"Ten minutes in the Park?"

She glanced up at the eagerness in his eyes, gave him a charming smile, and said with a sudden light-heartedness,

"You really don't deserve it."

"But that has nothing whatever to do with it."

She laughed. It seemed to her that she had been smiling ever since she had met him.

"And then you'll run away again for weeks?"

"No, not again," he said grimly.

She glanced away to hide the light in her eyes. All the leaden weight of the last months slipped from her. She had almost forgotten what it was like to feel so absurdly, irresponsibly happy. They made for the Park, swinging off in a rhythmical motion of their bodies that was instinctively harmonious. She slipped her hand into his arm again, not casually, but with a yielding impulse that sought his possessive guidance. She felt his arm contract at her touch, but she did not withdraw her hand, and the perfect adjustment of their step made them move as one.

They turned into a bypath of the Park, and she was aware that people were looking at them curiously as they passed. A young girl looked up at her with the dawn of wonder in her face.

"Is happiness so rare that every one notices it?" Sabina thought with a sense of victory.

They talked of desultory things, carefully avoiding a serious note. It did not really matter what they said. Just to be together again, side by side, their arms linked, stepping victoriously together, seemed the natural and inevitable thing. She had wanted to see him many times during these weeks and wondered at his silence. She read him instantly. He had kept away because he had been a little afraid, not because she had passed from his mind, as she had feared. And this swift, revealing knowledge gave her such a feeling of triumphant exhilaration that she chattered like a schoolgirl, scolding him for his absence, delighted at the eloquent gravity of his mystified answers.

"And what are you doing this afternoon?" he said at the moment of parting.

Her frivolity dropped away. "The Philharmonic and then motoring home. I have an extra seat. Would it interest you?"

"I could come in late," he said eagerly after a moment's thought. "I'll send for my car and motor you down afterward."

Their eyes met. She nodded hurriedly and left him. A moment later she heard him calling her name.

"Mrs. Baring."

She turned.

"And the ticket," he said, laughing.

"Of course, how absurd!"

She fumbled in her bag and produced it, blushing at her awkwardness.

AT LUNCH she was in a high state of excitement. Jacqueline and Mimi Keating, who were going to a matinée, watched her with envy, mystified at her good spirits.

She had been fearfully depressed, these last weeks, with a feeling that her destiny in life was to stand off and watch the drama of other human existences. The struggle with Carl had absorbed all her energies and all her courage. There had been moments when she had felt defeat near, moments when she had feared that the end would be bitterness and hatred. It had been a period of waiting, of long, solitary days, that had left her with the feeling that her own youth was to be part of the sacrifice. Eileen, as she had foreseen, had begun to fight back. The crisis was approaching, and she awaited it with a feeling of exhaustion. For the

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time being she and her husband lived like two antagonists, each watchful of the other's move. Underneath the surface-cordiality for the benefit of the children and the servants was the feeling of combustible, dangerous forces that at any moment might precipitate an explosion.

The meeting with Lavery was a swift reaction that for the moment lifted her out of the perilous realities of her existence into a transient liberation of the spirit. She had wondered many times at his continued silence. Had she counted too much on the interest he had shown? Why should she attract him among all the brilliant women he was privileged to know? Once or twice, in her loneliness and her need to talk out her problem, she had been on the point of writing to him, but her pride had forbidden her. That he, himself, was purposely avoiding her had never occurred to her until this morning when in a revealing flash she had comprehended everything.

Now that she was alone she was troubled by a sudden fear that he might have misjudged the soaring happiness of her mood, which had brought her the exuberance of a capricious girl. That was the last thing she wished. There must never be the suggestion of a flirtation between them. That would spoil everything.

WHEN she reached Carnegie Hall, she was conscious of an excited stimulation of all her senses at the thought that he was coming, that in a moment he would be at her side.

Music was to her a great emotional outlet. She loved it with deep knowledge and constant eagerness. It was a sanctuary into which she could retreat to the privacy of her own repressed self, to a world of the imagination that compensated for all that was incomplete or denied in her mundane existence. She glanced at the program: the Brahms Seventh Symphony, a novelty by Stravinsky, and at the end the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan." Would he be bored? Would he dispel by a few irrelevant remarks the intimate sympathy which each contact with him had established?

He came in as the second movement was beginning, slipping silently into his seat with a nod of his head. She glanced at him once or twice, saw his utter absorption, and settled back into her seat, suddenly blissfully content.

"If you like Brahms, then you are of the elect," she said, turning to him at the end.

"It's like a clear, unsoiled wind in autumn," he said, still immersed in his abstraction. He turned, smiling. "Have you been putting me to a test?"

"It was not premeditated."

She had again a moment of embarrassment, as she had when in her absorption she had forgotten to give him his ticket. It was an emotion she had never experienced before with any other man, that somehow left a deeper satisfaction.

"But I'm glad it's turned out so!"

"However, I must admit it was an acquired taste. I heard Mahler conduct in Munich, and that, of course, was a revelation. I knew him well. He stayed with me several times."

He related anecdotes of the great conductor, told her of his musical library, of the men he had known—Debussy, Saint Saens, and Stravinsky.

She listened avidly. "I wonder if you can appreciate how lucky you are to have had such contacts," she said suddenly.

"You can do the same."

She shook her head. "My dear man, you don't know what my life is—you are of the elect. I am in the top gallery looking down."

He turned and looked at her seriously.

"Nevertheless, you are going to do it," he insisted.

"I like that," she said smiling. "Are you going to wave a magic wand and make all things come true?"

"In your case, just that," he said firmly.

The orchestra began the Prelude to "Tristan." They became suddenly united in one comprehending silence. What a strange and prophetic conjunction! she thought. She could not know, she was not yet ready to see the

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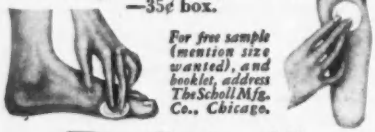

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vision of their destiny through the veil of the moment. Yet already a stirring of premonition moved within her. As the first slow strains began, those slumbrous chords, pregnant of the union between flesh and spirit, of the mysterious conjunction of life and death, the eloquence of their silent understanding seemed to draw her instinctively toward him in a deep, intuitive recognition of the mysterious complement of their natures. The great apotheosis of passion had often left her bewildered, filling her with a sense of futility and hunger, but today beside this man, so near and yet still such a stranger, she was amazed at the peace that possessed her.

The prelude mounted to the ecstasy of the second act. She closed her eyes, her shoulder slightly touching his. She felt the same intake of breath through his body that filled her being, and she comprehended things that in the divine music had remained unrevealed. To love and to die if necessary, to know all that life can give and in that ecstasy to be reckless of consequences! She forgot where she was, the vibrant crowd, the inexorable existence that was hers. A spirit in her was suddenly liberated and tremulously suspended somewhere above her heavy body, on the eternal rhythms and impassioned harmonies, conscious that she was no longer alone and unrelated, but part of mysterious and inevitable forces.

She heard a dull, subdued roaring as of distant waves and realized that people were applauding. She sat motionless while the audience rose, pressed about her, and began to crowd the aisles. He rose and held her coat. She came to her feet with an effort and followed him silently. They did not speak until, after the tedious threading of their way through the crowd, they found themselves again in the open air.

"I had the car wait for me at the Plaza," he said in a troubled voice. "I thought a bit of a walk—"

She inclined her head and unceremoniously slipped her hand into his arm. They spoke mechanically, nervously, of irrelevant things, consciously seeking to avoid the recognition of the forces that were sweeping them together. Presently they returned into their silence, and that silence reclaimed them and united them as though for the emotions that held them the spoken word were an intrusion.

"I am going to ask something of you," she said uncertainly when they had found his car.

"What?"

"Let me go back alone."

He put her into his car, took off his hat, and held out his hand. She leaned forward, searching his face anxiously. It struck her at once that there was something inexplicably brooding in it. Why should he feel that way when she was so at peace?

"You have such great understanding," she said timidly, her hand still in his. "You will understand?"

"When again?" he asked abruptly.

"Soon." She closed her eyes momentarily as she said it.

"You are staying in the country? I'll run down any afternoon."

He let her hand go reluctantly, closed the door, and saw her drive away.

CHAPTER XXX

THE car swung from the curb. Sabina, leaning forward, saw Lavery pass into the oblivion of the crowd. She closed her eyes, smiling, her excited senses visualizing the day they had passed together, conjuring up every incident, every look, passing over again and again words and phrases that held curious, vibrant undertones of divination. In the back of her overstimulated imagination, like the murmur of the sea, the mounting surge of the orchestra echoed the closing ecstasy of the *"Liebestod."*

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sensuous harmonies of her memories, she was unaware of the passing of time, until a sudden swerve of the car recalled her to realities. She peered out of the window. A heavy rain had commenced to fall, and the road was glassed with sleet. To her surprise she found that they were turning into the driveway of her home. She lingered a moment, watching the big car swish away through the downpour, breathing in the calm damp of the night.

When she turned, Marston had the door open, and from the warm, glowing hall Tam was hobbling slowly to greet her. He dropped the crutches and plunged forward, radiant, as she caught him in her arms.

"I've found a way to get up the stairs alone. Just you watch, mother."

He seated himself, his back to the stairs, and propelled himself upward from step to step by the force of his arms. A swift recollection of Tam moving with the careless ease of a young faun brought a sudden, fierce agony to her heart. What courage and ingenuity the child had! She mastered the ache in her throat and applauded gaily. Bobo, in a pink, fluffy dressing-gown embroidered with the seven rabbits, was waiting at the head of the stairs. She gathered them impulsively into her arms, smothering them with kisses, with a sudden hunger for tenderness and warm, fragrant, young bodies.

IT WAS nearly seven when with shining eyes she left the nursery and went to her sitting-room. A gust of wind, spattering against the window, brought a vision of Lavery's car, dark and glistening as it slid away into the night. She pictured it moving over the wet, flurried streets of the city, holding him in the same soft corner where she had sat.

Adeline came in noiselessly, watching her with a sudden aroused curiosity. She left the storm at the window and came back to the warmth of the fire.

"I didn't hear Mr. Baring come in," she said carefully.

"Mr. Baring just telephoned not to wait dinner for him."

"Then I'll have dinner up here."

She passed into her bedroom and slipped into a negligée of saffron velvet that hung about her like the folds of a nun's garment. When she returned, the table was spread by the fire, and Marston waiting in the shadows.

What was happening between Carl and Eileen? Something portentous, she was sure. For days past he had come and gone irregularly. He had been absent-minded, abrupt even with the children, a dark cloud suspended on his brow. She knew, despite his silence, that he had begun to resent her. For the first time she felt a touch of panic. Had she realized the extent of the sacrifice she had imposed upon them? Could they go through with it without bitterness? If not, would her solution of their problem be any solution at all?

When Marston had withdrawn with the table and trays, she stretched herself at length upon the sofa and gave herself up luxuriously to meditation. With a rush of emotion, her thoughts returned to Lavery. His face, dark and brooding as in their moment of parting, rose before her. Why had it been filled with such foreboding? Was it because he knew of his own experience the rack and agony that were tormenting Carl? Did he fear her? He must have divined at once the impulse which had prompted her to return alone. That very shy revulsion should have revealed to him the sudden, irresistible attraction that had overwhelmed her mind and senses. Why then that dark, foreboding look?

With an effort she remembered the briefness of their actual acquaintance. Between this strange spiritual intimacy that seemed to have existed always, there stood all the complex structure of their lives. What did they know of each other's worlds? What did she know of him? She was amazed at the unsuspected recklessness within herself that swept on to his compelling personality and dismissed everything else as inconsequential.

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Sacrifice

She started up and went over to the piano. The rich strains of the orchestra were still reverberating in her senses. Placing the score of "Tristan" on the rack, she opened it at the Prelude and played the opening chords with grave attention. Stimulated in every sense by the awakening of her relieved hunger, she comprehended in a revealing triumph what she had felt before only in a pained aloofness—the mysterious ecstasy of perfect and predestined union which soared in the transcendent passion of tragic strains.

A SUDDEN exhaustion succeeded. She felt dreadfully, helplessly depressed. Her arms on the music rack, her head dropped, she remained a long moment breathing rapidly. A hot tear ran down her face and fell upon the keys. Frightened by the violence of her emotion, she finally turned from the piano and switched off the lights. She stretched out on the cushioned sofa and, with half-closed eyes on the last flickering flames, projected her imagination into the morrow.

Tomorrow she would telephone him to come. Tomorrow would be decisive. She wished neither to postpone the crisis nor to avoid it, only as she visualized his coming, and saw before her his strong, penetrating eyes, she felt again the same hesitant shyness and, feeling it, abandoned herself deliciously to the sensation. She was calmer now. The wave of turbulent emotion had passed. She tried to look steadily into realities. The revelation had been so intense that she did not attempt to deceive herself as to what had happened; this man, a stranger, had emerged from the unknown and swept her to him with a ruthless, compelling force. She would not change that element of instant, almost mystical unity. A great love meant a great faith. It must be a great love. Nothing else would compensate for the long, hungry years of waiting ahead.

It was long past midnight when she heard the whirr of the motor. She went to the landing. Below, in the well of the stairs, she saw Carl enveloped in a great ulster. She went down anxiously. He was standing blinking at the glare of lights, a confused stare in his eyes.

"Carl, what has happened?"

He did not answer, fumbling with the muffler about his throat. She took his coat as he slipped out of it.

"You look all in," she said, wondering. "I'll bring a bite of something up to you."

He shook his head and went up the stairs, wavering, with his hand heavy on the bannister.

She got a tray and hurried upstairs. Carl was wandering about the room.

"Well, you won out," he said thickly, with his eyes on the floor. "It's over."

"Over?" she said, stopping short. "What are you talking about?"

"Eileen married Allan Tarney this afternoon. They—they sailed for England tonight." He shuddered, stood stock still, stared at her with a glazed rigidity in his eyes. "Well, are you satisfied?"

"Oh, Carl!"

Her brain, like her body, was numbed by the paralyzing shock of the news. Then, as she recovered herself, she was conscious of a quick, stabbing feeling of relief. That danger was past. She was thankful as some day he would be thankful. But this exultation passed as she saw the anguish working in his face.

"I'm sorry, Carl," she said in a low voice.

"Please! I can stand anything but that." He passed his hand jerkily over his eyes. "Sorry. Better leave me alone. I'll say things. Please, Sabina, I've got to be alone."

"I won't mind anything you say," she said in a low voice, "but let me stay."

From sheer exhaustion he stumbled and collapsed in a chair. "You've always hated Eileen!" he cried suddenly. "You've always been against her—you told me so! Oh, you'd have let me go to another woman but not to Eileen Daikes!"

"Carl, that is not so!" she cried out, almost

Sacrifice

automatically, but instantly she felt that he had declared the truth.

She added uncertainly: "It is true, though, that I've always distrusted her. I've always feared what she might do."

"Can't one woman have any justice for another?" He staggered to his feet, his eyes filling with the long-pent-up antagonism. "No, you never would believe she really loved me. You've deliberately misjudged her all along. Why do you suppose she's done this crazy thing? I'll tell you! She's done it for my sake—sacrificed herself for my sake, sacrificed herself to end a hideous and impossible situation!"

So that was how Eileen had dramatized the situation. Sabina comprehended everything in a flash, even to the true reason of Eileen's appearance in her home. She said quietly:

"I tried to make it easier for you both. What more could I do?"

He gave an ugly, unfamiliar laugh. "Yes. Talk to me of that. That was the final touch!"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think any woman could—after that—would receive me as a gift?" He began to stumble over his words. "Go on, take me!"

She could not control a sudden flash of disdain. "I would if I loved you."

He was so struck by her assertion, and the blazing sincerity of her look, that the flood of reproaches died out. He gazed at her helplessly, shocked and convinced. He flung up his hands at this, stumbled about the room for a moment, and sank heavily, inertly, back into a chair.

She went to her room and brought back a bromide. He was still sitting as she had left him, his hands limp between his knees, his shoulders stooped, his glance distantly set.

"Come, take this powder. You've got to have some sleep."

He drained the glass automatically and, struggling to his feet, flung himself on his bed fully dressed. She drew a cover over him and went out. It was only when she was alone that the irrevocable finality of the event, as it affected her own future, abruptly disclosed itself to her.

CHAPTER XXXI

SABINA awoke early next morning, heavy with the consciousness of some impending catastrophe. She lay half awakened, for a foggy moment, struggling through the obscuring clouds of sleep to a full realization. Then, unable to remain still, she sprang up and dressed without ringing for Adeline. On her way down the hall she paused at Carl's door, but there was no stir within. She breakfasted with the children and went out upon the terrace, where she discovered the day to be clear and beautiful, with the unseasonable warmth and glow of the Indian summer.

When at last the bell summoned Marston, she ran up to Carl's room. He was sitting up in bed, staring at her with the same look of blank exhaustion. His ravaged face shocked her.

"Stay in bed, Carl," she said quietly. "I'll have your breakfast up in a jiffy. I've telephoned Miss Clarkson you won't be in today. If there is anything important, she will let you know."

He sat up, rubbing his forehead, trying to recollect what had occurred between them the night before.

"You haven't slept," he said, looking at her intently.

"Yes, indeed."

"Don't mind anything I said," he said hesitantly.

"As if I would!"

"I suppose it's all in the papers," he said moodily.

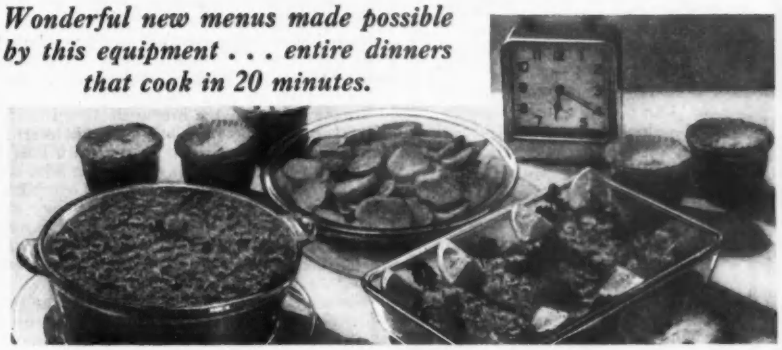
"Yes, but what of it."

"I want to see them."

She hesitated, decided not to oppose him, and returned with the papers and the breakfast.

FOR $5.15 ... ten-piece outfit of PYREX ovenware *

Wonderful new menus made possible by this equipment . . . entire dinners that cook in 20 minutes.



Only 20 minutes is needed to bake this delicious dinner of sliced fish, grilled potatoes, tomato and corn scallop and individual prune pies. A Pyrex Tile is shown under casserole.

TEN PIECES of sparkling Pyrex ovenware—enough for all your everyday baking—cost only $5.15!

These beautiful, even-baking Pyrex dishes make it possible to cook complete dinners in 20 minutes!

Thirty of these incredibly quick menus have just been published in a wonderful new menu bulletin. Many cook in 20 minutes; others, in 30 minutes; some in 45 minutes. These menus were planned and tested by a Food Expert—and tried, also, by housewives in their own homes.

The greater evenness of baking in Pyrex dishes allows this same cooking time for the whole meal. Scientists say that Pyrex dishes store up more heat than any metal can hold and give it out more evenly to the food within. That is why foods bake better in Pyrex ovenware than in metals.

These sparkling glass dishes save dishwashing; they never discolor food, or affect the taste; they never wear out, crack or craze. They last forever!

Your dealer has, for only $5.15, the equipment for all your ordinary baking. Hardware stores and the housewares or china sections of department stores have these Pyrex dishes.

Guarantee: Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from oven heat.

Introductory Offer: For limited time. Ask your dealer when he will offer our regular one-quart, round Pyrex casserole at the reduced price. We are enabling him to do so.

Pyrex Nursing Bottles. At all drug stores. Wide neck or narrow mouth. 8-ounce.

→ *Take this $5.15 list to your dealer*

Covered Casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231 medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size	.90
This Economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

FREE All-cooked-at-the-same-time-menus

Send today for wonderful new Menu Bulletin

Send today

Coupon with 4¢ in stamps entitles you to sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware — only 1 cup to a family. Coupon good only in U. S. and Canada. Please print name.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-63, Corning, N. Y.
Check offer you wish.

☐ Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

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Name_____

Address_____

This coupon not good after July 31, 1929.

4¢ *in stamps for this sample Pyrex Custard Cup*

In using advertisements see page 6

Club life on your own porch

THE "atmosphere's" the thing . . . after all . . . and OLD HICKORY furniture on your porch will bring you the restfulness and comfort . . if not the quiet and remoteness . . of the country club or summer camp.

OLD HICKORY on the porch will serve you every day, and every evening. You'll find the "OLD HICKORY" trade mark on all the best-looking porch and garden furniture. Every piece of OLD HICKORY furniture you may buy you will find comfortable—thoroughly comfortable—and you will find it artistic, too, truly beautiful because of the handsome design and skilled workmanship. There is no other furniture which will stand hard outdoor usage like OLD HICKORY, and no other fine furniture so low priced in first cost, nor so durable under any service.

Have your porch this summer reflect the restfulness, comfort and beauty of the great outdoors by furnishing it with OLD HICKORY made in Martinsville, Morgan County, Indiana.

OLD HICKORY FURN. Co. MARTINSVILLE, IND.

1210 S. Cherry St.

Write us for complete information and we will send you the name of the OLD HICKORY *dealer nearest you. Our complete catalog of all the beautiful* OLD HICKORY *pieces for 25 cents . . .*

Trade-Mark Brand Burned into Every Piece of Genuine "Old Hickory"

"We Furnish the Great Outdoors"

Only 25 cents brings you Miniature Plaque

(perfumed) and small vial of our leading Air Perfume and illustrated folder. This exquisite little plaque will give you a good idea of just what the larger Sanozone Urns, as illustrated, are like. It is suitable for use on your dressing table, in bureau drawers, etc. Sanozone Urns, and Air Perfumes are not a fad but have come to stay. They bring the fragrance of flowers into the home permanently. Classic, artistic, beautiful, fragrant. These Air Perfumes are also used for toilet purposes. Urns and Air Perfumes are sold by department and drug stores everywhere.

Simplex design. Hand-colored or plain. Size 8" x 3".

Send 25c today for Miniature Plaque; (perfumed) and small vial of our leading Air Perfume and folder illustrated in colors.

DEALERS: Additional dealers wanted, write for information.

Sanozone air perfumes

SANOZONE CHEMICAL CO., 1128 Roy St., Phila.

Sacrifice

He read the half-column twice and let the paper slip to the floor. She saw him frown, shake his head, and close his hands over his knees until the knuckles went white.

"Cup of coffee now, Carl."

He started at her voice, perceived suddenly that he was fully dressed, and rising from the bed took the proffered cup and drained it slowly.

"You're not going into town," she said firmly.

Then, as he looked at her dubiously, she added: "It's warm, clear, and just enough of a breeze. Take a shower, dress, and we'll run off for a sail."

"That's a good idea."

"Shall we take the children?"

"Take them."

"They're wild to go. Tomorrow we'll take the car and run off for a few days of golf somewhere. Don't shake your head. That's what we're going to do."

THE day was delicious upon the water. A steady breeze out of the northwest sent them scudding with gunwales awash across the dancing waves of the Sound. Tam and Bobo, wrapped in slickers and tucked into the cockpit, watched Carl at the tiller, laying his course while Sabina as a deft-handed crew minded the jib and made the halyards shipshape.

In the afternoon the breeze slackened, and they turned home in a long, languid reach. Sabina was out on the sunny deck, with Bobo asleep, her head in her lap. Under the brim of her hat she watched Carl, one arm over the tiller, explaining the elementary principles of navigation to Tam, who listened with eager eyes fixed on his father's face. The breeze had ruffled their hair. They looked incongruously alike.

She was thankful that she had thought to bring the children. It was no time to discuss what had happened. Only a time for patience and tenderness. She was profoundly moved as she watched her husband, knowing the fever that was running behind the drawn face. But she was not sorry that matters had turned out as they had. Better for him to endure the shock of this sudden physical torture and the swift, surgical agony of finality than to prolong the slavery he had endured so long.

She felt a great compassion for him in a new comprehension of the forces that were tearing him to pieces. Yet she was conscious of an exasperated intolerance. Her impulsive need of the force that was in Lavery made her a little cruel. She was intolerant of the weakness in Carl. He should have seen through Eileen Daikes, or at least have known how to dominate her!

All day the undercurrents of her own emotional awakening had been running in her memory. Relaxed upon the warm deck, soothed by the light, buoyant flight through the singing waters, she drifted into a long reverie. This was the afternoon they might have had together. What would he have said? How would his strong, definite eyes have looked down into hers? She found herself conjuring up the dark intensity of his face, and with it she felt again running like quicksilver through her veins that first, faint excitement of all her senses. The sensation was so keen that she tried to banish from her imagination that ominous premonition that had oppressed her all day. But it would not down. She stole a look at the grim face of her husband. How little he suspected the import to her!

If Eileen had stood steadfast, would she have had the strength to go through with her compact? She wondered in a sudden weakness. How little, until now, had she realized the quality of the sacrifice she had invoked! How little comprehension of his point of view she had had! She closed her eyes, and a great breath went through her. It was not Carl now, but she herself that was face to face with finality. For whatever the yearning within

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THE new Morton "Georgian" is a distinctive all-mirror door medicine cabinet designed along modern lines of charming simplicity.

The cabinet is steel, permanently white enameled; beautiful beveled mirror conceals the cabinet. Decorated with graceful etching and artistic metal rosettes. Very reasonably priced. A rare combination of beauty and utility.

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MEDICINE CABINETS

Available in 11 models, including "Venetian" types, to recess or hang on wall. Can be installed in a few minutes in new or old bathrooms. Sanitary, will not warp or check. Priced from $6. Sold by leading lumber, building supply dealers, plumbers. Write for free booklet.

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Manufacturers of Steel Products for Over 25 Years
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FREE Without obligation, send me a copy of free booklet showing new styles in medicine cabinets.
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Name_____
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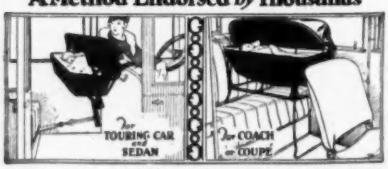
MONOCACY VALLEY Corn is sweet, juicy, tender young corn, packed fresh from the stalk. Its creaminess and delicious natural flavor (so different from ordinary corn) will delight you. Try it today. If your grocer does not have it, send us his name and address and 25c for Special Trial Order of two big cans prepaid. The Monocacy Valley Canning Co., Frederick, Md.

MONOCACY VALLEY
"MO-NOCKA-CY"
CRUSHED CORN ★

For Baby's Comfort *and* Safety A Method Endorsed *by* Thousands



Safest, most comfortable way to motor with baby. Saves mother worry and tired arms. Strong metal frame covered with fine leatherette, and suspended on shock absorbing springs. Folding hood. No screws or nails in upholstery. Bassinet instantly removed from car for use in hotel or home. Folds compactly for storage or train. DETACHABLE RUBBER TIRED WHEELS OBTAINABLE to quickly convert Bassinet into strong attractive carriage. Send for illustrated folder of Gordon Baby Motoring Accessories. Guaranteed to please or money refunded. Prices from $3.50 up. At dealers or by mail.

Gordon Motor Crib Co., Inc., Dept. 15, 8 Bridge St., New York
You may send illustrated folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....

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Lower blade lies flat against the table for ease in following a pattern. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 128—$1.80.

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For mending and light sewing. Beautifully finished. Blades keep sharp. 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.

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J. WISS & SONS CO. NEWARK, N. J.

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The last word in housework saving.

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WILL NOT SCRATCH

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Sold at leading stores. Jaunty tasselled caps; bootees to show dimpled knees, or long to keep them warm; fluffy sacques in white with dainty colors. Soft, warm, of pure Australian wool. Crocheted at home by New England needle-women. Extra fine quality. Sold direct if unobtainable locally. Write for our free illustrated catalog.

LAWRENCE W. SMITH, Box E-1, Brunswick, Maine

her, she knew that now, for her, there could be no retreat.

CHAPTER XXXII

WITH the sudden advent of cold weather Tam's crippled joint began to cause renewed alarm. After a frightened conference with hastily summoned doctors, they decided to move at once into New York, where he could be under constant surveillance. Carl took quarters in a comfortable hotel in the Sixties, a few doors from the great specialist who once more became the central orbit of their existence. For many days Sabina spent hours in consulting rooms, in X-ray clinics, sitting at Tam's side through long and painful hours. After two weeks the pain abated, and the panic-stricken family assumed a more normal attitude. But it would be advisable, after a period of treatment, to take Tam West for the winter, to a more temperate clime.

Despite their anxiety, the move to town was a distinct relief to Carl and Sabina. The last days in the country had been difficult. Even worse than the constrained evenings alone at home had been the dining out at the homes of friends; loyal friends, devoted to them both, perfectly aware of the situation and trying with clumsy affection to appear unconscious. Outwardly they had carried it off well, but straining for a surface gaiety was succeeded by a blank depression.

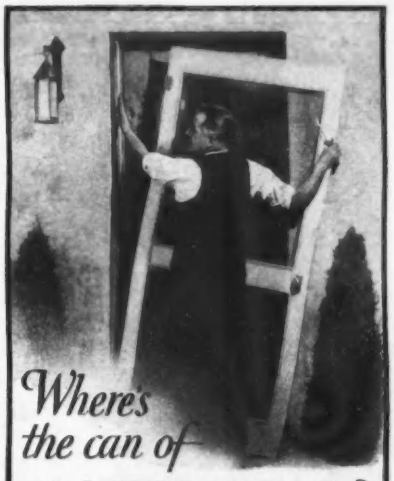
In New York, with a sensation of relief, they were each free to follow their inclinations. The rush and commotion of the city, its impersonal indifference to the individual, held a strange anodyne for their restlessness. Carl spent much of his time at his clubs in the company of men whose amusements brought him excitement and distraction.

SABINA withdrew into herself. Constant vigilance over Tam filled her days. It was now more than three weeks since she had seen Lavery. She knew that he was in New York, for he had sent her his tickets to the Philadelphia orchestra with a tentative note. He would wait her word before attempting to see her again. Though he obsessed her days and nights, she delayed uncertainly before calling him up. The first uncontrollable impulse which had impelled her toward him had given place to a profound introspection. She understood now the look of foreboding on his face at the time when she had been conscious only of the intoxication of discovery. She saw now consequences and complications ahead. She perceived what he, too, would have to endure and, loving him, hesitated. Beyond all things she did not wish to hurt him. She had no fear of herself, nor of his loyalty. Had she the right to permit him to love her when there was so little she could return, and even if he were willing, would the acceptance bring him happiness or suffering? When she saw him again, the meeting would be decisive.

One evening she dined in a little studio over Carnegie Hall with her old German musicmaster, who had recently suffered a slight paralytic stroke. As she descended in the elevator, she heard faintly the sonorous strains of the Philharmonic orchestra. The impulse that swept her was too strong to be resisted. She pushed hastily through the revolving door, drawing her fur wrap close around her against the cold draught of the street, and ran, bareheaded, around the wind-swept corner of Seventh Avenue to the deserted steps of the main entrance. The box-office had closed, but the doorman, recognizing her, let her pass.

The immense auditorium was filled with the invisible, listening sense of a vast audience. The orchestra was playing the Fifth Symphony of Tchaikowsky.

With the drastic criticism of the modern musical ear Sabina had often smiled tolerantly at the old masterpiece. "Tearing passion to tatters," she had called it once. But tonight a revealing hand upon the baton sheared away the sentimentality and allowed the tragic sweep of the music to stand forth, poignant and



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Handles Like Putty

Hardens Into Wood

1 lb. can $1.00 ¼ lb. can 35 cts.
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ADDISON-LESLIE COMPANY
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In Enameled Colors
$1 post paid anywhere in the U. S. A.
for Kitchen Efficiency—
"Write it down"

Paper and pencil at hand when you need it most. Hung on the wall or on the side of your kitchen cabinet; the handiest little device (just 4 x 12 inches) you ever used for kitchen efficiency. Jot down the items just as you think of them; tear off a slip when your grocer calls, when you telephone, or when you go shopping.

COLORS

Furnished complete with pencil and 2 rolls of memo paper; enough for 18 months ordinary use. Roll holder is nickeled; base beautifully enameled on steel, in choice of 4 colors—Apple Green, China Blue, White or Orange. Ideal for gifts and prizes; a marvel for your own home efficiency use.

Mailed complete, post paid, anywhere in the U. S. A. for $1—dollar bill, stamps, money order or check. Mention color desired. An outfit you will use many times every day.

BURGESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. G4, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

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WHAT? FOOD WITHOUT FLAVOR?

From Monte-Carlo to Marseilles
that knowledge of Food
FLAVORING

Those famous French eating places along the Mediterranean excel in good things to eat. There, they have a shrewd sense of correct seasoning. But the spices and condiments that season their dishes so cleverly are the very spices and condiments that are blended into A.1. Sauce in just perfect proportion. It is a magic sprinkle of flavor for your foods...in your cooking or at the table. And *so* inexpensive. *Send for free recipes "25 WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART," Heublein & Bro., Dept. 15, Hartford, Conn.*

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A.1. SAUCE

The Settlement Cook Book

by Mrs. Simon Kander

Reliable-Economical-Complete

Why fret about the daily menu or company dinner, when The Settlement Cook Book will help you plan and cook delicious meals? 2675 treasured recipes, all tried in a home kitchen, assure success. Unusual recipes not found elsewhere, and pleasing variations of old favorites. The last word in cookery, covering every phase. Indispensable to bachelor girls, brides, experienced housekeepers and Tea-Room Managers. Washable white oilcloth cover. Handy index. Wherever books are sold, or send check or money order to

$2.50 Postage 10c

Settlement Cook Book Co., 474 Bradford Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Sacrifice

vital. Alone in the warm, enveloping darkness at the rear of the hall, she leaned against the rail and rested her head upon her arm. She listened in sudden bewilderment to the familiar phrases that seemed all at once the cry of all human agony.

Longing! It came to her as an articulate voice. This was the thing that had gnawed at her heart day after day for the weeks since they had met. Why was she enduring this unutterable misery? What weakness in herself was deterring her from the spoken word that would bring the feeling of living back to her again? With life so fleeting, why was she so afraid of happiness!

Urged by a force that could no longer be denied, she slipped out before the lights could dispel the illusion, hurried home in a fever of resolve, and without waiting, wrote to Lavery,

"Come tomorrow at four."

She put the letter quickly into an envelope, stamped and addressed it. Without stopping to remove her wrap, she ran the length of the hotel corridor and dropped the letter into the mail chute.

CHAPTER XXXIII

LONG before the hour, Sabina was waiting in the little salon, looking down at the drab weariness of the gray autumn in the Park below. The children had gone to Caroline's for supper, and the apartment was ominously silent. She heard the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece like the insistent beat of her pulses on her brain, as she moved restlessly about the room running her hands from time to time into the masses of golden chrysanthemums he had sent her an hour before. She was in a panic. She felt that she was doing everything exactly as she had planned not to do it. She had wished to stand off in cold detachment to reason out her life and his, and all at once chance had sent her emotional nature into rebellion and forced her hand.

All morning she had been struggling to return to her reasoning self. She must tell him everything quietly and without evasion. She repeated again and again that she must not let him be swept off his feet, before he knew what sacrifices he would have to make. She had gone over again and again how she would greet him. She would defend herself behind a little formality, just at first, until she had told him what he had a right to know. Every word was fixed in her memory, but the instant she turned and saw him in the doorway, her mind went blank.

"Did my note sound terribly hysterical?" she said nervously.

She had an impulse to laugh, a strange, hysterical, choking laugh, and found that she was shivering under the instant question that shone out from his eyes.

"It's good to be back," he said unsteadily.

"Yes."

"It's been a long time," he said, coming forward. There was a curious sound to his voice, a strong excitement held back with difficulty.

"Yes." She began to laugh nervously. "But I wanted to call you up—oh, many times."

"Sabina!"

She stopped short, tried weakly to look in his eyes, and began to tremble, swayed, and went to the window. "I've wanted to call you so many times," she repeated almost inaudibly, leaning her head against the cool window-pane.

"Of course, you know that I love you," he said roughly.

She heard herself murmur something incoherently. She did not know whether she was laughing or crying. Nothing mattered any more. He had torn through all her hesitations and her doubts ruthlessly, as she had wanted him to do. All was over, all was right between them. But she could not answer him, could not make him understand. Everything in her was choked up, everything was swimming before her eyes. Mystified, a little frightened, he came nearer. He took her face in his hands and

NO PLACE FOR GERMS TO NEST

THIS aristocrat of kitchen knives is always welcome on the dining table. Its handsome bakelite handle gives it a distinguished appearance. More important—there are no seams where dirt and germs can collect. Boiling water will not crack or warp it.

The blade is of stainless steel made to Remington's own formula. It is sharp and can easily be resharpened.

Sold where good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't it, send his name with $1.50 for Remington Household Slicer No. 8608. It will be mailed promptly, postpaid.

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113 Years of Quality
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REMINGTON KLEANBLADE
Stainless—7¾ inch
Price $1.50

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WHAT COLOR?

FOR bedroom; living room; kitchen... Whatever the scheme of decoration you may prefer, there is a smart, serviceable Vul-Cot wastebasket to match it. These indestructible, dust-proof baskets of hard, vulcanized fibre are correct for every room in the house. Your stationery, house-furnishing or department store has Vul-Cot—round or oval—lacquered in ten pastel shades and colors. Expensive? Quite the opposite!

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-the national wastebasket
guaranteed five years
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
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Save Money

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NEW REEDCRAFT BOOKLET

Contains simple step-by-step illustrated instructions, special combination offers, description of all kinds of weaving materials, Cane, Rush, Reed, Grasses, etc. Sent upon receipt of 10 cents.

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Such *an easy* tasty dessert!

can be served a dozen different ways

Junket is always delicious, unusually tempting in flavor—takes but a minute to make! May be varied in many delightful ways with a topping of sliced fruit, nuts, or sauce. Just follow simple directions carefully; serve *ice-cold*. Specially fine for the children.

Lemon Junket with Apricot Whip

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To make this wholesome dessert dissolve a package of Flavored Junket in one pint fresh milk — barely *lukewarm*. Stir *one minute*. Pour into Individual dessert glasses; let stand in warm room about 20 minutes until firm. Place in icebox to chill. At time of serving add any simple topping desired—cocoanut, mound of jelly, or whipped cream.

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turned it up to him. A vast lassitude, delicious and penetrating to every sense, closed over her. She saw the clear outline of his head and the dark eyes impending. Her eyes closed. She was locked in his arms, her lips against his lips, all strength run out of her. She heard nothing, knew nothing, in a leaping surrender that endured long, dizzy moments.

With every vibrant nerve conscious of a strange translation into another existence, she opened her eyes at last.

"Oh, but there is so much, my dear, I should have told you first," she cried in a panic of remorse.

He laughed happily. "Rubbish!"

She shook her head, still deliciously weak in his arms. "Yes, yes, I meant to, but when you came, I couldn't!"

"When did you first know?" he said hungrily. "The afternoon at the concert?"

She nodded.

"And you wanted to run away?"

She shook her head. "I never have wanted to run away. And you?"

"I knew then. I walked for hours after I left you."

"In all that rain? Oh, my dear!"

He smiled with the smile of his youth and sought her lips again. But she shook her head, covering his mouth with her fingers.

"Ah, Dan dear, help me a little. It isn't so simple as you think. Let me go. I can't think like this."

He released her and stepped back. She stood, covered her face with her hands, breathing fitfully.

"Well, bring on those difficulties and let me smash them," he said presently.

"If you only could!" she said gravely.

He brushed her warning aside. He had won her, that was the only difficult thing. She would want to wait a year or two on Tam's account. That was natural. He would win over the children and make it easier. He had her; any sacrifice was easy.

"My dear, I know your problem. It isn't simple. It's very complicated."

The phrase had a vaguely familiar sound. Where had she heard it before? Vaguely reminiscent of Carl. Her reason began to clarify itself through the emotional mists which had obscured it. She made him sit down on the sofa and, placing herself in the armchair opposite, said slowly,

"There are things—complications in my life—I meant to tell you first."

"Tell me now, dear," he said gently.

She hesitated. "I made a compact with my husband. While our children are growing up, we are to keep our home together. He wanted to marry Eileen, of course."

A SILENCE fell between them. Sabina was cold with the spoken finality of what she had said. The dark look returned to his face as he stared before him, oppressed by rapid, confused thoughts. The significance had penetrated instantly to his mind. This was the answer to the ominous premonition which had oppressed him from the first.

"You see how Eileen's marrying affects me," she began nervously. "Oh, I don't know what I would have done if—" She dropped her hands in a helpless gesture. "There were so many things I didn't understand. I was so sure then. Now?" She rose and went to the fireplace, looking into it. "Now—I don't know. It's come home to me. I am bound!"

He did not answer.

After a moment she said, "We made our compact with the understanding that each should be absolutely free, I as well as he."

"I see."

"To come into your home in the end, as you have a right to have me, means waiting years—ten, fifteen years." She drew a long breath. "Have I done a terrible thing? I haven't been able to think. It swept me off my feet, but I have been fighting against myself all these weeks."

He rose, came over, and touched her arm. "This thing has struck us like a whirlwind,

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What these great authorities say of Baby Clothes—

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Infants' Wear

Sacrifice

dear. You are right. There is no good in evading the issue. I want to ask you one thing: are you sure of your feeling toward your husband?"

She turned and met his eyes fearlessly. "I have never loved any man but you. And no matter what happens, I shall love no one again."

"I know that is true of me," he said gravely, "Completely or incompletely, you are my life as long as I live."

She caught her breath and came back to his arms with a rush. They clung together in silence.

"My dear one," she said firmly, "we must be sure. It would have to be final in my life. But you must think of yourself. You are before the public. You have a big life. I am just one woman who doesn't matter. If it would hurt you, you must have the courage to put me out of your life."

"If it means suffering, we must suffer," he said in a strained voice.

Not for a moment did he believe that in the end she would fail to come to him in his way. He had been prepared for delay. She was still hysterically swayed by Tam's condition. But when the boy grew stronger, time would work for him. A woman in love ends by reasoning as her lover reasons.

CHAPTER XXXIV

FOR the next weeks they saw each other constantly. They made no attempt at concealment, and they were both too well known to escape notice. People began to talk, as Sabina knew they would. It would have been easy to throw gossip off their track by dividing her time with Sandhurst and one or two others. But she was too whole-heartedly absorbed in her romance to resort to such subterfuges.

There remained the question of Carl. At first he had been pleased at Lavery's devotion, and then a little puzzled. He was quick to notice the change in Sabina, and though he asked no questions, she knew that he suspected what was passing in her. Should she tell him or leave it to him to divine? Sooner or later she owed him some explanation. But for the moment she postponed it.

She felt herself dominated and rejoiced in this new sensation. Her instinctive clearness of judgment and her impatience of the working formula of society responded eagerly to Lavery's philosophic perspective. Opportunity and wide contact, allied with an enthusiasm for life which she had not suspected, had brought him that rare quality of seeing large. His mind dealt in masses, in group movements, in social forces, rarely in individuals. She had often the triumphant feeling that this impersonal scale had dwarfed the more intimate needs of his life—until she had come into it. To her, conscious of a background of inhibitions that had formed her standards of thought, this contact was an intellectual stimulation. She was amazed at the wealth of interests in his mind, and, responding to her eagerness, they explored the mammoth city which to her had been only a constricted area of half a dozen avenues and three-score streets.

Carl, meantime, went his own way. He was beginning to get himself in hand as the days passed, and the *débâcle* of his love-affair faded little by little into a painful memory. He found himself quickly caught up in the distracting rush of a new popularity. He was far too attractive, too well off, and too conspicuous not to be welcomed with open arms into that element of New York that lives for the pursuit of pleasure.

After that first tentative explanation Sabina had not again opened the discussion of her relations with Carl. The subject was closed. But there was something unspoken and postponed in Lavery's attitude that warned her he would never be satisfied with anything but complete possession. At times she foresaw a long, exhausting battle against her own heart.

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★ *Cooks Delicious Dishes*

WARMS BABY'S MILK

THIS handy little stove *quickly* boils, broils, fries everything from eggs to steaks. Heats coffee—water for shaving—curling irons—baby's milk. Makes toast, candy. Has hundreds of uses. Sterno Stove fine for camping, hiking. In hotels, offices, schools. Sterno fuel, *safe*. Burns solid. No smoke, sparks, cinders. See full line Sterno Cooking Utensils at local dealer. Send 10c today for special Sterno Stove and Cook Book! Dept. H-5, Sterno Corp., (Est. 1887) 9 E. 37th St., N. Y. C.

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A PITIFUL scream. Blanched faces . . . The pain, the anguish of burns . . . later the cruel disfigurement of scars!

Where is the mother who does not fear it—this danger that may come, who knows when?

But you can be prepared, today. The pain of the most frightful burn yields to Unguentine—the *antiseptic* surgical dressing 8 out of 10 hospitals use.

Almost instantly, Unguentine soothes. It safeguards against infection. Clean, quick healing begins. And in nearly every case—not a scar remains.

Keep a tube always ready in the bathroom. Keep extra tubes in the accident danger zones; kitchen, office or shop and auto kit. Buy Unguentine today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

"Not a scar was left"

"Our little girl fell against the heater while playing. When I snatched her away bits of skin adhered to the stove . . . I applied a thick coating of Unguentine . . . Now her chin and neck are almost well and her hand and arm have healed nicely."

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Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins

Sacrifice

She did not go to his home until one evening shortly before her departure to the West with Tam. Then, at his entreaty, she dined there in company with a few of his intimate friends. On one side of her she found a world-famous pianist at whose recitals she had often sat spellbound; on the other, an exquisite old man of Old World elegance, who spoke with the garnished eloquence of a great art critic. Lavery was opposite, with a little, bird-like Englishwoman upon his left, author of an amazingly good novel, a story of breadth and power.

She had been a little shy at first, but gradually, stimulated by the naturalness and brilliance of the talk, she had put a few well-chosen questions which provoked a general discussion.

From time to time she caught Lavery's glance and knew that he was pleased at her success, that she was not simply an attractive woman but one with whom men of intellect conversed in a pleasant recognition of a sympathetic and understanding listener.

It was natural and simple to be sitting there at the head of his table, the hostess in his home, as though she had done it all her life. And all at once the extent of the sacrifice she would be called on to make—the completeness that must be denied to her, too, by her own irrevocable act—flashed before her. Life would be impossible to her now without him, but how much would be withheld! The sensation was so keen that she had a moment of weakness, of futile beating against the bars of her destiny. Perhaps Lavery read her—he had been watching her all evening—for as they went into the drawing-room, he said with a gesture that comprehended the room:

"It has been waiting for your touch, my dear. Some day you must reorganize it for me."

From the moment of her entrance she had had a feeling of hunger to transform this luxurious formality into the charm of his home.

"Am I weakening?" she thought. "Will it be harder than I believe to go through with it?"

She felt depressed and defeated as she drove back. Events were sweeping her along in a maelstrom of hungry, passionate impulses toward the fulness of life she craved. Until now she had faced defiantly the obstacles in her way. The full consequences of her act for the first time came home to her. Yet she was bound, shackled hand and foot, and the iron was of her own forging.

WHEN she came into her salon, Carl appeared from his room.

"What in the world brought you home so early?" she exclaimed.

"Early? It's almost two o'clock."

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed in surprise.

He was looking at her with curiosity, and to cover her emotion she began to relate to him rapidly her evening.

"You are seeing a good deal of Mr. Lavery," he said abruptly.

She resented the tone and the question. Her head went back, and she met the anger in his glance defiantly. "Well!"

"Oh, I know, but this time it is different," he said stubbornly.

"And if it is?"

"I don't like it."

She frowned. "And why?"

"Because you are head-over-heels in love with him, and any one can see it."

"And even so?"

"I don't like it," he repeated angrily.

Carl dictating to her her conduct! It cut her to the raw, filled her with a sudden, uncontrollable desire to hurt him.

"Do you realize just how extraordinary your attitude is?" she asked coldly. "I think you forget a good deal. I am as free as you."

"It's not the same," he said darkly. "After all, you are my wife."

There was only one answer to make, and she went to it directly. "Carl, come here."

He turned, came slowly, and stood waiting

Willie's oily cocktail

Father struggled with the lemon squeezer—mother tried to be helpful, but all to no avail, for old-fashioned castor oil refused to be disguised. Uncertain camouflage is gone forever. Every parent now knows Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

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In Kellogg's the taste isn't covered up—it simply isn't there. It contains no benzyl alcohol, saccharin or flavoring. Super-refined by a patented process and the *only* refinery-bottled castor oil. This keeps it 100% pure, tasteless—untouched from refinery to you.

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To protect its purity and freshness it is never sold in bulk but always in the original bottles. 1 oz. (1 dose), 3 oz. and 7 oz. home-sizes. Send 10c in stamps for trial bottle. Use the coupon.

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Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me convenient size bottle of Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

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Burglars NOT welcomed

The world-famous Segalock 886. An attractive lock.

THE door equipped with a Segalock is burglar-proof because . . . it is jimmy-proof.

A turn of a key or a twist of the thumb interlocks both door and jamb with fingers of unyielding metal.

No jimmy can break that grip!

If your builder has not equipped your home with burglar-proof Segalocks, write us and we will tell you of a nearby hardware dealer who can demonstrate them to you.

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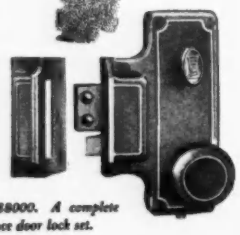

Segalock 88000. A complete entrance door lock set.

Trade SEGALOCK Mark

"The Modern Building is Protected Against Burglary"

before her, a little ashamed, a little uneasy, dominated by her wide-eyed look of indignation. She said abruptly,

"Carl, was Eileen your mistress?"

He flinched and drew back. She read the answer in the quick, unprepared start in his eyes.

"Sabina—"

"Don't lie. I know now," she said steadily. "And I think there is nothing more to be said."

He stared at her a moment and then, turning, went to his own room. Even in the moment of her fiercest anger at his criticism a sudden triumphant release possessed her at the knowledge she had acquired. That made it easier.

She was in bed, about to turn out her light, when a knock came, and Carl in his dressing-gown entered. She waited rigidly as he sank down at the foot of the bed, gripping his hands and staring.

"I'm sorry," he blurted out. "I wasn't myself. I apologize."

"I'm glad you see it," she said stiffly.

"I suppose I'm ridiculous," he said in a low voice. "I haven't a leg to stand on. Only, well—I didn't realize it might happen to you."

"I won't discuss it now."

"What? No. What's the use. Absurd in me. Only it's hard. You won't understand, of course. No woman would." He rose. "Well, I won't do that again. I'm dreadfully sorry."

"Let me understand you," she said, frowning. "Jealous, Carl?"

He pondered over her question. "I don't know. Perhaps."

"You made your choice long ago."

"Yes, of course." He balanced on his heel a moment. "I'm sorry. Won't happen again. Good-night."

(To be concluded)

The Progressive Dinner

(Continued from page 97)

coffee. Cook over hot water until thickened and then add the gelatine and stir until thoroughly dissolved and thickened. Fold in two-thirds cupful of cream whipped and add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Fill the molds up with this mixture. Chill until set, unmold, and serve. This recipe makes eight molds.

In the Four-Course Dinner, we have a *Cream of Corn and Almond Soup* made as follows: Chop one can of corn fine, or grate two cupfuls fresh green corn. Cook in one quart of milk slowly with one large onion sliced, a bay leaf, and one stalk of celery for about ten minutes, then strain through a sieve. Meanwhile melt four tablespoonfuls of fat, add slowly four tablespoons flour until it froths, add four tablespoonfuls of cold milk, stir until it is smooth, and add this thickening to the milk and corn mixture. Season with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful each of paprika and celery salt. Blanch one-fourth of a pound of almonds by pouring boiling water over them and then removing the skins, chop fine, heat in two tablespoonfuls of butter without browning, then add to the soup with half a pint of cream. Let all simmer a few minutes and serve with a topping of whipped cream on each portion. Serves eight generously.

For *Casserole of Chicken*, cut up a six-pound chicken as for frying. Dip each piece in batter made of flour and water, of the consistency of cream, to which half a teaspoonful of soda and the same amount of salt has been added. Then roll in fine cracker crumbs and place in baking pan or casserole in which one-half cupful of oil or melted fat has been placed, and cook in a moderate oven of 375° F. for one hour or until the chicken is tender. When done, each piece will have a delicious brown crust. Make a gravy as follows: Add four tablespoonfuls of flour to three tablespoonfuls of the fat in the pan. When smooth add two cupfuls of cold water, stir constantly until smooth and thickened, then season. This recipe serves eight.

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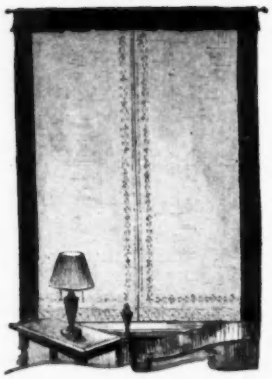

FOR THE BEDROOM—Graceful, straight-hung Quaker Tailored Net curtains assure privacy and admit light and air and will replace the tie-back curtain.

For the living room and dining room where a more formal style of curtain is required the smart fringed Quaker Net Panels are most appropriate.

Smartness and good taste do not mean high price. At modest cost you may curtain every window in your home with Quaker Transparent Net Curtains.

See the new Quaker curtains at the best stores.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

QUAKER TRANSPARENT NET CURTAINS

QUALITY The Best at every price $2 to $20

Blue Flax

(*Continued from page 69*)

against the table and dozed lightly; started up and waited.

When finally she opened the screen, remembering Joie's last letter, she turned back and got it from among the dishes. With this confidential message he had sent money for a gorgeous box of commencement roses—*for himself*. Not that Joie would waste good money on roses, but this had been earned "for Maw to show off on." . . . What a fit Joie's father would have had—five dollars for posies! Besides, there were other things in the letter to arouse his antagonism. Lucky she had thought of it.

Rachel Nash had a small, sure step. Rapidly she crossed the cluttered barnyard and was in the lane. Turning, she glimpsed back for a light—no, Ira hadn't awakened. There was a sweet wet wind abroad under hurrying clouds. Where the moon broke through, the slope stood up in silver; little pools left by yesterday's rain wimpled, each pool a moon. As the lane fell away in brimming gutters, the fringing jack-oaks, carrying red velvet bowknots of early leaves and heavy bloom-tassels, seemed to march in procession—backward, as she went forward.

The traveler crossed a rutted highway and circled a cotton field, taking the cut to Foss's. Just short of the creek she tugged open a tall wire gate and left it down for the truck to pass through. She was in the barnyard. A sharp-featured house with chimneys like upright bows on a bonnet loomed to the right; lesser buildings cowered on the left. As she moved uncertainly forward, a long streamer of incandescence widening, pulsing, and steadying, flowed toward her. Rachel began running up the road of light, her coat rasping.

"Hello," Margaret said throatily, "here I am, under the wheel. Hop up and let's go."

Mrs. Nash got hold of the truck, found something solid with her foot, slipped, steadied, and was in her seat. They steered into a thread of road beyond the gateway and for a quarter of a mile took their time among the slippery ruts of the old section line.

WHEN they turned north on the new graveled highway, Margaret shot the car forward—no hurry, she explained, above the roar of the truck, but rain was following Bear Creek and they might outrun it. Finally, however, the driver slowed down a bit to ask questions. Who was sick in Stillwater, Cynthia's baby or Cynthia? Was it Cynthia's husband, Field Houston? Surely not Joie! And who was going to get breakfast for Ira? Or was Rachel running away from Ira as she, Margaret, would have run years ago?

No one, Rachel explained briefly, was sick. She must see whoever had most to do with schools—the Superintendent, wasn't it? Did Margaret know his name and where he lived? No. Miss Foss was familiar with Oklahoma's A. & M. College, but she didn't happen to know that. They'd find out when they got to Stillwater.

Such a night it was for travel—light skulking with shadow! Rachel Nash watched the clouds, how they walked with the tree-tops, fought with them, rolled and tumbled with them. One scarcely knew a wagging cloud from a shuddering jack-oak. Big, spatting drops of rain fell; there was a roaring not that of the speeding truck. When finally the sky split wide open, it was like passing through the sea, that storm.

"I can't see a blooming thing," Margaret shouted. She eased out by the side of the road and shut off her motor. "Pull your coat over your head and tuck up your feet," she added. "This is liable to last an hour."

She was right. Inside the loose truck-top they got the blown rain from all directions. But all things have an end. Like a burly traveler the deluge passed; they heard its steps running in the trees eastward. Then the west

START this Spring by modernizing your home with the new dry-in-four hours KYANIZE Floor Finish. Both you and your family will stand on the threshold of a delightful experience—furniture in glistening new colors, floors that looked hopeless turned radiant and new looking, woodwork finished in one of eight transparent hard wood colors—all possible with KYANIZE Floor Finish.

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Send $1.00 and your dealer's name and address and we will forward, prepaid, a trial can of Kyanize Floor Finish (Transparent) and a good brush to apply it. Mention color you prefer: Mahogany, Golden Oak, Cherry, Light Oak, Rosewood or Dark Mahogany, Walnut or Brown Mahogany, Colonial Green, Dark Oak, Natural or "Clear."

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In using advertisements see page 6

FRESH OCEAN FISH

Without the Bother of Cleaning

RIGHT out of the ocean into your frying pan—with all the dreaded work of cleaning done for you—40-FATHOM* fish is cut into convenient sides, or fillets, for quick, easy cooking.

The hand of the housewife need not touch 40-FATHOM fish, for it is thoroughly washed and cleared of every part that is not edible, then individually wrapped in pure parchment paper. Just tumble the fillets out of their wrappers into the proper utensil—then bake, boil, fry or broil. As easy to cook as bacon!

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Blue Flax

opened a door in the clouds through which the red moon lurched. The earth spread its drenched black and silver. It was close to morning when Miss Foss doubled down her windshield and crawled back into the open road. Then she peered ahead and halted.

"Washout ahead of that culvert," she muttered and got down—a clumsy shape in overalls—to pry with her heavy heel. The soaked earth *might* hold. "If I were alone, I'd jump it," she muttered, getting back in the car. "I don't want to be late in Chandler; I can't be. What way?"

"I'd rather jump," Rachel answered, "but—maybe not. I'd like to get there all together."

"Oh, you would?" Margaret Foss grinned and backed her car around. "This off road will finish my casing, but what's twenty-five dollars to a perfect tablecloth?"

An hour they traveled on a road Margaret knew and didn't know, where everything was blurred by night fog—gigantic, menacing. Then day rolled up its curtain and leaned between pearl columns its rosy face. The road turned north and west, then north again. When they came out at a bridge Rachel remembered, the driver squinted at the watch held to her wrist by a leather strap.

"Six-thirty," she cried. "My gosh!"

Margaret Foss got down and stooped to the rear of the truck. Then she stood up, frowning.

"Casing's in rags," she said; "but my inner tube's all right yet. I'll tell you. It won't be much out of your way—you go straight up town to the oil station—" she pointed—"and send me a new tire. I look like a dirty tramp, or I'd go with you. Hurry, please. We got to get out of here."

TO ONE who, for twenty-five years, had seen the sun splinter itself on a red earth slope, morning in the flat town was loneliness. Nothing there but flooding yellow between fringy tree shadows and blocky house shadows. If the light focused on anything at all, south of the beautiful university buildings, it was in Hester Street, where it smote the outjutting windows of Joie's sleeping porch.

Not that Mother was going to see Joie. That was the last thing she must do. Hurrying north, and burdened by the flapping yellow slicker, she passed what Margaret had explained was the old buffalo park. She passed the city-hall bandstand and the Senior High, where Joie had been going to graduate! She passed the church and the court-house. She had made good time.

Oil stations are accommodating; they have to be. Rachel Nash had a chance to wash off some of the mud. She was told if she turned into Seventh Street and went west to the edge of town, she would come to the white bungalow where David Porter, Superintendent of Schools, lived. When she started out again briskly, she noted with beating heart that Seventh took her within three blocks of "the children." Not that she was lucky enough to glimpse any of them except Joie, and she wasn't sure about him.

Joie was growing up. He talked wittily on important subjects; had begun to use Field's safety razor and bay rum. Still, it did seem a boy's mother could see him often enough that she would know him at any distance. But trips cost money. Cynthia and Field thought they might own a car after paying doctor bills. Two years back Ira Nash had said bitterly if that check—the one Mother lied about—hadn't been lost in the mail, they'd had a second-hand Ford. Talk! There never would be money even to hire a car. Why, Ira had taken Joie's last harvest wages so that Joie must scrape along with what he earned Saturdays and evenings, driving a grocery and milk wagon. He couldn't have a new suit for commencement . . . what was she thinking of? Joie wasn't going to graduate. He was a bad egg!

Mother's eyes misted. She mustn't stumble

★

Where Lives are Loved Most

IN those homes where family ties are closest you always find the greatest concern for the family health. That is why in such homes, the HERRICK Refrigerator is so highly regarded. Foods are kept in the most healthful condition in the cold pure air which constantly circulates through the HERRICK.

HERRICK

THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS

gives 3-way protection

Outside, inside, and in between, the Triplex Insulated HERRICK protects against warm air. The HERRICK cabinet and HERRICK linings are non-conductors of heat, and in between is heavily packed MINERAL WOOL, one of the most effective insulating materials. Even leftovers can be made to appear "something different" when kept fresh in a HERRICK.

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☐ *For Comfort and Convenience*
☐ *Ice or Electricity*

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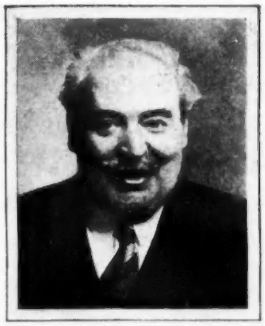
HERRICK REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
115 River Street, Waterloo, Iowa

"As in World-Famous Wines Ageing Perfects This Flavor"

Says George Rector, *America's Most Eminent Wine Connoisseur*

Director of Cuisine for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad



"In the wine countries of the old world where I have spent so much time, it is ageing that develops the bouquet and aroma of world-famous vintages. Now I discover here in America that it is this same time-honored method that produces the rich, mellow flavor of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. I find it most delicious."

George Rector

GEORGE RECTOR occupies a unique position. He is America's most outstanding authority on *cuisine* . . . . an internationally known connoisseur of European wines . . . . an epicure of note.

Ageing is Known the World Over

Mr. Rector has visited the famous vintners of Bordeaux, of Burgundy, of Spain and Italy and the Rhineland. He knows that the flavor of fine wines can only be achieved by long and careful ageing. He visited the plant where Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made, *particularly* to see the process by which its superior flavor is developed.

He observed *two steps* in the famous ageing process, which together require six months. He saw how the flavor elements themselves age . . . how rich mellowness is first achieved in the blend. And then, in the great warehouses, he saw the finished product—bottled only in *brand-new bottles* to protect its high quality—awaiting final perfection of flavor. It takes 6 months to make every bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Proving It by Taste

At his own suggestion, Mr. Rector sampled first the new Clicquot, in the development of which Time had had no part—then the aged Clicquot as it was ready for shipment. His delicate taste detected at once the amazing difference that Time had wrought. For while science controls the conditions under which this ageing takes place, it is Time that develops the delicious mellow flavor.

So when you uncap a bottle of this sparkling ginger ale, you know that it is rich, ripe and digestible because both man and Nature have conspired to give it delightful flavor.

Why not send for this interesting booklet, "A Miracle of Nature"? It includes some excellent recipes for desserts and salads as well as delightful warm-weather menus. It is free. Write the Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass.

Clicquot Club ★

GINGER ALES

The Clicquot Club Eskimos—Every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, from WEAF, New York and 40 associated stations.

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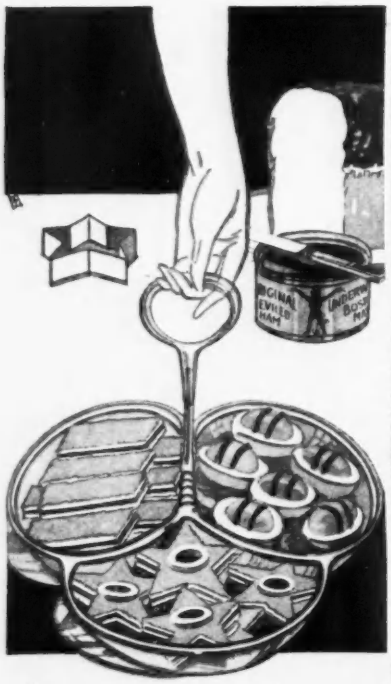

A piquant base for *hors d'oeuvres*

RICH in consistency and tanged with appetizing flavor, UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM makes an ideal ingredient for hors d'oeuvres.

Spread it plain on crackers or inch-wide slices of bread. Combine it with tomato, eggs, olives, or celery. You'll find it an ingredient to conjure with and one that is economical to use because it is all solid goodness. Just the finest ham and choice spices.

Let us send you the Underwood Book of Recipes for new kinds of hors d'oeuvres, ham-and-eggs and all sorts of sandwiches.

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

★

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CHECK THE ARTICLE WANTED:

One copy of the Underwood Recipes FREE.
One 10c can of Underwood Deviled Ham, 10c enclosed.
Six 10c cans of Underwood Deviled Ham, 50c enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

Blue Flax

right there on Seventh Street. "Quit it," she told herself fiercely. "Step right along."

Mother stepped.

Presently she turned in on a porch with vines and a swing. A child, who skipped away immediately, let her into a sunny room. She saw floor-lamps, a piano, chairs that were not just seats. How unbearable the rain-coat had become. Why hadn't she thought to leave it with the truck? . . . A good thing she hadn't, but—we never know! It had been years since Rachel Nash carried on a conversation with a strange man. She had wondered what she would say. Now it was, *would she have time to say it?* In the library, just beyond some columns, David Porter was telling a visitor in a melodiously youthful voice how impossible it was for a child with defective eyesight to make headway in school. Glasses rightly fitted, it seemed, would work wonders.

Porter stooped to the reading table and wrote an address for which the other man thanked him. Both men came toward her, and, as she drew back against the wall, the shorter one passed out. She was alone with David Porter, who had shut her son out of the forest of a thousand hopes. Porter was offering her a chair, asking her name . . . Yes, she was Joseph Nash's mother . . . No, she hadn't moved to Stillwater; only made a night ride to —to speak with him about Joie. She would take off her coat.

"But it is too muddy for you to handle," she managed a smile. "I'll hold it. Thank you, I will sit down."

HER chair had broad arms, and she rested the rain-coat across them, her hands on the coat. Her heart was thumping. That, she told herself, was because she missed her coffee. Nothing here to be afraid of. Still, David Porter's gray eyes were the kind that bore holes in one. What had Joie called them—gimlets? She was keeping this important man from his breakfast, she knew. Well, wasn't she hungry, too?

"You wish to ask something about Joseph?" Porter asked after an enquiring pause.

Rachel nodded. She swallowed. "Joie telephoned he was going away to work. He said—" this, with daring—"that you turned him out of school—because he was a—a bad egg. He didn't say what he had—*hadn't* done."

She added softly, with such poignant softness that the big man's eyes steadied upon her, "He has been so anxious for college—crowded two years in one."

"I know," the other assented. "Joseph has worked flamingly in his own way—Latin splendidly; English, not at all. He hasn't tried to get on with his English teacher; impudent—slangy—"

"I can hear his slang," Joie's mother interposed, "but—impudence?"

"Impudence," repeated David Porter firmly. "He has stuck out his tongue—his eyes, rather, at reproof—if you catch my meaning."

"Yes, yes." At last they had reached common ground—Joie's bugging eyes! "He has always—" Mother's voice trailed off.

Somewhere, close, a telephone jangled. Came the click of a receiver leaving the hook, then a woman's lively summons,

"*Da*vid!"

Porter left the room, but not far. The waiting one heard scraps of conversation . . . "Yes, the committee would meet that evening . . . Yes, at eight o'clock . . . No, nothing further about the English grades."

Mingled with this was the clink of china and glass; the woman-voice, sweet and gay, answering children. Then Porter was back in his chair.

"You were saying, Mrs. Nash—?"

"That Joie bugs his eyes to keep from crying. When he thought his chance of high school was gone, he bugged." Bravado seized Rachel Nash. "When others pull down their mouths," she boasted, "*Joie bugs.*"

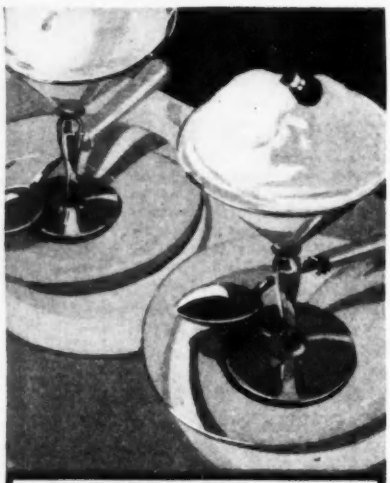
David Porter's fine eyes changed, softened. Then he pulled himself up. "It made his

UNDERFLAVORING is the cardinal sin of American cooks

says a visiting French chef. Only an occasional *born cook* seems to understand the art of flavoring.

One such "born cook" we keep in captivity always at your service. Write her about your flavoring problems, questions of how to use color or what dessert to serve with a particular menu. She will be delighted to help you.

Thousands of women are already using her "Doubly Delicious Desserts", a unique cookbook which tells the exact amount of flavoring the Born Cook uses in every recipe for perfect results.



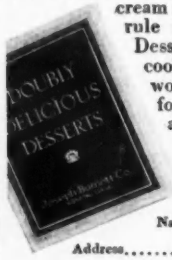
FRENCH VANILLA Ice Cream

2 cups milk	2 or 4 egg yolks
3 tbsp. flour	¼ tsp. salt
1 cup sugar	3 cups thin cream

2 tbsp. Burnett's Vanilla

Measure all ingredients. Mix together the flour, sugar, salt and egg. Add scalded milk gradually. Cook in double boiler until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Add cream and Vanilla. Strain. Put into ice cream freezer. Pack freezer with a mixture of chopped ice and salt, using eight parts of ice to one of salt. Fill freezer one-third full of chopped ice before adding any salt. Freeze.

There is no more delicious dessert the year round than home-made French Vanilla ice cream if you follow this exact rule in "Doubly Delicious Desserts of a Born Cook"—a cook book that French chefs would certainly commend for its true understanding and application of the art of flavoring. Send 10c to Joseph Burnett Co., 5 D Street, Boston, Massachusetts.



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BURNETT'S VANILLA

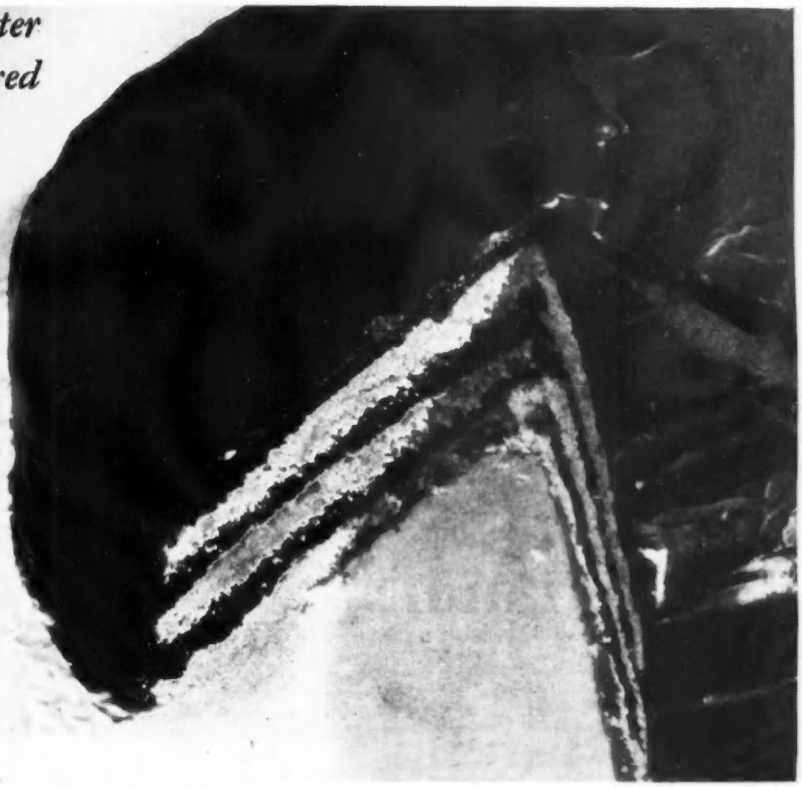
It's the Cream of Tartar in ROYAL *that does it* . . .

Makes your cakes lighter . . more delicately flavored . . and more healthful

USE new-laid eggs . . . the finest butter . . . the freshest milk . . . the best ingredients you can buy; follow the rules for perfect cake making—yet your cake may lack those niceties of flavor . . . of texture . . . that your critical taste demands.

Cream of Tartar baking powder makes the difference. It lifts your cake out of the ordinary class of "just cake" . . . gives it feather lightness, velvety texture, delicate flavor . . . keeps it fresh and moist to the last delectable crumb.

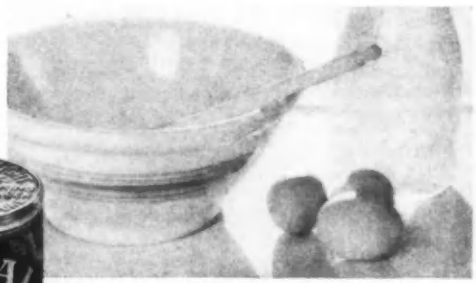
And never forget—baking powder is not made with Cream of Tartar unless the label says so. Only one nationally distributed baking powder is made with this precious ingredient—Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder.



You are sure to get cake as fine as this every time if you use Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Royal takes the risk out of cake making. Only 2¢ worth insures the success of a gorgeous big cake.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE: The recipe is in the Royal Cook Book. To form attractive "individual" shortcakes, cut the dough with a very large biscuit cutter, or half fill large greased muffin rings which have been placed on a baking pan.

Free . . . . Mail coupon today for complete cook book containing nearly 350 recipes . .



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Please send my free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book.

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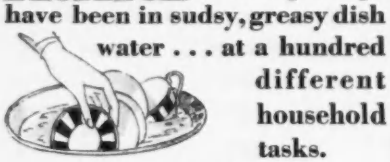
In using advertisements see page 6

Hands you notice them at the bridge table . . . on the

steering wheel . . . on the piano keys . . .

Hands that perhaps have been in sudsy, greasy dish water . . . at a hundred different household tasks.



Hands Some of them are rough, chapped—the skin red and irritated . . . showing plainly how they have been working all day.

But *some* Hands are white, smooth, velvety . . . fragrant of fresh flowers . . . . . . in other words . . . .

***young* Hands** that whatever else they do . . . obviously use . . .

Pacquin's ★ HAND CREAM

have you that sort of hands?

Send the coupon and 10¢ for proof that they may be. A liberal trial jar for a thorough, ten-day test.

Jane E. Curran, Inc., Greeley Square Bldg. Sixth Avenue at 31st Street, New York (Dept. A-2)

Enclosed is 10¢. Please send trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Blue Flax

classmates hilarious anyway," he countered; "made the teacher ridiculous. However, that is not in itself the cause of his suspension. Joseph—excuse me one moment."

This interruption was at the front door. The Superintendent read a message handed in; stepped to the table and answered it.

There was the echo of footsteps clipping away on the pavement. David Porter turned.

"The truth is," he stated regretfully, "Joseph has stolen the book with his English grades. I'm—sorry."

Mother's sensitive face crimsoned, then went white. Her lips, wide and beautifully curved like Joie's, thinned against each other, forcing back a cry; where her bruised knuckles strained at the yellow coat, blood appeared like fresh paint. But Rachel Nash was used to being still. Through a wave of protest she turned her attention to lovely things: the bowl of honeysuckle on the table—were the blossoms fragrant bugles, wistful little new moons? The floor-lamps—lamps or giant tulips? What crackled under her smarting hand—Joie's letter—the letter his father hadn't read?

"Joseph entered the schoolhouse through a window," the big man was adding reluctantly. "The janitor is reasonably certain of it. I suppose a foolish hope that getting his low grades out of the way—blurring the whole records—might save him from a thorough examination was at the bottom of it; or—I can't say what. Hard to understand just why a young culprit does—what he does."

David Porter looked away from his visitor now. He came slowly back to his chair and stood by it. Then the sharp silence was broken—this time, by the lady of the house. Mother took in the gracious height, the sparkling darkness, of David Porter's wife; the deft lines of a crisp house-dress tinted like a flower.

"Oh, some women have everything," she thought, then shamed herself.

"No," she exulted, "they haven't got Joie!"

When she took the smooth, vigorous fingers held out, conscious of her own hand's not overcleanness and blood-stains: "I'm going right away," she smiled gallantly. "No—no, thank you. I mustn't stay for coffee; for anything. Please, Mrs. Porter, just what time is it?"

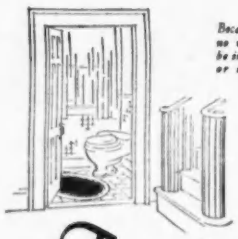
Ten minutes past eight? An hour to get home on washed-out roads; less than an hour for Margaret to get her party over to Chandler! . . .

"THE janitor might have been mistaken," Porter began abruptly when they were alone, "but here's the absolute proof. While every other member of the class has given account of himself, Joseph refuses to tell where he was last Monday night—the night the grade-book disappeared from the class-room. His sister has questioned him, and I have. I know how to handle boys; I love boys. But I have failed to gain your son's confidence. Stubbornness! Joseph thinks I should believe him against evidence."

David paused. "Please see it as it is," he then hastened on earnestly. "A grade-book gone—everything out of balance here at the end of the last semester. It isn't your son's grades alone—"

Rachel Nash was beaten—she knew it. Starting to get up—groping for something to hold to—her bruised hand fumbled in the big pocket of the rain-coat and tightened on the letter tucked there. "But I know Joie," she murmured, holding stubbornly to her side. "He has never in all his life tried to get out of what was coming to him."

David Porter's generous lips tightened; his open brow clouded. "There is always the first time" he reminded her. "A mother knows very little"—something about *Joie's* mother must have warned him, for he interrupted himself to explain, "I am not speaking of Joseph now. This is his first lawlessness. Except with his English teacher, he has made himself a favorite. But I must not pursue favoritism. If he were my own son, *I'd expel him.*"



Because the T/N has no wall tank it can be installed in corners or under windows.

The first QUIET toilet .. at LOW COST

Write for free booklet about this wonderful advance in sanitary design.

THE T/N is a marked improvement in toilet design. *It has no wall tank*—is built completely in one piece. Can be installed in corners or under windows—saves space in small bathrooms.

The T/N is the first QUIET toilet sold at low cost—$15 to $50 less than other "quiet" toilets.

It operates so quietly you can scarcely hear it, yet its patented "whirlpool" flushing action is powerful and complete. The T/N is non-overflowing. Remarkably free from repairs. Made of finest two-fired vitreous china. Absolutely sanitary. Ask your plumbing contractor or architect, or just mail the coupon below.

ONE PIECE WATER CLOSET SILENT NON OVERFLOW

Patented, Pat. Pend.

T/N

ONE PIECE WATER CLOSET

W. A. CASE AND SON MFG. COMPANY,
Dept. 205, 220 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free descriptive literature on the T/N One-Piece Water Closet.

am interested in ☐ NEW HOME ☐ REMODELING

Name.....

Address.....

Name of Plumber.....

No Other Cleaning Device Has This Wonderful Sanitary Feature

That's why hundreds of thousands of women are discarding equipment which the Air-Way Sanitary System has made obsolete

Grace:—Why, Marge, come in and sit down for a minute—I'll be ready in a jiffy. I didn't expect you quite so soon or I would have had my things on.

Marge—Well, from now on I'll be early for everything. Congratulate me, Grace; I finally took your advice and bought one of those Air-Way Sanitary Systems and I'm delighted with it. Now I know why you always say housework isn't disagreeable if one has the proper tools.

Grace—Then you've used it?

Marge—Used it! Why I cleaned my house today in less time than ever before—and better too.

Grace—So that's the reason you were able to get away early. Maybe we'll be able to shop before lunch and take in a talkie afterwards. Why, it's only a quarter to eleven now!

Marge—I'm so elated over my Air-Way. Just think of a machine that will not only clean rugs and carpets but will polish floors, clean upholstered furniture, draperies, lamp shades, under furniture without moving it—and enable me to control moth infestations.

Grace—Why, you haven't mentioned one fourth of the things it will do. I use mine to clean almost everything that doesn't have to be washed. And don't forget you'll never have to perform that disagreeable task of emptying the contents of a cleaner bag. There's a *real* contribution to sanitation.

Marge—Indeed it is. No other cleaning device has that sanitary feature. It's a marvelous idea, and so simple and efficient. No wonder so many thousands of women are discarding old-fashioned equipment for the Air-Way System. Just think! All the dust and germs are collected and sealed in a Sanitary Cellulose Filter Fibre Container that can be detached and burned or discarded.

Grace—And no contact with the germs or dirt, either.

Marge—My husband says it's the smartest purchase I've made since we've been married. So reasonable, too, for all that wonderful service.

Grace—Tell me how you happened to get it.

Marge—You had told me so much about it and I saw it advertised in leading magazines. When a courteous young fellow called at my house yesterday I just had him come in and demonstrate. It certainly convinced me that I was not up on modern cleaning equipment, and incidentally revealed the reasons for your leisure.

Grace—Frankly, you thought I was telling you about just another old-fashioned cleaner didn't you?

Marge—Frankly—yes. I'm sorry now I didn't get one when you first recommended it. Now I'm so enthusiastic that I'm going to write mother about it. She certainly ought to have an Air-Way. When I think of her lugging that heavy old-fashioned cleaning equipment around her big house when this lighter, more efficient Sanitary System is available, I'm just shocked.

Grace—Yes, write her and tell her to look up Air-Way Branch in the phone book and call for a demonstration.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of *(your city)*." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a trained, gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

★ Air-Way SANITARY SYSTEM

It has raised the standard of sanitation in the home

If you do not find an Air-Way Branch listed in your phone book we will gladly supply you with complete information about The Air-Way Sanitary System. Just write your name and address on the corner of this page, tear off and send it direct to the factory.

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. · AIR-WAY LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

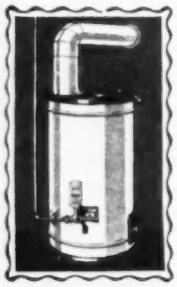
No Cleaner Bag to Empty

In using advertisements see page 6

"GOOD Riddance to BAD Rubbish"

The Decent Way

Why should you keep garbage around your home? *Disease menace!* Why any trash heap or rubbish? *Fire hazard!* Garbage, rubbish, trash, should all be disposed of The Decent Way—*burn* it with gas. INCINOR, the Home Incinerator, burns it, bushels at a time, down to a handful of odorless, sterilized ashes—quickly, cleanly, cheaply—*with gas.* For a small investment you can equip your home with this Health Guard, Fire Protection, Modern Convenience. Installs as easily as a gas range, in your basement. Good neighbors do it The Decent Way, with INCINOR, the Home Incinerator. See it at your gas office, the INCINOR dealer in your community, or write us for full information. Home Incinerator Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



INCINOR reduces wet garbage, trash, and rubbish to a few handfuls of white, odorless, sterilized ash. Can be installed in any house, old or new, in a few minutes. No bother—simply press the lighter button and gas flame does the rest. Exclusive patented features insure complete incineration. Will not attract vermin; nothing "built-in." INCINOR is made in sizes for all homes and institutions.

·INCINOR·

THE HOME INCINERATOR

Good Riddance

GARBAGE .. RUBBISH .. TRASH

BURN IT WITH GAS — THE DECENT WAY

© 1929 H. I. Co.

HOME INCINERATOR COMPANY,
Dept. C5
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Send me your free booklet "The Decent Way."

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Blue Flax

David spoke low now and with passion. Boys were his hobby. But when the telephone rang again and he went toward it reluctantly, the matter was closed. Walking to the door, Rachel Nash counted her steps, hating every one. She heard Porter take down the receiver; knew he was talking with Field—about *Joie*—how sorry he was!—then she heard a destroying clamor, a truck roaring up on Seventh.

There was a click and chutter about the Foss car that she recognized. She knew the horn, hoarsely honking. The truck stopped. But stubbornly Rachel held to her last minute.

"Let her rave," she muttered, when the horn went on blaring. "Let her drive on. I can walk." When was it the grades disappeared—Monday night; *last* Monday night? Had she solid ivory for a head? Snatching Joie's letter out of the envelope, she almost laughed. The slang of it; the dearness—the *proof*—

"Dear Maw:" she glimpsed, her eyes catching paragraphs as words . . . "Dear Maw: Only a few short spans, as the pote says, and your baby boy will be stepping to music in cap and gown. Field has been coaching me in English to all hours, so when I take my special, I'm just as sure to pass as a goose is to go barefoot.

"Now Maw—listen, Maw. You wanted to give me a bunch of posies where every one could see—cast your eyes on this five bucks I earned Monday nights—"

She had not been mistaken—it was *Monday night!*

. . . "I earned Monday nights stuffing an old bird over west—(Bill Simms)—in Latin. I promised Bill by all that is good not to tell I'm helping him, but it isn't telling to tell you. Bill doesn't know any more about Cæsar than a hog going to war, and he's got to pass or his Dad will put him in a blacksmith shop. We've been digging like dogs after a bone, Maw. Last Monday night I didn't get home till after two, and Cynnie liked to licked me when I wouldn't tell her where I'd been. You tell her, Maw, after Bill passes.

"When you get my posies, they'd better be roses and a lot of foliage. I know how to set cuttings, and we'll have a rose garden where the dahlias grew that got me in high school. We're going to have this summer together, Maw. I'll be good and work in cotton till University opens. Don't know where my next school money's coming from, but—you know about crossing bridges you haven't come to!"

Mother had stolen more of her driver's precious time, but she would not see these words again. Stubbornly she finished the letter.

"When you come up for commencement, Maw, I gotta seat close up where 'Reddy,' the girl that took me to the track-meet at Oklahoma City, can see you. Want the Supt. to see you, too. He's a good scout with gimlets for eyes.

"I'm sending this with Margaret, but if Dad gets hold of it don't worry, Maw. As the pote says, again, 'Lickings don't last long, and kill he dassent.' Your sweet boy graduate, Joseph Nash, commonly called,

'SLATS.'"

Rachel crossed to the table behind the columns—yes, a pencil lay there. Slipping Joie's letter back in the envelope, she wrote heavily across it:

"*Please read this and destroy it.*

RACHEL NASH."

Then she eased open the screen door and ran.

MARGARET FOSS had been going to speak her mind, but one glance at her passenger's spent face stopped her.

"We got to take all kinds of risks," she muttered, letting the car out. "Hold your head on and be ready to jump."

Mother wondered, turning into Hester Street, how she could bear not to stop, but those things are. When with dizzy speed she passed the place of earthly treasure, in one lightning glance she saw them all—Field, with a bundle of papers in his hand, standing at the

end of the walk, his dark, lovable eyes narrowed against the sun. Cynthia, with the baby—little Rachel—nodding over her shoulder like a flower, yellow hair tossing, frail dress molded back from her childish body by the morning breeze, had come that far to bid him goodby. Joie was in work-clothes, old blue unionalls and rough, checkered shirt—bare-headed, of course. For an instant Joie looked straight at Mother—and didn't recognize her. Well, that was the last thing she wanted him to know, that she had come "butting in."

There was no dust, but Rachel Nash saw only vaguely the bridge they recrossed on brand-new casing, the long, wet road that rolled up to meet them; fields of young cotton that seemed to float out like green satin ribbons, barbed wires that slashed, bright rocks that stood up. Margaret was driving like fury. Swung this way and that, Mother did not know just when her hairpins scattered and her hair streamered down. Once, when her head struck the top of the car, she did wonder if her neck were broken and could Ira afford a funeral, high as the cost of dying was then; and what would Joie do for some one to like his slang.

But nothing serious happened. By leaping the washout Margaret made the forty miles in less than an hour and let her passenger out smack in the mud. The party she was to get to Chandler lived on east, and she plunged that way like a clumsy monster rocking and lumbering through the ruts.

MOTHER turned into her own lane and fairly ran home between the over-brimming gutters. How wet her feet were! She must change shoes first thing. Ira wasn't in the barnyard, and he wasn't in the house. Back in her empty kitchen Rachel felt strange, as if she had been gone a long time. She had to laugh at the way things were—the tablecloth with one end dragging the floor, coffee-stained; griddlecakes pale to sickliness; scrambled eggs burned black. Wasn't a man helpless!

Briskly, as if she were not bone-tired, Mother washed the dishes and made a canned-peach cobbler for dinner. When Nash came in early, he didn't scold about her running off in the night, though he did take his time about kissing her smiling mouth. His first question was a surprise.

"Collins kid better?" he asked soberly and began washing his hands and face.

There was a breathless minute before Rachel understood. Ira thought she had been sitting up with the sick. Margaret Foss had spoken of the Collins baby—it hadn't been pneumonia, after all.

"Uh-huh," she answered, and let it go at that.

She had been going to tell all about it—just as well she didn't! But it hurt her, not to speak out. Not so much as before she kept back the check and let Ira think it lost in the mail. Lying is like that—a hardening.

"I suppose we'll have to waste time going to commencement," Ira grumbled over his cobbler. "That's another thing I got against high schools, so much red tape. My boy ought to be here; they know it's crop time. Joseph's filled out—that's one good thing. I'm looking for him to make a real gin-hand this winter."

Nash passed his cup. "This my third? You shouldn't make such good coffee. If you need me for anything," he added later, "I'll be chopping out the swale. Weeds there higher'n the cotton."

"Maybe I'll chop a while on the south slope," Rachel said. "It can't be very wet there."

"If you can't find enough to do around the house as it is, we'll take in some mopping," her husband flung back.

Ira Nash chose to be humorous, but he meant it. A woman's place was in the kitchen.

Still, Rachel argued with herself, housework had its disadvantages—blisters, cuts, bruises; aching feet and aching back. Cotton chopping wasn't a bit harder, and she had to help Joie

"Ignore the moth but treat the cloth"

Says the modern woman

Why try to hunt out each moth or moth-worm? It is much simpler and surer to moth-proof the fabrics themselves with Larvex, and *prevent* damage. Don't confuse Larvex with insect-killers, moth-balls, tar-bags and other such devices—these can't stop moth-eggs from hatching into moth-worms, and it is the worms that eat your clothes, unless the fabric itself is *moth-proofed*.

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Larvex in its "spraying" form is intended for use on all fabrics containing wool or mohair—suits, coats, rugs and upholstered furniture. *Only one thorough application* a year is necessary to bring absolute peace of mind.

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A different form of Larvex is now available for use on *washable* woolens. It is called "Rinsing" Larvex and it comes in powder form. You simply dissolve it in water and place the sweaters and blankets in it—just like rinsing and just as easy. Package containing enough for two tubfuls, 50 cents. Then you can store your precious woolens for a full season without worry about moth-holes. This is a wonderful feeling!

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It comes in two forms

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Please send me, free, your book "Outwitting the Wily Moth," that tells me how to end moth damage.

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TODAY'S SMARTNESS DEMANDS NO SACRIFICE

TRULY smart women no longer will forego that natural comfort so essential to their active lives. In Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes they find fashions that are steps ahead, infinitely lovely—and a delicate support that *can come only from perfect contours.*

As in the illustration on this page, shoes must harmonize with the character of each costume. The wide variety of Arnold styles strikes many new notes of charm. In each pair, of course, is the exclusive Glove-Grip feature—ever more famous for the gentle lift it gives the instep. It assures a fit that is natural and fatigue-resisting.

Visit your Arnold Glove-Grip dealer. Try on a pair of these shoes. You cannot help but be impressed with the new smartness and the truly remarkable comfort of the many models. M. N. Arnold Shoe Co., Dept. A-5, North Abington, Mass.

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Blue Flax

out—Joie whose plan to teach Latin in the university and have "Maw," as he teasingly called her, where she would have fire, light, and water at a "simple twist of the wrist," was broken off like a dream.

Mother knew she ought to sleep. After dinner she lay down in a darkened room—no use! Finally she went to the barnyard and found Joie's crook-handled hoe. Threading up through the stunted oaks to the barbed-wire fence, she ducked under and began chopping.

Rachel Nash felt at home on the slope where she had worked with Joie. There was a gap in the rocks where the sun stooped and poured its weltering gold; a dead cottonwood that crooked its fingers against the sky, inviting the buzzards; a curve in the distant creek where from the shadow-purple clouds mounted like vast, luminous birds with heads and breasts of opal and infinite plumage that streamered across the sky to the brow of the hill—oh, beautiful!

As she slashed the hoe forward, thinning the shimmery plants to a "stand," Mother was three years back with her rack-a-bones boy and his dream of excellence in Latin—the things he would do! Strange, the turn fate had taken! Because he was a Culpepper and the Culpeppers did not lie, because of his promise to Bill Simms, Joie's hope had gone out like a light . . . Trouble and cotton-chopping—they do not go well together. When Rachel went to the house early and made a big cake for supper, she hoped one couldn't watch melting sugar, that browned without quite burning, and think of something else.

And that, too, was failure. The kitchen raced and struggled and smarted with the night and morning just passed. Joie's voice at the telephone—the forced cheerfulness of it—the hoarse suffering that she knew as her own heart . . . David Porter! Ira would have said she "had her nerve," trying to out-talk a big man. She wondered at it, herself. And the precious, slangy letter left with strangers—she thought of running all the way back to snatch it away from them. What would Joie say if he knew it? Would he ever pour out his whimsical self on paper again?

The kitchen became a truck-patch where boys were driven like mules on four hours' sleep. Mother imagined her sleepy-head stumbling up before day—falling into a make-shift bed at night, too tired to undress.

If Joie were at home, he would be driven, too, and nothing to show for it. But even so, his dreams might be renewed. There is a strange alchemy mixed in a boy's growing—a hatred at studying out of turn. What poison would this ill-fated summer be to Joie? When she, his mother, saw him again, would he look her straight in the eye? How could she bear it if he didn't?

NASH told his wife at supper that she looked awful.

"I never saw your eyes go back in your head so," he fumed. "I want you to let folks sit up with their own kids. I want you to keep out of the field. Joseph will soon be here, and what I'm telling you is, that young man's got to hit the grit."

Ira Nash ate lavishly of the burnt-sugar cake—a pleasure to cook for him, just to see things disappear. Nash was a man of routine. Whether or not he liked it, life was of his own ordering. Unless he went to lodge, or—in ginning season—back to the gin, he did up his few chores after supper, dug through his Farm Journal and the "Daily," and turned in before nine. Tonight, though, he did some figuring; covered anything in reach with row upon row of figures.

"I can't see what goes with money," he complained.

Rachel came and looked over his shoulder; followed his long finger down columns that "wouldn't lie": interest, taxes, lodge-dues, groceries, machinery, clothes—such a few clothes . . .

EVELYN HERBERT
Star of "The New Moon", says:

"Every artist will tell you how difficult it often is to keep one's hands beautiful under the trying conditions of stage work. Flash de Luxe, with its cleansing, stimulating, beautifying effect, makes beautiful hands possible for all."

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Star, "Murray Anderson's Almanac", says:

"I have solved the problem of keeping my hands always looking their best—Flash de Luxe! And it makes them feel so *refreshed*, too."

A Beauty Secret of the Stars

THE stars of the stage are always first to discover and appreciate the best in toilet preparations! This is why so many of them are using Flash de Luxe to keep their hands looking their best.

You, too, can have good-looking hands by trying this:—

Shake a little Flash de Luxe on your moistened palms and rub them together until a paste forms. This paste wipes away all stains, dust and discarded tissues, and gently massages the minute muscles of the skin, leaving your hands smooth, good-looking, refreshed. Hands drudged by housework are instantly freshened.

Flash de Luxe is an entirely new idea in preparations for the hands. Contains cleansing, healing and beautifying ingredients. Send for *Free Sample* today and see what a difference it will make in your hands.

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FLASH
De Luxe
Makes Your Hands Look and Feel Beautiful!

...oh, the WORK we put into your party!

Sunshine Bakers have spent years in preparation for the party you may be giving tomorrow.

There's been the laboratory work, the testing of the flour, the search for quality ingredients, the development of recipes, the oven trials, the failures, and then ...finally...success!

The particular success we recommend for that party of yours, fair hostess, is one of the daintiest biscuits that ever left our ovens... Sunshine Clover Leaves.

They are made from two airy-light cookie-wafers, which imprison a heavenly, snow-white cream filling!

They're like this... A crisp bite!...now a *melting, melting, melting*...and you are conscious that a sweet caress of vague delight has come and gone across your palate.

Poetic words, yes, but it's a truly poetic biscuit. And we love to make it and write about it.

And it's for your party tomorrow, or the next day, or whenever your party is!

Sunshine Krispy Cracker
A dainty, salted soda cracker, in which Sunshine Bakers have achieved a crisp flakiness never thought possible!

Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

Sunshine Hydrox
The famous cream-filled chocolate cookie-sandwich. The hospitable pantry never is without them!

In using advertisements see page 6

MOTHER
protect your baby
from loose pins and buttons

The Vanta Baby Copyright 1925 Earnshaw Knitting Co.

For sake of safety, comfort, convenience, health, dress him FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS in the way recommended by 50,000 doctors and nurses, and millions of mothers—in the

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Vanta Baby Garments

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Don't hurt your baby with pins that come unfastened and buttons that turn edgewise. Guard him against danger of swallowing a pin or a button.

Vanta Baby Garments tie just right with dainty bows of twistless tape; adjustable as baby grows. Dress baby without turning or twisting; afford perfect protection in every climate and all kinds of weather. Guaranteed highest Vanta quality, non-shrinkable.

Vanta SELF HELP Garments make it easy for babies after two years to dress themselves, training their minds.

K-BAND

Originators

Vanta originated no pins no buttons and almost every other improvement in baby dressing, being specialists in baby garments only. From birth to six years and in union suits to 12, Vanta comes in silk, wool, cotton, linen mesh, sase and rayon; light or heavy weights as your doctor prescribes.

SLEEVELESS VESTS

Ask for original Vanta Baby garments at your store. If you cannot get them write to EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC., Dept. 254, Newton, Mass.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and drssing of babies.

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Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

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Blue Flax

Rachel Nash had a rare habit. When there was nothing to say, she said nothing. She did think of laying her head on Ira's shoulder; of telling him about Joie. Still Nash didn't like "foolishness" mixed with business. Grumblingly he went off to bed, and—one thing in his favor—slept. The house relaxed. In the silence, by her too-dim light, Rachel finished a little necessary darning. She read a few verses in the Bible with apology. God despised liars.

Finally she reached for Margaret Foss's tablecloth. Fastening a hand's-breadth of linen straightly between her embroidery hoops, she laid there a frail, five-petaled flower, urging her needle softly as if she grew her design from the soul of the earth. The light *was* dim . . . she mustn't work late; just long enough to get the swirl started.

Closing her smarting eyes, she rested them on fancied fields of flax. And now the blue was not that of blossoms, but of Joie's big eyes, forward-looking, with purple, deep-down lights; the true fibers were not rare cloth, but Joie, himself . . . How listening the wind was; sound, how it spoke out! Somewhere, on the highroad, a motor horn blared; the owl in the vines chuckled; a wind went by. If Joie were there, he would listen and make quaint speeches —Joie!

So poignantly was Mother thinking of Joie, when she looked up slowly and saw him opening the screen door, she was not surprised. She did tremble, but that passed. Her first matter-of-fact thought was,

"I'm glad Ira left some of the cake."

Joie Nash eased into the room and stood with his back to the door, cocking his bare head toward the bedroom. When he heard a familiar buzz-saw sound—his father's sleeping sound—he widened his mouth whimsically and stepped across the room with caution, like a cat in wet weeds. Mother laid her embroidery on the table. She stood up, and trouble dropped from her like a garment.

Joie had a ridiculous way of pressing his nose flat against Mother's, so that their four eyes glared into each other. He did that now.

"Maw," he whispered, "I'm not a bad egg any more."

MOTHER felt herself guided to the back door, heard the screen close behind them. She knew how certain sounds—a high, light laugh, an unusual lowness of tone—brought the man of the house wide awake and wondering. But it was safe outside. When they were in the lee of the lumber-wagon, Joie told her.

"Listen, Maw, I'm sorry I worried you, telephoning. They found out some way—Bill can't think how, and I can't—where I was last Monday night. I'd started to leave town, and Cynnie ran after me. I'd had a phone to come right over to the office and take my special examination in English."

"You'd started for—for the truck-farm?"

"Aw, Maw, there wasn't any sich. Aw—"

Joie stumbled over the plain truth that he had been running away from disgrace; running anywhere at all to hide. "I didn't know what I was doing," he muttered. "They called me a thief—a liar—"

The faint moon glow behind him crossed with the fainter light from the kitchen window, and Joie looked old and wizened as he had the day his father told him he had sold Selim, the colt. Mother wanted to put her arms tight around him, but she only said,

"You passed in English?"

"You bet I did, Maw. I'm graduating with honorable mention." Joie threw out his chest till his old gay sweater bulged. "Big me!" he grinned. "'Scuse me, Maw, big *you*. If you hadn't raised dahlias—"

"You going back in the morning?"

"I got to go in a pair of minutes. Bill—the old bird I been stuffing—brought me. He passed, too. Bill'd do anything for me, hinging up those old Latin bones so they danced for him, but his Dad needs the car."

Amazing

. . results . . with the NEW Liquid Veneer

Cleanser and Home Beautifier

TIME-SAVING — labor-saving — adaptable to all furniture and finishes — help for your every-day dusting and cleaning. That's the NEW Liquid Veneer. A little on a dust cloth — a few quick strokes — and everything gleams — and without a trace of greasy film. Quickly removes the dingy film, the dust and finger-marks, even the "ring" in the bathtub! At hardware, drug, grocery, and department stores. 4-oz. bottle, 30c; 12-oz. bottle, 60c; combination package of 30c glove and 60c bottle, both for 75c.

No greasy film. Won't soil a white kid glove.

With the New Liquid Veneer dusting, cleaning, polishing Glove the NEW Liquid Veneer is even more wonderful, more helpful, more time-saving. The glove picks up the germ-laden dust instead of scattering it—beautifies quickly and without hard rubbing, without a trace of greasy film. Liquid Veneer Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.; and Bridgeburg, Ontario, Canada.

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Queen Make **models, made of finest quality cotton materials in new prints, new washable colorings, are as smartly styled, as carefully tailored and sized as your costliest silk dresses. All are very moderate in price, another superior quality for which frocks bearing the *Queen Make* label have been known for over thirty years.**

Ask your favorite dealer to show you the new *Queen Make* fashions or ask us to tell you where you may get them.

Illustrated: A clever Queen Make afternoon frock in a new printed voile. In striking combinations of Blue and Grey, Rose and Grey, Black and White. Sizes, 16, 18 and 36 to 44. . . . . $5.95

THE HOUSE OF

Queen Make

1375 BROADWAY • NEW YORK CITY

Blue Flax

A motor horn hooted. Joie started to run, then wheeled back. "Maw!"

"Uh-huh."

"When you come up for commencement, you got to stay at the Superintendent's; he and Mrs. Porter both said so. Don't you worry how you look, Maw. You got any woman in Stillwater skinned a mile."

To kiss his mother, Joie Nash had to stoop a little.

"'By, Maw."

"'By, Son."

When Mother got back in her empty kitchen, she was laughing. "Don't worry how you look!" . . . how had she looked? Mud in her hair—flapping yellow slicker—rumpled house-dress—bloody knuckles! No, she wouldn't worry.

Rachel Nash stood there in the guttering light till her vision blurred. Then, "Quit it," she scolded, wiping her wet lashes. "You're going to need your eyes."

White Lilacs

(Continued from page 43)

aboard now. He would be strolling about, probably, talking to his friends, his head a little bent with that charmingly deferential air of his, smiling that quick, eager smile that enmeshed itself in your heart before you knew what had happened. He asked so much with his eyes—so little with words—and when you were quivering to give all that he seemed to want so much, he eluded you with one of his swift changes of mood, so that you drew back, abashed and wondering. He would have forgotten already that, two nights ago, on the white lawn before the house, each leaf of the horse-chestnut had been silhouetted in black—seven inky fingers—just as they were now, and that the lilacs . . .

Aunt Olive was savoring them now. Cordelia could see that her graceful head was slightly tilted, with an air of pensive experiment, as if she were seeking something she did not find. Aunt Olive always seemed—well, if not radiantly happy, at least unruffled, and often quietly amused. That was the beauty of growing middle-aged, no doubt. You got a perspective, a philosophy of life—at least, so Cordelia had read—a comfortable, amused acceptance of things as they were. Perhaps, when she, herself, was middle-aged, she, too, could laugh carelessly and say, "Oh, yes, Jim came back with a liver and a spoiled little son." But one didn't begin to be middle-aged, nowadays, until thirty-five at the earliest. Aunt Olive was forty-five. Forty-five—and Cordelia was twenty. Good God! Could one live twenty-five years with a knife twisting in one's breast?

Grandmother was still drowsing, a pale statuette of peace in a pool of moonlight. Her silvery head drooped, and her blue-veined old hands rested placidly on the arms of her chair, fragile and white, but her delicate little back never relaxed in its easy erectness. Grandmother had never forgotten that a friend fresh from Paris had once told her that she had a "Worth back." From time to time she opened her eyes and sniffed daintily, a gentle, humorous little smile twitching at her lips.

Once she said sleepily: "It's amusing, isn't it? Jasper Calvert planted them for me, but all my life, afterward, it was Mr. Fenton who cared for them . . . I grew very fond of Mr. Fenton. He was—a—perfect—husband." She drowsed.

"Mr. Renwick was a perfect husband, too, Olive," she roused to murmur. "I remember he never forgot that you liked violets to wear to Sunday morning service, and that you didn't like lilacs in the house."

Olive Renwick looked startled. "Not like lilacs, Mother? Why, I'm very fond of them. I—"

"Not at first, you didn't—when you and he

THIS offers something that may surprise you—in what it does for your teeth. A delightful, quicker-acting tooth paste which *combines* the good results everyone desires. Four facts about it are of outstanding importance. (1) It has a gentle two-fold polishing action (*not* scouring!). (2) It *combines* all the good desired results. (3) It acts *very quickly*, to meet hurried modern demands. (4) It is solidly backed by a name and reputation valued at millions—your assurance that this test will be worth while making.

FREE: *Go to your favorite store, today. Buy one of the famous* DR. WEST'S *toothbrushes. You will receive, free, the large 25c tube (not a sample) of this remarkable* DR. WEST'S *tooth paste. Try it. Compare results with what you have known.* THE WESTERN COMPANY, CHICAGO. (*This offer good in Canada also.*)

Dr. West's ★
TOOTH PASTE

An advance as great as the famous toothbrush

In using advertisements see page 6

HOTPOINT *Automatic* "Tick-Tock" Toaster

I'm Automatic

and I never burn the toast!

NEVER again need the smell of burned toast fill your breakfast nook. You don't need to watch when I make your toast. Just tell me how you want it—delicately browned, golden, or crisp and crunchy, by setting my simple time adjustment. Then move my switch button to the left and I start toasting to the tune of the "tick-tock, tick-tock" of my watchful automatic timer. When the toast is done *exactly* right, I snap the current *off*. And my closed sides hold the heat in, keeping the fresh toast HOT until you take it out. I can also toast crackers, cake, whole-wheat, raisin, rye or white bread—fresh or dry.

Don't coax children to eat!

You don't need to. When they hear me "tick-tocking" away on the table I capture their interest and *hold* it. They are eager to put in the bread and start my "tick-tocking." They compete for the fresh, hot buttered slices—and it does me good to see how they EAT.

Ask your dealer or electric company to demonstrate me—the new Hotpoint "Tick-Tock" Toaster.

Advantages of the Hotpoint "Tick-Tock" Toaster

No watching—no burned toast. Adjustable for any kind of toast. Perfect, even browning. Toasts two *large* slices at once. Toast-Over-Type—turns the toast. Keeps toast HOT until served. A beautiful table appointment. FAST! *Only* $9.75

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Ranges and Household Electric Heating Appliances

White Lilacs

came back to live with me. You wanted them cut down, but I wouldn't have it. I knew you'd feel differently in time. You've forgotten a great deal, haven't you, Olive?" She nodded and lost herself for a moment. "Anyhow, it's almost impossible to do—get rid of old lilac plants, I mean. The roots are tenacious; they live for years underground and sooner or later—send—up—fresh—shoots—" She drowsed.

Olive Renwick continued to sit very still, her head tilted ever so slightly, testing again the odor wafted from the hedge beyond the sun dial—and peering. The white blossoms stood out in the moonlight as if they wanted to signal to her—to remind her of something. Their scent floated toward her, delicate, ethereal, a little sad—but where was the old poignance that had once sent her out into the night to walk for hours in the lane under the willow trees in a wild, hopeless effort to escape, to forget? And now that she had escaped, she would have given worlds to regain, in all their old sweet sharpness, those memories that eluded her—no, it was not memory that was elusive. Occasions, names, faces, phrases—even turns of the head, tones of voice—she remembered very well. She could find terms abstract and empty, to explain what she had once felt so keenly, but exposition was **not** what she wanted now. She wanted to feel again, just for one evening, as she had felt when she—had hated lilacs in the house. Suddenly she wanted to be happy and to suffer with the extravagance of twenty years ago . . .

There had been a night in the moonlight on the river; a nightingale had sung somewhere—she could summon all the details; but it was as if she looked back upon the past through smoked glasses. Wasn't that just it—that her emotions had become clouded with gray?

She thought, "Perhaps, if Bruce had never come back, I could have kept it."

CORDELIA stirred in the shadows. Olive Renwick could feel the girl's misery surging toward her in hot waves, like a physical flood. She cleared her throat.

"Cordelia," she said softly, "there's nothing you'd like to tell me—I mean, I suppose you'd rather not talk?"

"No, thank you, Aunt Olive." The girl's voice was stifled. "There's really very little you don't know. He just—went. Oh, he tried to save my face. He said—" Olive knew that the girl would be smiling a little, twisted smile—"that he had come to realize that I could never care for him, and that for his own peace of mind—*for his own peace of mind*—he was going away for a while."

"They preserve a decorum in these matters—the Calverts," murmured Mrs. Renwick.

Her niece seemed not to have heard her.

"I knew, when he began, that it was to be the end. I think I had felt it coming—little things. I took the cue he threw to my pride. I told him I should always be unhappy to know that I had caused him any suffering. I did it rather well, I think. For a moment he was startled, almost piqued. There's been one card, from New York. I shan't answer it. I've got to cut the wires—forget everything."

Olive wanted to cry out: "Oh, but you don't! Sometime, when your heart has put on smoked glasses, you'll try to remember what it felt like to be deliriously happy, and then to suffer outrageously." But she only sat very still, staring into the moonlight.

"Perhaps," the girl hesitated, "if you could talk to me—tell me things—I could forget for a while. You can't help wondering, you know, if perhaps you haven't made a hideous mistake—wondering what would have happened if you had spoken out—told the truth. That's what makes it so hard—" she spoke through clenched teeth—"the longing to fool yourself, and then the realization that nothing could have made any difference. He knew I'd understand, that he could count on me to help him out. Oh, what's the use?" Her voice trailed off into weariness.

White Lilacs

"And still the scientific gentlemen tell us that a finished technique is not a thing handed down from father to son," mused Olive.

"It's nothing to laugh about," cried the girl indignantly. Then, "You—you're not talking about—Bruce Calvert?"

Olive stared off across the lawn to the pearly mist above the river, a perplexed little frown between her eyes. "I'm trying to, I think; but what I want to say is—elusive. You see, I'm quite sure that once I felt as you do tonight—but first, let me tell you just what happened. I have never talked of this to any one before, Cordelia. The night he went away, he gave a farewell dinner to some of his men friends. At the very end, I'm told, he drank a final toast—to me—and shattered his glass upon the floor. It was a beautiful gesture." She smiled wryly into the dark. "The story was generally accepted that I had jilted him. People told me reproachfully that he went away wrapped in despair as in a mantle. Sometimes I almost believed it myself—we're all alike, aren't we?—I wondered if I had been more responsive, perhaps—but that didn't make it any easier, as you know . . .

"You see, I do understand in a way." Olive Renwick spoke low that she might not rouse the sleeping old lady. "I know I prayed to forget, just as you do; yet tonight—and this is the part you won't believe—I have been sitting here for hours, trying to remember . . . Don't let your heart turn gray, dear!"

The girl moved impatiently. A ray of moonlight laced the vines and picked her small, pale face out of the darkness. "You say you understand," she cried. "Why, if you had ever wanted Bruce Calvert as I want Jim—till it tore you to pieces—you could never bear to remember again!"

Olive smiled a baffled little smile. "What I am trying to say is this, I guess: there will never be in your life anything just like this first time. Of course, later, if a woman is desirable and lovely as you are lovely and desirable, something more—more complete comes—something durable and entirely satisfying—" she was feeling her way fearfully—"but always, somewhere in a secret drawer of your mind, there will be this other which you will like to take out and look at sometimes, and remember, for a little while, how happy you were, and how you suffered—once, when the dew was still on everything. I mean, you can if you don't lose the key to the drawer, if you—"

"Good Lord!" The girl stormed to her feet. "And I thought you could help me. You seem always so—so untouched. I thought you had found a way out of suffering."

Olive Renwick shrugged her defeat. "And all evening," she said, "I have been trying to find the way back."

"I think, Aunt Olive," said the girl wearily, "I'll go for a walk. Don't worry; I shan't be far. But I've got to get out of—this—for a while."

OLD Mrs. Fenton stirred and sat erect. The soft magic of the moon made her face strangely young and eager. She said wistfully: "It's amusing, but every night, lately, Jasper Calvert comes and picks lilacs for me. I sit on the stone bench and watch him and talk with him. He's an engaging devil." The old lady's smile was tenderly mischievous. "I remember as if it were yesterday the way he would laugh and tease, like a boy—for things he never really wanted—and how, sometimes, he would fold his arms and brood over you, as if only some dark, tragic secret of his own kept him from sweeping you up and carrying you off—heaven knows where!—and then smile, gently, as if it were his heart that was breaking—instead of only yours . . . Ah, well, I will say, having one's heart broken by a Calvert is more than a mere unhappy love-affair; it is an esthetic experience . . . You know, Olive, I find I'm remembering a great many things these days that I thought I'd forgotten . . . You will, too, sometime."

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HUBRITE
Informal Frocks
INCORPORATED

Dept. G. H. 5
100 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Around the World

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Plenty, thank you," she tried to smile.

"And if you require any more, you will be sure to let me know?"

"Yes."

"And you promise me this—that no matter what you discover or fail to discover, you will not be disappointed or take it to heart?"

"N-no."

"Then, my dear, I feel reasonably satisfied to take my leave. Goodby—and God bless you—always."

This, too, was so unexpected—that Celia lifted her face. He kissed her and a moment later was making for the door, blowing his nose very hard indeed for such a distinguished, legal-looking old gentleman. Perhaps it was catching, for Celia was blowing, too, when she heard the regular bugler on the deck outside.

"Last call for visitors!" he shouted after he had charmed the remaining bees into silence with his music. "All asho-o-ore who are going asho-o-o-ore!"

In confirmation of this the *Empress* added her own deep roar of warning, as though all the lions in the world were about to spring. "Oooooo . . . oooooo . . . oooooo. . . !"

"There!" thought Celia. "I won't have to hide much longer. I'll go to my room and get my heavier coat."

Fortunately her steamer trunk had already been wheeled to her stateroom. Celia had unlocked it and was putting on her fur-trimmed coat when again the *Empress* gave tongue to her roar of warning, and a queer little shudder—one might almost call it a shudder of emotion—seemed to run through the ship.

"We're moving!" thrilled Celia, looking through the porthole and seeing a window of the pier drift slowly past. "I must—"

She was interrupted by a steward—first knocking on the door and then handing her two letters.

"An old gentleman on the dock 'anded me one, Miss," he said. "'E tipped me very 'andsome, so I stopped at the purser's office to see if there was any others for you. And there was—just one—so I brought it along, too."

The Judge's note had been hastily scribbled on a telegraph form and sealed in a baggage express envelope—two pieces of stationery which he had evidently foraged on the pier.

"Dear Celia," she read. "He was waiting for a young man, medium height, plus fours, brown overcoat, light brown golf hose, striped four-in-hand, pleasing personality. He gave him transportation ticket and envelope apparently containing currency. McBride is sure he is private detective. *Look out for him!*"

CELIA caught a quick breath. "I'll go right out and see if I can find him before he has time to change his stockings," she thought.

But first she opened the second letter—a long, impressive envelope from Miss Dana's school.

"DEAR MISS VAN HEUSEN," it read,

"A most hurried—and yet *important* note!

"After accompanying the three girls to the ship this afternoon, Miss MacVeigh discovered that Miss Wills had left her *passport* here at school.

"Miss MacVeigh left the girls on the ship and immediately took taxi, but in crossing sidewalk in front of school, she slipped on ice and suffered *fractured limb*.

"I enclose Miss Wills' passport with *heart-felt* request that you will act as chaperon for these three girls until the ship arrives at Los Angeles, where Miss MacVeigh or other suitable teacher will join the cruise.

"In conclusion, Miss MacVeigh requests me to add that she has always found Miss Wills, though absent-minded, thoroughly trustworthy. The other two girls, however, are rather inclined toward a more *romantic* view of life.

"This, of course, should be sternly checked.

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UTILIVAR is a necessity in every modern home to give new beauty and protection to the many varnished surfaces. Keep a can within easy reach in your cupboard. It is easy to use and success is certain.

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—that achieves naturally *the flower-like skin texture that is now so necessary*

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You notice, now, how women of chic shun heavy cosmetics. Instead, you see complexions radiant with *natural* beauty—velvety smooth—deeply clear. Which means, of course, *natural* care of the skin, such as the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* has introduced to thousands of women.

For this refreshing, invigorating treatment—which penetrates and cleanses the countless tiny pores—keeps the skin gloriously, glowingly alive by keeping it exquisitely clean.

A home-given *Facial* of truly professional results. You need only Woodbury's Cold Cream that liquefies under the fingertips, softening and dissolving the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather, that thoroughly cleanses the pores and removes every vestige of soiled cream. And, finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless, caressingly light, to tone the skin to a velvety softness.

AND, best of all, after the very first treatment, you will be delighted with the improvement in your complexion. Such a sense of exhilaration—such a healthy glow—such a feeling of absolute skin cleanliness! This because the Woodbury's Creams are made especially to work in harmony with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial.* Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week. After that, a *Facial* once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With searching thoroughness it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.

Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Now a warm water rinse, and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.

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For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and a Tressette. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 2929 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

Around the World

"Sincerely and thankfully,
LAVINIA CONKLIN DANA."

In growing consternation Celia stared at her reflection in the wardrobe mirror. "Isn't that lovely!" she demanded. "Those three girls wished on me."

Through the mirror she caught sight of the Judge's letter.

"*And* a private detective in light brown stockings!" she continued.

With a quick gesture she slipped the two letters in her handbag and hurriedly opened the door. As she reached the corridor, she remembered a passage in one of Mr. Albans' pamphlets, "Time never drags on one of our queenly cruisers."

"It certainly looks," thought Celia, "as though it wouldn't drag for me!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE corridor, so full a few minutes before, so empty now, led to a wide, open foyer. In the center of this was a little shop, where books, candy, films, and souvenirs were on display. To the right of the shop was a counter and grating marked "Purser"; to the left, a similar counter and grating marked "Cruise."

On either side of the deserted foyer a large double doorway opened out upon the decks, and Celia was making for the deck which overlooked the dock when Mr. Albans came out from behind the "Cruise" counter, looking like a prosperous merchant who has done a good day's business.

"Well, Miss Van Heusen," he said, shrewdly smiling, "what did you think of it?"

Truthfully answering, Celia said, "I never felt so excited in my life!"

"A good bit of management, though I say it myself," he contentedly purred. "That crowd of guests, now. I invited everybody who had asked for a catalogue but who hadn't bought a ticket. Other companies, they tell me, are doing it now, but A. B. Albans originated it. Have you heard the band on the end of the dock?"

"No," said Celia. "I was just going out."

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll come with you and see what you think of the band. Another idea of mine—that band. Those people on the dock, you see, are practically all wishing they were going with us. So what I'm trying to do is to warm them up so they'll make up their minds to come next year. And when it comes to warming up, there's nothing like music—especially the good old-fashioned songs that I told them to play."

As they stepped out on the deck, the dock buildings were still slipping slowly by, slowly but with majestically increasing speed as the *Empress* gained momentum. The rail was lined three deep with excited cruisers, waving their hats and shouting to friends on the pier.

"We'll go up on A deck," said Mr. Albans, already leading the way. "There won't be many there, and we'll get a better view."

A deck proved to be the top deck of all, and finding a vacant place between two life-boats, Celia and Mr. Albans looked down at the scene.

The cruisers at the rails below had been furnished with reels of colored paper ribbons, and these, thrown at their friends on the dock, had covered the side of the *Empress* with a thick spider-web of gay-colored straws.

"It looks like a carnival!" exclaimed Celia.

"That's the idea!" said Mr. Albans.

The end of the pier was crowded with a watching, waving throng—except in the center where a circle of musicians was playing a selection of Scotch airs, "Should Auld Acquaintance" melting into "Annie Laurie" with such strident appeal that even the blasé Mr. Albans, who had planned it, coughed down in his throat and perhaps made up his mind that he, also, would come next year.

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie. . . ."

At the side of the *Empress* half a dozen busy tugs were pulling and pushing, keeping the

Around the World

tide and current from swinging her around until her whole great length was in the stream.

"A wonderful thing, a ship," said Mr. Albans. "Here I've been taking these cruises for a quarter of a century, and yet every time she swings around and heads for sea, I can feel her come to life—You're fond of travel, Miss Van Heusen?" he broke off.

"I think I shall be," she told him.

"You think!"

"It's the first time I've been on a ship," she confessed.

"But of course you've looked the *Empress* over—"

"There was such a crowd," she said, "and I was so busy yesterday—"

So, practically all the passengers being still at the rails, he showed her the ship—the navigating bridge, the wireless office, the courts for deck tennis and shuffle-board, the florist's shop—all those on A deck where the life-boats were.

"The whole of B deck is given up to public rooms," he said as they descended the companionway. "Here's the veranda, for instance — the smoke-room — gymnasium—corridor lounge—library—writing room—and here's the main lounge, as handsome and as large as you'll find in many a first-class hotel."

A few cruisers were already in the writing room, busily scratching away—last-minute messages to be sent ashore by the pilot. Celia made sure that neither Brown Stockings nor any of Miss Dana's girls was among them.

"You're looking for some one?" asked Mr. Albans shrewdly.

Celia thought it over for a few moments, and then she showed him Miss Dana's letter.

"Mmm," he said. "Quite a responsibility. Do you think you can handle it?"

"I've got to handle it," replied Celia simply.

"That's the spirit. We'll walk around the decks now on our way below, and you shall show them to me. Perhaps I can be of some assistance to you."

THERE were two promenade decks—the rails clustered as thickly as ever with cruisers, many still waving and shouting at the distant dock. Celia hadn't walked far when she stopped and looked at the back of one of the less demonstrative passengers.

"Now, that's not a young lady looking for a chaperon," said Mr. Albans. And with the air of one whimsically explaining, he added, "That's a young man."

"I know it is," murmured Celia, glancing down again at his light brown golf hose.

With more time she might have thought of something more clever, but suddenly crumpling an old letter from her handbag, she advanced to the rail and, as though accidentally, touched Brown Stockings on the shoulder.

"Oh, pardon me," she said when he turned. "I wanted to throw this overboard."

He stepped back for a moment, Celia's eyes glued upon his necktie. But instead of a striped four-in-hand, she saw a polka-dot bow.

"You are looking for one of your passengers?" asked Mr. Albans, when she rejoined him.

"Well, not exactly mine," said Celia, "but—"

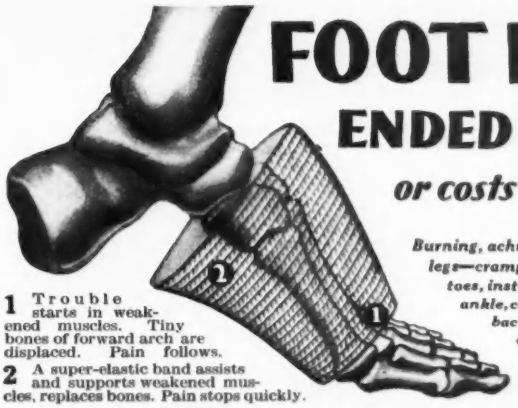
Again she was interrupted—this time by a determined-looking matron who almost backed Mr. Albans into a steamer chair.

"Mr. Albans," she said, "I've been looking for you everywhere. I will not continue on this cruise with that woman in my cabin. If you can not find me a more congenial traveling companion—one who is at least partly human and who will speak to me when I speak to her—"

"Goodby, Miss Van Heusen," he said with a half-humorous, half-despairing wave of his hand. "And thank you for a very pleasant ten minutes."

Celia, continuing her search, ran into the tall figure of Bud La Roche, who was striding around the deck as though anxious to see how long it would take him to complete the circuit.

"Oh, hello," she said with her friendly smile. "Exercising already?"



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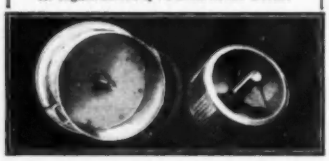

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Around the World

"Just a little," he said, blushing, but obviously pleased to see her. "A man has to keep in condition, you know—especially on a long voyage like this."

"It hasn't been long yet," she reminded him.

"No, but it will be," he said with a serious expression. "And my old trainer used to tell me that fat was like sin—easy to fall into, but hard to get out of."

For some obscure reason, Celia liked that—found it hard not to laugh.

"Do you mind if I walk with you?" he asked, still blushing but as serious as ever.

"I'd love it," she said. "Come on; I'm looking for three girls and a man in brown stockings. Perhaps you can help me find them."

Almost immediately she found Miss Heublein, leaning against the rail by the side of a short, stout little man in a yachting cap. He had a ukelele in his hands, which he thrummed from time to time—had evidently been recently singing and would soon sing again.

"Good heavens!" thought poor Celia. "What does a chaperon do in a case like this?"

Perhaps the proximity of Mr. La Roche helped to guide her. He stood by her side, so tall, so strong, so reassuringly serious. Celia drew him to one side and whispered,

"Do you want to do something that I shall appreciate very much?"

"Indeed I do!" he solemnly assured her.

"Then—you see that girl over there by the side of the man with the ukelele?—Well, she's one of my passengers, and in a way I'm responsible for her. Now, if I call her away from where she is, and introduce her to you, will you please take care of her and—and—keep that other man away—the one with the ukelele?"

"Sounds simple enough," said Mr. La Roche, scowling over toward the minstrel. "That is—if she'll stay with me."

"Of course, she'll stay with you—that's the whole point," said Celia hastily. And whether or not native wit assisted, she found herself adding, "The main thing is—can you keep the other man away?"

"Leave that to me," said Mr. La Roche with frowning brevity.

She led him back to where the other two were standing.

"Oh, Miss Heublein," she said. "May I speak to you a moment, please?"

"Now I say!" cried the minstrel in loud complaint. "You aren't going to take my little playmate from me!"

Celia gave him the Van Heusen look, which quieted him for the moment, and then she told Miss Heublein about Miss MacVeigh's accident.

"Miss Dana has asked me to look after you," she continued, "and I'm starting by introducing you to Mr. La Roche. You've probably heard of the great Mr. La Roche, the football star?"

"Not Bud La Roche!" exclaimed Miss Heublein, looking up in starry-eyed admiration.

"Of course it is," said Celia, a queer little feeling (which certainly couldn't have been jealousy!) running over her. "And Mr. Bud is taking a walk, and he wants to take you with him."

They were away together in no time; and after watching them for a few thoughtful moments, Celia continued to search for the other two girls and the young man in the light brown hose.

"No," she told herself a minute later, "they aren't on this side. I'll try the other before going downstairs."

For a short cut she started through the library, and there, glancing at the titles of the books through the glass doors of the shelves, she caught sight of the Reverend Mr. Graham, the tall young curate of St. Matthew's who was taking the cruise for his health.

CHAPTER IX

"HELLO," said Celia in her clear young voice, inspiration again beginning to warm her cheeks.

Around the World

"Miss Van Heusen!" he exclaimed. "How delightful!"

"You aren't settling down to read already, are you?" she asked in a slightly accusing tone.

"Hardly!" he said. "But I was passing through, and I thought I would pause for a moment and see what printed pabulum was here embalmed to feed the mind of man."

"Lovely!" she told him; and looking at his fine, thin features—his sensitive, humorous mouth—she wasn't far from feeling another small pang of sacrifice at what she was about to do. "You aren't a boy scout by any chance, are you?" she continued.

"I know I look ridiculously young," he complained, "but I was not aware that you had surprised me in any more sportive moments—rolling my hoop or playing my little harmonica—the one equipped with a bell—"

"No, no; please," she said, laughing a little but feeling more sacrificial than ever. "What I mean is—have you done your good turn today?"

"Not entirely to my satisfaction," he admitted.

"Then would you mind doing another—for me?"

She told him about Miss MacVeigh's accident and Miss Dana's letter—was, indeed, about to show him the letter when she remembered the last two paragraphs.

"Mr. La Roche, the football player, is helping me with one of the girls—"

"Not punting, I hope," he said with extreme concern.

Fortunately, perhaps, for her dignity, Celia knew nothing of football. "And I thought you might like to help me with the other," she continued. "You know what I mean—chat with her, and walk with her now and then—and—you know—keep her from forming associations which Miss Dana wouldn't approve."

"You think Miss Dana would approve of me?" he asked with the same solemnity as before.

For the second time that day Celia found herself saying something which seemed to come so naturally that it said itself. "Any one—even I—would approve of you," she said in a lower voice.

"'Praise from Sir Hubert,'" quoth he. "Lead on, Miss Van Heusen! I thought that I was on a holiday, but once more I sternly march unto the breach!"

THEY found Miss Sigsbee on the deck below, walking with a long, thin young man who seemed to pride himself upon two things—first, that he was smoking a cigarette in a long, thin holder, and second, that he was not wearing a hat. He was a silent young man—evidently one of the school which teaches that presence is sufficient; that perhaps the added charm of conversation would be too much—and when Miss Sigsbee introduced him, boggling at his name, he contented himself with a silent bow and an approving glance at Celia.

"I know you'll hate me for it," said Celia warmly, "but I'm going to tear Miss Sigsbee away. I have a letter here that I want to tell her about."

As soon as he was gone—walking silently away with his cigarette holder and wearing no hat—Celia first introduced Mr. Graham, and then told about Miss MacVeigh's accident.

"Why, the poor old thing!" exclaimed Miss Sigsbee compassionately. "What a wretched way to start a trip around the world!"

"A fortunate thing that she hadn't intended to walk around," said Mr. Graham solemnly.

"I'm looking for Miss Wills now," said Celia in some haste.

"We will look for her, too—Miss Sigsbee and I," said Mr. Graham as solemnly as before, and as they started away, Celia heard him saying,

"I must tell you about one of my sisters who went on a pedestrian tour across Italy once, and who nearly finished walking on her hands—"

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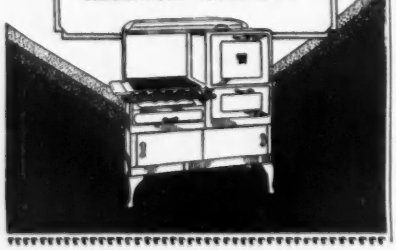

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Around the World

The *Empress* was passing the Battery, and Celia stopped for a few pensive moments to look back at the stupendous sky-line of the lower city. It had been two hundred and fifty years since the first Van Heusen had landed in this same city—then an insignificant village known as New Amsterdam. And now she, the last of the line, was sailing away to prove her right to some of the land which he had purchased there. If he could only have guessed—

"Ah, Miss Van Heusen!" exclaimed a cheerful voice, breaking her reverie, "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

It was the courtly Mr. Buhl—Mr. Marcus Aurelius Buhl—with his pink face and drooping gray moustache, a heavy silk tape attached to his eyeglasses, a travel book learnedly tucked beneath his arm.

"As your guest," he continued, "which, I take it, the word 'hostess' implies, I should like very much to sit at your table—if I may. Have you seen the dining-room steward yet about reservations?"

"No, I haven't," said Celia. "But I will, as soon as I've found another girl in my party."

Just then Bud La Roche and Miss Heublein came along.

"Did I hear you saying something about table reservations?" asked Bud shyly. "Then will you reserve a place at your table for me, if you can?"

"That makes six, with the three girls," said Celia. "And now, Mr. Buhl, I must either leave you—or you must help me find some one else."

"I have always been lucky at finding things," said Mr. Buhl with a gallant bow.

THEY found Natalie Wills in a corner of the lounge, her back to the passing panorama of Staten Island, industriously writing in a large blank book entitled "My Trip Abroad."

"Here's one at least," thought Celia with a thankful sigh, "who won't cause me any trouble!"

Later, as the Victorian novelists used to say, she was to remember those words.

Natalie listened to the account of Miss MacVeigh's accident with absent-minded calm.

"Poor thing," she said. "I'm sorry." And then another thought, more interesting, seemed to strike her. "Did she send you my money?" she asked.

"No," said Celia. "Only the passport."

"Because when I found I had forgotten my passport, I told her she had better take care of my money before I forgot that, too. Three thousand dollars in traveler's checks."

"No," said Celia again, vaguely disturbed at the amount. "Miss Dana's letter said nothing about money."

"Perhaps Miss MacVeigh forgot for once," said Natalie. "I know I would, if I had been shaken up like that. Not that it makes much difference," she carelessly added. "I shan't need much money before we get to Los Angeles."

"'Much'!" thought Celia, again vaguely disturbed. "I wonder how much she calls 'much' and where she thinks she will get it?"

"And now—?" asked Mr. Buhl when they reached the deck again.

"I'm going down to see about dining-room reservation," said Celia. And with just the least touch of the Van Heusen manner, "You won't mind my leaving you?"

That, as you may guess, was so she could finish her search for the light brown stockings. In the seclusion of the library she read Judge Stuyvesant's description:

"Young man, medium height, plus fours, brown overcoat, light brown golf stockings, striped four-in-hand tie, pleasing personality . . . McBride is sure he is private detective. *Look out for him!*"

"I'll look out for him, all right!" thought Celia grimly.

But no matter where she looked, the search was unsuccessful. The other pair of light

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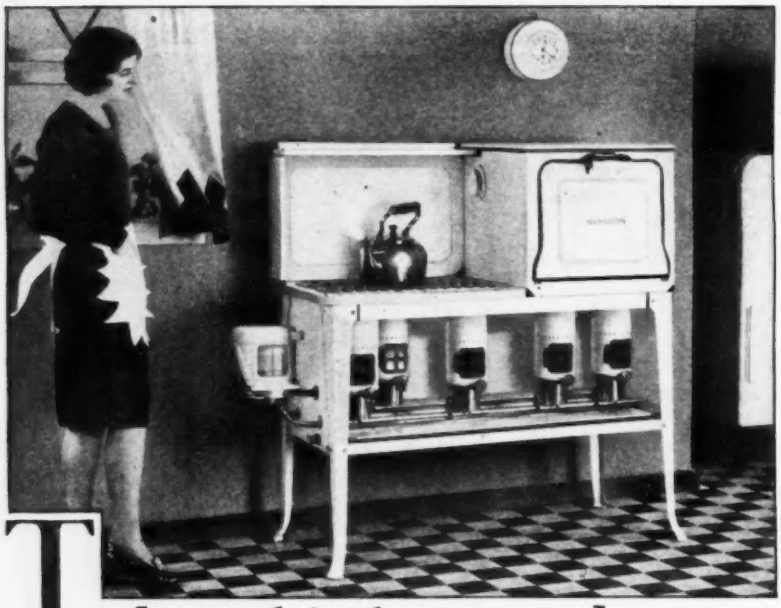

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Around the World

brown stockings—the ones that were keeping company with a polka-dot bow tie—she must have seen at least a dozen times, and always with a jump of the heart, though gradually diminishing, each time she saw them in the distance. But as for the light brown stockings which were being worn with a striped four-in-hand tie, the owner might as well have jumped off the ship, so far as any visual evidence of his existence was concerned.

"He must have changed them," she finally told herself. "I'll go down and see about a table."

The second steward, she discovered, had had charge of the table tickets. She found him the center of one of those buzzing swarms whose total had previously made the *Empress* sound like that gigantic hive. But one by one, and two by two, the cruisers buzzed away with their tickets, until at last Celia reached the table and found herself looking down at a large map of the dining-room, a large map covered with square and circular islands. Some of these islands had been crossed off, but a number of good locations still remained.

"Name, please?" said Mr. Lauder, the second steward.

"Miss Celia Van Heusen."

"Ah, yes," he said, checking her name on the passenger list. "Hostess, I see. How large a table do you want, Miss Van Heusen? How many are in your party and what are their names, please?"

There were the three girls—and Mr. La Roche and Mr. Buhl.

"That's six—" said Mr. Lauder, after he had written each name on one of his little blank tickets.

"And Mr. Alpheus Graham," she hesitated.

"That's seven," he said, writing the name on another ticket.

"And—I think that's all."

"I wish you could find one more, Miss Van Heusen," said Mr. Lauder encouragingly. "I can give you a splendid table for eight. But seven, you know—that's an awkward number."

A group of cruisers was standing behind Celia, awaiting their turn at the table, some buzzing away and others trying to listen to Mr. Lauder. One of these latter now spoke up.

"I'll take that eighth chair, Miss Van Heusen," he said. "That is, if you're sure you don't mind."

Celia turned and saw three things which, consciously or unconsciously, probably every girl likes to see together in a young man, namely—a tanned complexion, curly hair, and a keen chin. She had liked his voice, too, with its pleasant inflections and just the least suspicion of a drawl.

"Mind? Not at all," she said. "We shall be pleased to have you with us."

"Gentleman's name, please," said Mr. Lauder, slightly raising his voice.

"Perry Marchand," said the young man, pushing forward.

"Perry Marchand," repeated Mr. Lauder, writing the name almost as fast as he spoke. "There you are, sir. Table Number 17, complete. Right here on the chart, you see? Plenty of room, plenty of air, plenty of music—one of the best tables in the room. Here are your tickets, Miss Van Heusen . . . . Your tickets, Miss Van Heusen! Thank you. Next, please."

Celia took the tickets with a start. She hadn't heard the first time, because when Mr. Marchand had pushed through the crowd, her startled eyes had fallen on two items of his apparel—first, the striped four-in-hand which he was wearing—and second, his light brown hose!

CHAPTER X

AS you can guess, Mr. Marchand accompanied Celia out of the dining-room. And as you can also guess, Celia lost him as soon as she could.

Around the World

"Lucky for me that I was down there," he said, as they passed that display of glazed cold cuts without which no ship's dining-room seems to be complete.

Celia smiled uncertainly, her eyes upon a gigantic cold turkey rather than on the curly-haired, keen-chinned young man who was trying to walk by her side.

"Very important business, this question of messmates," he continued. "They can make or mar a trip."

"Yes," said Celia. "I—I should think they could."

By that time they were on the stairs, which were in the shape of a capital Y—that is to say, when you were half-way up, you could turn either left or right. At the intersection, Celia paused—wishing to be alone as soon as she could, in order to decide what would be the best thing to do about having this dangerous young man at her table.

"I must find my party now and give them their tickets," she said. "You won't mind if I run away?"

Whereupon she gave him a rather imperious, rather impersonal smile of dismissal—for which again she could thank the Van Heusen in her—and a minute later had found her room and was sitting breathlessly on the couch, staring up at the curtained port-hole above.

What should she do?

Avoid Mr. Marchand? Tell him that by some mistake her table had already been filled? Let him sit at the table and treat him coolly? Or simply be natural with him—natural but every moment on her guard?

"If I make friends with him, though," she thought, "he may be hard to lose when I start on my search."

And if she didn't make friends with him, she reflectively added, she wouldn't know half so well what *he* was doing!

"Perhaps he's looking for the same records," she mused, the seed of suspicion beginning to sprout in her mind. "Perhaps Mrs. Blanchard knows something that none of the rest of us know."

Almost as soon as the thought arose, she pushed it back into the darkness from which it had come. For all that, it added to her uncertainty—made it harder than ever to know what best to do.

"If Judge Stuyvesant were only here to advise me!" she sighed. "If I only had some one with whom I could talk things over when —when something happens like this!"

Unbidden, Mr. Buhl arose to her mind—Mr. Buhl with his pink cheeks and drooping gray moustache.

"He's clever," she thought.

In his application for passport, she remembered, he had described his "Business" as "Retired." Probably a retired business man well versed in the ways of a world of which she knew so little.

"He could probably help me in lots of ways," she continued.

Thoughtfully, slowly, still not sure what she should or shouldn't do, she went up on deck.

THE *Empress* was plowing along at a steady pace, as though she knew the task before her—knew that she must turn her watery furrow all the way around the face of this, our globe. On the right was the thin, yellow sickle of Sandy Hook. Ahead, in the gathering twilight, was the open sea.

"Of course," said Celia, as though leaving it to the fates, "if I don't find him—"

She found him on the rear of B deck, looking back at the twinkling lights of the harbor. Celia joined him at the rail, and she, too, looked back at the disappearing city.

"The girls have gone down to unpack," he said. "They also said something about dressing for dinner. You were able to get us all at one table, I hope?"

In silence Celia gave him his ticket.

"You look thoughtful," he said.

"I am," she nodded.

Gosh! there aint no more...

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CHOCOLATE! Just imagine the full, smooth flavor of the finest chocolate you have ever eaten, and you are anticipating your first taste of MY-T-FINE Dessert. Made from a recipe that has been constantly bettered year by year for more than 18 years, MY-T-FINE has every ingredient except milk for the perfect chocolate pudding. That's why MY-T-FINE is New York's most popular packaged dessert. Most good grocers sell MY-T-FINE Dessert. Ask for it. A package and 2 cups of milk makes 4 to 6 delicious portions. We would like to send you a cook book telling you more about MY-T-FINE and other D & C Quality Food Products. Your copy is waiting for you. Address The D & C Co., Inc., Dept. F, Bush Terminal Bldg., No. 10, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Not an ordinary flour sifter, but a **sifting machine.** Highest quality—built to last for years. One hand operates—quickly—easily. Does not scatter flour. Eliminates lumpy baking. DOUBLE screen. One operation sifts contents twice. Used and endorsed by leading food authorities. Highly polished finish. Also furnished with handles in Green, Red, Yellow or Blue. Money-back guarantee. At your dealers or postpaid for **$1.00**

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Made to scour the hard-to-reach places of garbage pails. Long, painted handle. Stiff, hard wearing bristles. Sent postpaid, with booklet "What You Should Know About Cans", upon receipt of 50 cents, coin or stamps.

WITT CANS are Guaranteed to Outlast from 3 to 5 Ordinary Cans

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Can Specialists Since 1899

WITT CANS and PAILS are approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Priscilla Proving Plant

WITT Garbage Pails

In using advertisements see page 6

WE PAY

For the Opportunity of Having You Try This New QUAKER Food Invention

Macaroni That Cooks In 5 Minutes, Ends Burnt Macaroni . . . And Saves 15 Minutes Pot Watching

Accept This Charming Community "TUDOR PLATE" Spoon (Guaranteed 25 Years) for Your Courtesy

QUAKER Oats Company experts have perfected another Food Invention to make every day meals more delicious and housework easier for women.

To gain your interest in trying it, we will give you the charming Tudor Plate (Oneida Community) spoon for your trouble.

It is called Quaker QUICK Macaroni. It cooks in 5 minutes instead of 20; saving 15 minutes pot watching. It ends burnt macaroni, AND puts one of the world's great strength foods on the quick list.

A U. S. Patented Invention

We made this new creation with whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water and takes 20 minutes as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A super-tender, far more succulent macaroni.

Years were spent perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

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We know if you will try this new Quaker food convenience, no other macaroni will ever again satisfy you.

If you will favor us by trying it, we will gladly compensate you in this way: Obtain a package at your grocer's. Then attach the coupon below to the label from the box and mail to us. We will send you the teaspoon shown here—worth several times the price you pay for the macaroni!—postpaid and free.

Detach the coupon now before you forget. Coupon good for premiums will also be found inside every package, making it easy to get a whole set of this silver.

Good for Community "TUDOR PLATE" Spoon

when presented with label from one package of Quaker Quick Macaroni

Mail to QUAKER OATS COMPANY, 80 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Simply sign this coupon and mail to us with label from one package of Quaker Quick Macaroni that you get at your grocer's. We send spoon free.

Housewives Note: Coupons good for additional spoons are inside every package. Thus you can easily get an entire set of Community Tudor Plate Spoons, or even the complete service this way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Quaker Quick Macaroni

G H. 5

Around the World

"I hope it isn't your duty as my hostess—"

"No; it isn't that."

"Nor the unexpected care of three young ladies—"

"No. It isn't that, either."

He looked at her again—her face almost rueful in the gathering shadows of evening.

"If I can help you with anything—" he said, the banter gone from his voice, a note of unquestioned sincerity there instead.

So Celia told him, as they leaned over the rail side by side—told him why she was on the *Empress* and what she hoped to find before the voyage was over.

"You must wonder why I'm telling you this," she concluded. "But before I left New York, I had Judge Stuyvesant. I could always go and talk things over with him. And now—all at once I realized that I had no one—"

Again there was no question of the sincerity in Mr. Buhl's voice. "I feel honored," he said, "that you have taken me into your confidence. In my time, you know, I was considered, perhaps unjustly, an efficiency expert. It was my business to reorganize failing companies and put them back on a paying basis. Now this business of yours, it seems to me, calls for efficiency methods. Fortunately, we have plenty of time to plan the campaign."

CELIA hesitated. "There's one additional thing you ought to know," she said.

"There always is," he cheerfully told her. "And this one additional thing is often the most important. What's yours?"

So Celia told him about Mr. Marchand—beginning with Mrs. Blanchard's lawyer on the dock and ending with her recent adventure in the dining-room.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Buhl—as an intelligent retriever will sometimes exclaim when at last he gets something definite between his teeth. "I like that—his sitting at our table! We shall have him under observation. Meanwhile I must confess that I wish we knew more about him—his business, for instance—"

"His passport would show his business," interrupted Celia.

"Bright idea!" exclaimed Mr. Buhl. "All our passports are in the purser's office, and considering your semi-official capacity as hostess, I am sure he would let you see Mr. Marchand's. Our friend has also probably filled out the blank in the inside cover, giving address for forwarding in case of loss. Suppose you run down to the purser's office and I'll wait here until you return."

She was back in five minutes, an unaccustomed spot of color on each of her cheeks, a slip of paper in her hand.

"'Business, Lawyer,'" she reported. "'Address, 1402 Broadway.'"

"Splendid!" beamed Mr. Buhl. "Now let's send a wireless to Judge Stuyvesant, giving him this information, and the Judge will immediately look him up and let you know the result of his investigation."

"There!" said Celia, realizing instinctively the soundness of this plan. "I knew I needed some one!"

"We all need some one," he told her. "It is this need which holds the human fabric together."

By the time the wireless had been sent, the *Empress* had reached the open sea. Somewhere in the darkness at the front of the ship a bell rang four times, "Ting-ting . . . ting-ting . . ." and the husky voice of the lookout could be heard addressing the bridge,

"Lights are bright, sir!"

"Four bells—that's six o'clock," thought Celia, recalling a line from Mr. Albans' literature. "Dinner's at seven. I'll go down and see how the girls are getting on."

She found they had two pleasant outside rooms facing each other across a narrow corridor. Fanny Heublein and Betty Sigsbee had one of these rooms, and Natalie Wills and

Around the World

Miss MacVeigh were to have shared the other.

"I don't like it—being alone," said Natalie. "Couldn't you move in here, Miss Van Heusen, and keep me company till Miss MacVeigh comes aboard at Los Angeles?"

This appealed to Celia for two reasons—first, because she would be with the girls who were under her care; and second, because her own little room had looked so lonely when last she had stepped inside. So after a hurried consultation with Mr. Albans, Celia moved in with Natalie, and they all began dressing for dinner.

"What lovely things you wear!" Celia couldn't help saying once, looking at the needlework on Natalie's slip—at the misty gray and white dress which was waiting on its hanger.

"Do you think so?" said Natalie in a dreamy voice. "I have always liked nice clothes. Dad says it's my one grand passion."

Yet when the four were ready for dinner, you might have been pardoned for thinking that they all liked nice clothes. Celia was wearing a silk brocade, sky blue at the neck, shading imperceptibly into midnight blue at the lower hem. Betty's blonde beauty was bound in sage-green satin, Fanny's more piquant darkness in coral and black silk lace. They were nearly ten minutes late when they reached the foot of the stairs which led into the dining-room. Glancing down from the landing over the palm-decorated counter of cold cuts, Celia had seen that the four men at the table were already at their stations—a brave array in their dinner jackets and white linen.

"Ah, Miss Van Heusen!" exclaimed Mr. Lauder, hurrying forward.

He led them proudly through the room—amid a general craning of necks—and there was such a time as the four men at their table arose to welcome them.

"Something like a table!" Mr. Lauder's expression seemed to say when he had finally seated them according to his list.

He stepped back with his head on one side—changed the flowers from carnations to roses—nodded with satisfaction at the improvement—and hurried back to the foot of the stairs, where older and more portly cruisers were beginning to grow impatient with the delay.

IT WAS a gay party, that Table Number Seventeen—gay, that is, with one exception. Every time Celia looked at Mr. Marchand and caught him off guard, she couldn't help thinking how preoccupied he seemed.

"He feels ashamed!" she told herself.

You mustn't think from this, though, that Mr. Marchand sat through dinner staring at vacancy or biting his nails. A number of times, when Celia glanced at him, she caught him looking at her. And each time she gave him such an innocent, friendly smile!

Upon their table was a silver announcement holder with a card in it, "Program for Tonight."

"Oooh!" said Betty once. "'Dancing 9 to 11, in the ballroom'!"

"Nothing improves the mind like travel," said Mr. Graham gravely.

Celia began to wonder whether her duties as a cruise hostess would interfere with her duties as a chaperon, and was glad when Mr. Albans spoke to her on their way out.

"I like your girls," he said. "They add to the picture."

"I'm afraid they'll keep me busy," she told him, quickly seizing the moment. "They're talking of dancing tonight. Until Miss MacVeigh rejoins the cruise, I wonder if you could let me devote my time to them."

"I was going to suggest it, myself," he said with his shrewd smile. "Don't be too severe."

So Celia led her flock to the lounge, where they were presently engaged in two tables of bridge. When Natalie was dummy, she amused herself by reading aloud from the cruise program.

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SIT DOWN to dinner this evening in any of these 2,000,000 homes. Note carefully the drink that is served you. Its deep brown color that lightens to gold as cream is added. Its enticing aroma, tangy as a woodland in October . . .

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PEARL JACOBUS THIEL of Illinois writes as follows of our spare-time money-making plan: "It is surprising to me that more have not taken advantage of the wonderful opportunity which is theirs merely for the asking. I have been in the game two years and have increased my business 100% over the previous year."

Wouldn't you, too, like to turn your leisure moments into cash, just as she and thousands of other men and women are doing? You can, for

Even if you've never before earned a penny in your life—

Even if the duties of home-making or business keep you busy most of the time—

Even if you're on in years—or in your teens—

Even if you've no business training or experience of any kind—

Regardless of anything like this, the things you've always longed for—the home of your own, the car, the new wardrobe, the radio, the travels, the college education for the children and the countless other good things of life that only money can buy—can all be yours in exchange for leisure time you would otherwise waste.

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Please tell me about your Spare-Time Earning Plan, and send me at once, without obligation, a FREE Money-Making Outfit.

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Around the World

"'At 8.30 tonight,'" she said, "'all the young ladies and gentlemen are invited to meet in the library to be introduced to one another.'"

"There's a bookful in that," said Bud La Roche.

"'At 8.45, the Cruise Directors will meet the ladies who are traveling alone.'"

"Perils of Ladies Who Are Traveling Alone," said Mr. Buhl brightly.

"'At 9 o'clock—'"

"'At 9 o'clock—dancing in the ballroom,'" interrupted Betty. "And there's the music now!"

They were on their way to the ballroom when Celia met Mrs. Basserville, the chief hostess—an important-looking matron with a mask-like face, who had the gift of speaking without apparently moving her mouth.

"Miss Van Heusen, I believe?" she said. "I am Mrs. Basserville, the Chief Hostess. You should have reported to me. Where are you going?"

"To dance," said Celia.

"No, no, my dear young lady. You don't dance this evening. I have too much work for you to do. There's a reception in the forward lounge where you are very much needed. This way, please."

"But Mr. Albans has excused me from all that until we reach Los Angeles," explained Celia, speaking, without knowing it, slightly in the Van Heusen manner.

"He had no right to excuse you."

"I think I shall let you tell him that," smiled Celia. "You will excuse me now, please? My party is waiting for me."

Perhaps it was as well that she didn't see the glance with which Mrs. Basserville followed her.

WHILE Celia danced, she talked.

To Mr. Buhl she said in a low breath, "What do you think of him?"—referring, of course, to Mr. Marchand.

"I think his conscience is reproving him," said Mr. Buhl.

"I think so, too," said Celia comfortably.

To Mr. Graham she said, "I think it's lovely that you dance."

His reply was characteristic and was delivered in the waltz-time tempo of "Echoes from the Viennese Woods." "I dance my dance with a D which is for Decorum. I dance my dance with a D which is for Digestion. I do not dance, as Salome did, for Decapitation. Nor yet as the Philistines do, for that might lead to Destruction—or even worse, to Delilah."

Celia was still admiring that when Betty floated by with Bud La Roche.

"Those three girls at our table," she said. "I've been particularly warned to keep them from Romance."

"The very existence of the human race," he told her, "denotes loud laughter at such a warning."

"No, please," said Celia. "I want you to help me. I want you all to help me to keep the girls from—well—I think they call it 'pairing off.'"

"You are blushing," reported Mr. Graham. "Rotate them."

"Rotate them?"

"Yes, as in old-fashioned dances. Each day have each man move up two places at the table, and the girl whom he finds at his right becomes his traveling companion for the day."

"Splendid!" said Celia.

To Bud La Roche, as they danced, she looked up and explained the coming system of rotation.

"I'm satisfied," said Bud, looking down. "That brings me next to you tomorrow morning."

To Mr. Marchand she said (as harmlessly as any dove), "I think this has been the busiest day of my whole year."

They danced a few steps.

AT THE SNAP OF A SWITCH

At the snap-of-a-switch, KitchenAid mixes dough—mashes potatoes—beats eggs—cuts shortening into flour—creams butter—whips cream . . . mayonnaise — strains fruits — sieves beans or peas for purees—chops meat —grinds coffee . . . cereals—shreds cabbage . . . nuts — slices fruits . . . vegetables — extracts orange juice—chips ice—freezes ice cream. All these things—and more.

Today, in thousands of truly modern homes, KitchenAid is lessening the food-preparing labor of the housewife who does her own work . . . and is simplifying the servant problem of the woman who entrusts the kitchen duties to others.

KitchenAid has a beautiful lacquer finish . . . is compact and sturdy . . . light in weight and easily handled . . . occupying only one square foot of space. KitchenAid plugs into any electrical outlet and operates at a cost of but one cent an hour . . . may be purchased either with or without cabinet.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Around the World

"A year?" he said then in a low voice, so the other dancing cruisers wouldn't hear him. "It's been the most wonderful day of my whole life!"

There was, she thought, a slight unsteadiness in addition to the low pitch of his voice. She thought of this a number of times before she went to sleep that night . . .

CHAPTER XI

THE first day out from New York was cold—"pairfect Norrth Atlantic weather," Mr. Lauder, the second steward, called it. But the second day was like spring. And the third was mild mid-June. One almost looked for daisies in odd corners of the decks—for orioles and robins in the rigging.

"Imagine!" breathed Celia, beginning to glory in every minute of it. "Only three days from New York, and here's Natalie getting out her summer clothes!"

This was the morning of the third day out. Celia had just wakened and was watching Natalie lift some of the dresses out of her steamer trunk.

"You do have the prettiest dresses," she said again.

"Do you know," said Natalie, "I can hardly wait to get to Japan—and the Philippines. And as for Paris! This little peach-colored thing came from Paris."

They were still looking at the dresses when the stewardess appeared to see what they would have for breakfast. And so that you may have a definite picture of Celia's life aboard ship, perhaps you ought to know that she had baked apple, poached egg, toast, and cocoa.

After breakfast the two girls leisurely dressed, and at half-past ten they all met at their steamer chairs on deck B—eight chairs set in a row, their occupants "rotating" the same as they did in the dining-room—that is to say, each girl always had the same chair, but each man moved up two places every morning.

Mr. Graham had Celia that day.

As soon as the party was complete, they went up on the boat deck and formed two sets for deck tennis, which is played with rope rings instead of balls, and hands instead of rackets. And again that you may have a definite picture of life aboard the *Empress of the East*, you should hear the ship's gossip that was tossed back and forth whenever the rope rings had a rest.

"My steward tells me they have found two stowaways so far," said Mr. Marchand.

"What are they going to do with them?"

"Put them ashore at Havana."

"That must be a fascinating life." This from Fanny Heublein. "I've always felt I'd like to be a stowaway."

They played deck tennis for a while.

"Have you seen the Ship's Gossip?" asked Betty.

"No; who is she?"

"Her name's Miss Dorcaster. But everybody calls her 'the Broadcaster.'"

They played deck tennis for a while again.

"My steward tells me they always have a detective on these cruises," was Bud La Roche's contribution.

"Why?" asked Mr. Marchand almost too quickly, Celia thought.

"Oh, to keep his eye on things. Sometimes they say it's a man, and sometimes a woman."

"Another fascinating life—" said Fanny. "Watchful Winnie, the Girl Detective, on the *Empress of the East*."

Again they played tennis . . . It would take too long to set down all the gossip—but at eleven o'clock Donald, the deck-steward, appeared with a large tray filled with cups of hot chicken broth and bouillon.

"If we only fed our minds," said Mr. Graham, "as often as we do our bodies, what intellectual giants we would be!"

He and Celia were standing by the side of a

Around the World

life-boat, looking out at two of the most beautiful blues in the world—the deep indigo of the sea below, and the light cerulean of the sky above. Beneath them the *Empress* was throbbing away as she pushed her steady furrow through the water. And Celia loved it—blue sky, bluer sea, and a good ship beneath her—a throbbing ship which might have been a modern Ark, the only living thing on the face of the waters.

"But aren't we all feeding our minds when we travel?" he asked.

"Not if I understand the dour labor of mental digestion. Not by deck tennis, certainly, or shuffle-board, or bridge, or dancing, or these almost continuous but delicious snacks," said he to her, thundering gently in the distance. "For that matter, I doubt whether in all this shipful of cruisers there is one passenger—just one, mind you—who has embarked with a serious purpose."

To use an old expression, Celia laughed in her sleeve, but she didn't say anything.

From twelve till half-past they walked around the promenade deck, Bud taking the lead in this and making a good job of it.

At one o'clock the bugle blew for lunch.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Graham, as though he didn't know.

"That's for lunch," said Mr. Buhl.

"Lunch?" repeated Mr. Graham, staring. "What does that mean?"

To Celia it meant a chicken salad and a pot of tea.

"Who can beat me at shuffle-board this afternoon?" asked Mr. Buhl as lunch drew near its close.

"I can," replied a chorus of seven voices.

"Boasters!" he called them. "I challenge you one and all to prove your words."

THEY played shuffle-board till half-past three, and then the orchestra came out and began setting up their music racks in the open veranda.

"The one thing needed," said Fanny Heublein with a contented sigh. "Now, if they'll only play 'Sylvia' and Moszkowski's 'Liebeswaltzer.'"

"I'll ask them," said Mr. Marchand.

"And ask them please to play 'What Have You Got For Dinner?'" said Mr. Graham. "An old steamship boat-song."

So they had music—"Sylvia" and the "Liebeswaltzer" included. And right in the middle of the waltz—where the masculine cello is reassuring the quivering little feminine violin, the pantry door opened, and Donald the deck-steward appeared, proudly leading two assistants, one of whom bore a huge tray of teacups, and the other a similar tray of cream, sugar, lemon, and the most ravishing cakes.

"Ha!" said Mr. Graham to Celia. "Again, I see, we feed our minds together."

After the musicians had gathered up their music-racks, and the stewards had collected their teacups, some of Celia's party went to the writing room and some to the library. At half-past six the dressing bugle blew, and at seven o'clock they met once more for the serious business of dinner.

"My steward tells me," said Mr. Buhl, "that if we keep our present rate of speed, we shall reach Havana by six o'clock in the morning."

"My steward tells me seven," said Bud.

"My steward tells me," said Mr. Graham sadly, "that in addition to the bowl of fruit which he leaves in my stateroom every evening he is also prepared to leave a plateful of chicken sandwiches."

Percy, their table steward, appeared then; and still that you may have a proper picture of Celia's life aboard ship, she ordered consommé, brook trout (which may or may not have been), lamb chops (from the Silver Grill), peas, potatoes, lettuce salad, and a fruit-cup for dessert.

"What's the program in Havana tomorrow?" asked Betty.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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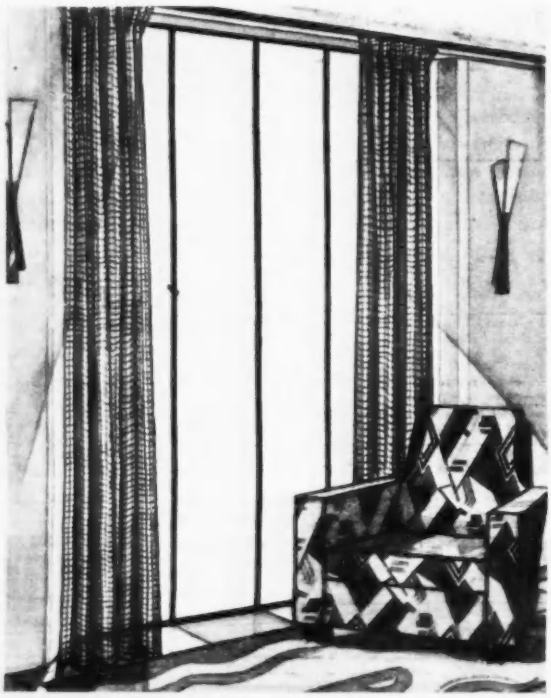

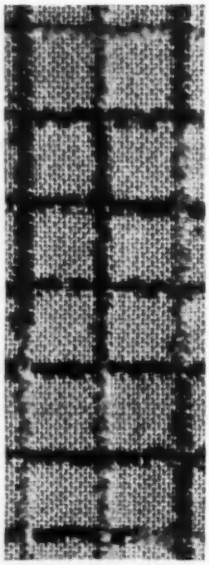

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Orinoka

Around the World

"Automobile rides in the morning and afternoon, and lunch at the Avenido Hotel," said Mr. Marchand, who had been reading a printed announcement which he had secured at the cruise office.

"What shall we do?" asked Mr. Buhl. "Stay together and fill two cars? Or shall we disperse—"

"No, please!" said Celia quickly. "Let's stay together. That is, of course, unless you would rather disperse—"

You ought to have heard the loyal chorus of disclaimer!

Percy was serious-minded—a quality of mind which had already given Mr. Buhl a certain amount of innocent entertainment. No one, therefore, could have thought it peculiar that, when Percy brought the finger-bowls, Mr. Buhl assumed a particularly innocent look and said in a confidential manner,

"Oh, Percy—"

"Yes, sir?" said Percy, equally discreet.

"They say that on these cruises there is always a detective among the passengers."

Celia's heart jumped a little, but outwardly she was smiling at Natalie and Mr. Marchand.

"Is that right?" continued Mr. Buhl.

"Yes, sir; I believe it is, sir. Or at least I've often 'eard it said."

"Then you think there's one—here now?"

"So the stewards are sying. But mind you, sir, I'm sying naught myself."

Still smiling across the table, Celia was sure that Mr. Marchand's face kept turning redder and redder.

"Do the stewards know who it is?" continued Mr. Buhl in his confidential whisper.

"Some of 'em think they do, sir. In fact, between ourselves, I don't mind telling you they're laying bets on it."

"Who do they think it is?"

"I'd rather not say, sir," said Percy in his serious-minded way. "But I will say this, sir, that if I did, the name would probably surprise you."

"Good for Percy!" exclaimed Mr. Graham when the steward had disappeared.

And turning to Mr. Buhl, he continued: "You were looking for a bit of sport, but I think the sport was Percy's. He's got us all guessing now."

Celia happened to glance at the tips of Mr. Marchand's ears.

"Percy may have been having sport," she couldn't help thinking, "but Mr. Marchand hasn't."

After dinner there was a lecture in the lounge by one of the cruise directors, "Havana, the Queen of the Caribbean," and after the lecture, dancing from ten to eleven in the ballroom.

"I'm lucky," said Mr. Marchand to Celia as they went through the last dance together.

"Lucky?" she asked, wondering.

"Yes. I rotate to you tomorrow."

"Oh, so you do," she said, dropping her eyes. "But if I were you, I wouldn't call it luck."

She thought that for the next few steps he seemed to dance in a sheepish manner.

"What would you call it, then?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said as the music stopped. "I suppose you might call it rotation; don't you think so?"

And now you know how Celia spent her days aboard ship.

CHAPTER XII

THE next morning, when she awoke, Celia heard footsteps running along the deck above her head.

"What's the excitement?" asked Natalie sleepily.

Celia looked out of the port-hole, and at first she could hardly believe it. But there it was, exactly as she had seen it in the pictures ever since she could remember—the Lighthouse and Morro Castle—so close that she could see the mortar between the stones—so

real that she felt like shuddering at the stories which she had heard the night before of the dungeons that lay behind those grim gray walls.

"Oooh!" said Natalie, after she had taken a peek—to see the weather. "I'm glad the sun's shining. I'll wear my blue and white sports ensemble."

They landed at Caballeria wharf at ten o'clock, and a few minutes later were in two automobiles in the Plaza de Armas—two cars of a fleet which were parked in a hollow square.

"Why don't we start?" some one asked.

"Sh!" said Mr. Graham, who had been watching the signs with professional interest. "We are about to have a lecture."

IN THE center of the square a dark, dramatic-looking orator had climbed upon a box and was now speaking through a megaphone.

"This is very spot where Havana was found'," he began. "Here also, in year 1871, forty students were arrest' because it was consider' that they had insult' Spanish gentleman. Of these forty, eight were execute', although the father of the youngest boy offered to pay for his life a sum equal to his weight in gold."

"Poor things!" thought Celia.

"How many boys?" asked Natalie, making a hasty note for My Trip Abroad.

"Sh!" said Mr. Graham. "He is about to tell it again."

The lecturer repeated his remarks three times—one recital for each side of the hollow square—and then he made a lordly gesture with his megaphone, as though to say: "Pass on, you in the cars who have heard me. Make room for those who have not yet listened to my words."

The cars which had heard proceeded to the Carcel, an enormous yellow building at the lower end of the Prado. Here another lecturer was awaiting them on the stone steps.

"This is great jail of Havana," he cried through his megaphone. "The only place in Cuba where rent is cheap. It has capacit' of five thousand prisoners and under Spanish rule was always full with waiting list. Here in year 1871, forty students were imprison' because it was consider' they had insult' Spanish gentleman. Of these forty, eight were execute', although the father of youngest boy offer' to pay for his life his weight in gold."

"They must have learned the same piece," said Natalie, leisurely adding to her notes.

The cars drove next to the Spanish Commissary Buildings, where another native lecturer was awaiting them by the side of a panel set in the wall.

"In the year 1871," he began, "forty students were arrest' because it was consider' they—"

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Marchand, turning to Celia.

"Let's go," said Celia, "if the others are willing."

The others were more than willing, and the two cars pulled away—quietly at first, and then with increasing flourish until they reached the Malecon. Here, in sight of the sea, the chauffeurs drew to the curb to learn the Señors' wishes.

"You know good drive?" asked Mr. Marchand.

"*Si*, Señor," said the first chauffeur brightly. "No student. No moo-seem."

"Good boy. And you know five dollars when you see him?"

"When you see um, no," said the second chauffeur. "When you get um, yes."

"Another good boy," said Mr. Marchand. "These cars are ours for the day. Take us a good drive, and you each get five-dollar tip. Take us poor drive, you get nothing."

They were taken a good drive—along the Malecon as far as the road extended, and then to Vedado with its American colony. From Vedado they drove out into the country, where they saw Chinese families living in Chinese

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by ELIZABETH GARY
HOSTESS, CELOTEX COTTAGE

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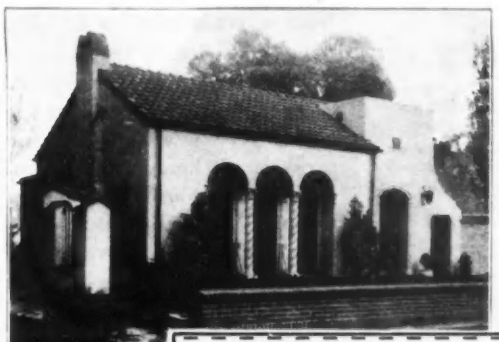

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In using advertisements see page 6

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**Chase Bronze (or Copper) Fly Screenings protect and beautify. They are easily identified by the Chase name and distinctive Chase-mark on the wrappers. Chase Copper Tacks, too . . . to make a good job complete.*

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.

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Around the World

houses and working on Chinese farms—authentic bits of old Cathay which made them rub their eyes.

"This is something like traveling," said Mr. Graham comfortably. "I wonder if we couldn't have lunch out here instead of returning to some modern caravanserai temporarily bursting with our esteemed fellow cruisers rising from a full-course banquet."

"*Si, sil*" cried the chauffeur. "Good plaz! You like um ver' nize."

The good place was a restaurant on a spur of land overlooking the ocean. Here they ate tamales and drank *piña fria*, which sounds alarming but is made from the juice of fresh pineapples. Then back to Havana, where they drove slowly through the old Spanish parts of the city, stopping now and then to admire a wrought-iron window grill as beautiful as a piece of old lace.

"Can't you imagine a young cavalier with a guitar under one of those grills?" asked Celia.

"If I were the girl up above, I'd throw a rose down, too," said Fanny, the dark beauty, with unexpected vigor.

"I suppose it's because we're getting nearer the tropics," thought Celia uneasily. "I'll be glad when Miss MacVeigh is back. Fanny wouldn't have dreamed of saying that in New York."

They visited the parks next—rolled up and down the Prado from one end to the other.

"I'd like to do some shopping now," said Natalie. "They say you can get wonderful shawls in Havana."

"But have you any money?" whispered Celia.

"Oh, the girls will lend me some," said Natalie carelessly.

So they went shopping, and Natalie bought a Spanish shawl for two hundred dollars—a shawl which looked like a Tennyson poem or a Nevin flower-song embroidered in colors.

"Don't you love it?" asked Natalie, dreamily walking up and down in front of the mirrors. "Oh, I love these colors!"

Celia didn't love the price, though.

"Now see what I've bought," said Mr. Marchand.

He had bought two drawn-work handkerchiefs.

"For you," he said. "A souvenir of the day when you rotated to me in Havana."

"They're—awfully nice," hesitated Celia.

IT WAS time to return to the *Empress*. On the tender they sat near a tall young Spaniard who arose with a bow and made room for Natalie. As she seated herself, she dropped the package which contained her shawl, and the tall young Spaniard not only picked it up, but finding it soiled from the deck of the tender, he also gallantly dusted it with his silk handkerchief.

The other girls exchanged glances—those songs without words which girls know how to sing at such a time.

"You wouldn't see that in America," Mr. Marchand whispered to Celia.

"No-o-o," said Celia. "It's nice when you do see it, though."

But looking at the tall young Spaniard who was now chatting to Natalie in charming broken English, she couldn't help thinking.

"I'm glad he isn't on the cruise, just the same!"

It may have been some association of ideas which reminded her of the drawn-work.

"I haven't thanked you for your souvenir," she said to Mr. Marchand—speaking so quietly that he had to put his curly head quite near to hear her. "You shouldn't have done it—and yet I don't want to scold you."

"I've had such a happy day," he whispered. "I felt I simply had to get you something. I couldn't give you the Castle, or the Malecon, or anything really impressive—so I compromised on the handkerchiefs."

"Doesn't the *Empress* look like home!" she

Around the World

smiled, nodding over the rail and changing the subject.

The *Empress* not only looked like home—she felt like home. At the head of the stairway which led up from the tender stood a number of ship's officers and cruise directors, welcoming the returning passengers.

"There's a telegram for you, Miss Van Heusen," said Mr. Fraser, the assistant purser. "I had it put in your room."

"From Judge Stuyvesant!" breathed Celia to herself.

It didn't take her long to reach the stateroom which she shared with Natalie—but look where she might, she could find no telegram.

"But of course!" she suddenly exclaimed. "The purser doesn't know I've changed my address! It's probably in my old room."

She hurried along the corridor until she reached her original quarters, and there, unlocking the door, she found the message, which had evidently been pushed through the ventilating louvres of the lower panel.

"Perry Marchand is junior member of Mrs. Blanchard's firm of attorneys," she read. "Full letter will be awaiting you at Los Angeles. Meanwhile keep Marchand at distance and do not let him learn your plans either directly or indirectly. E. S. Stuyvesant."

Celia read it three times—the first time for its meaning—the second time for expression—and the third time for memory's sake, so she could repeat it later to Mr. Buhl.

"I'll put it in the letter file with the Judge's first message," she thought. "It will be safe there, and I won't lose it."

But when she opened the wardrobe, she wasn't so sure about its safety as a hiding-place. The two filing cases had vanished! The wardrobe was empty! Not even a single letter had been left behind!

(*To be continued*)

A Spacious Cedar Closet

(*Continued from page 56*)

The doors to the cupboards are built of 7/8-inch by 3-inch boards for the stiles and rails, with panels made up of the 3/8-inch by 3-inch tongue and groove boards.

The cupboard which is placed at one end of the closet is made up of upper shelves, a hanging compartment completed by two doors, and four drawers. Inside the doors a pole is placed for hanging garments—or in place of a pole, shelves could be installed if preferred. Above these doors is a seventeen-inch compartment deep enough to hold blankets, comforters, and other woolen articles. This is clearly shown in the photograph on page 56. Below the doors are two sets of two drawers in which smaller articles—children's woolens, mittens, woolen gloves, etc., can be placed.

The other pictures show the hanging arrangement in the main closet. Coats of all sorts, as well as dresses and men's clothing, may be placed on hangers and hung from the ordinary pole which would be installed underneath the shelves. The garments may be placed in moth-proof garment bags as an added protection, or in the transparent clothes bags used for women's dresses. Three shelves, one above the other, line three sides of this end of the closet, above the poles. Hats, pillows, blankets, etc., may be put there.

In building, care must be taken to see that the doors are a close fit. Weather-stripping around the entrance door will help to make a tight closure. Drawers should run properly, so that they, too, will close exactly. The door to the closet must be kept closed, as otherwise the protection offered by the cedar wood is lessened.

Before anything is put in the closet, it should be thoroughly cleaned, exposed to both sun and air, and put away free from moths.

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THE average woman of today demands two qualities in her footwear—comfort and good appearance, neither one to be sacrificed to the other.

In Educator Shoes this combination achieves the perfect balance.

For more than twenty-five years the name Educator has identified a principle of shoe design everywhere famous for the protective and corrective qualities it embodies.

Today this basic principle is given expression in graceful lines and contours that win the approval of well-dressed women everywhere.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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On the basis of their vast experience 305 of the finest beauty shops say—"we find women who use Lux in their dishpans have hands as truly lovely as women with maids to do all their work . . . *for Lux gives the hands real beauty care.*"

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How wonderful to know that while doing the dishes—without one extra minute of time, with no trouble—one's hands can be gently soothed and tended—that those sparkling Lux suds in the dishpan not only look like but *are* bubbles of *beauty*.

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When you stop to think, it's easy to see why! Lux is made of the finest materials known, by a special costly process. That is why Lux protects the precious oils of the skin—keeps hands smooth, unwrinkled, young. And Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

Give your hands this Beauty Care—with Lux in your dishpan—today!

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Suggestions for Porch and Terrace

(*Continued from page 55*)

finished with pale yellow stucco of a slightly lighter color than that used on the walls. A twelve-pointed lantern of glass is hung from the center of the ceiling.

One end shows a square, recessed space which could have been used for a fountain, but which in this instance has a sofa in front of it and a hanging wall bracket filled with ivy above it. Opposite is a square opening to the drive, which could be closed with glass in the winter.

The floor is cement, with a ceramic paint finish, cut in fifteen-by-seventeen inch blocks to give a tile effect. It is red-brown in color and finished with wax, and is a delightful contrast to the color of the walls. Over it is placed a grass rug woven in diamond shape, but of one color—a soft tan.

The furniture chosen is of willow, wrought iron, and painted iron. The color which the background needs is given by the variety not only in the furniture, but in its color. The sofa, for instance, is painted apple-green, with a line of delightful brown-orange around the top, while the chairs placed at either side of it—one an arm chair light and easy to lift and the other a mere featherweight of a chair, are painted bright yellow. Since the walls are plain, pattern is necessary for the cushions: therefore a bright waterproof chintz was selected in vivid yellow, greens, and brown-orange. To form a contrast with this pattern, the yellow chairs have seat pads of a solid color—green on the side chair, and brown-orange on the arm chair.

Although iron tables painted green or yellow would have been appropriate and far less expensive, the Studio chose a charming old wrought-iron table with a base of black, into which old tiles were set to form the top. The tiles, though soft in color, repeat the note of pattern which is necessary. A smaller table, also of wrought iron, with a square top, may be put by a chair, as well as one or two of painted iron, one in yellow and one in green. It will be found attractive to place the green table by the yellow chair, and vice versa.

The opposite end of the porch, of which there is no picture, is furnished in a similar manner to that shown. Easy-chairs are placed on either side of the opening with tables near by. In the summer months, another pretty arrangement would be to place a small table with a chair on each side of it, directly in front of the arch opening to the lawn. This could be put close enough to the opening to prevent having to walk around it.

Furniture You Can Buy

Knowing the demand which comes from our readers for the types of furnishings which we use in the rooms the Studio builds, we are showing a chaise longue on wheels, which can be moved around as one would a wheel-barrow; another, the long, deep lounging chair so dear to the English, and particularly desirable for the lazy summer days. The iron chairs are of two sorts, while a third is shown in the colored picture of the terrace. From Italy come the strawberry jars which prove so decorative for strawberry plants, or any vines.

For an open terrace, there is perhaps nothing more comfortable than the folding chair with a canopy top. The metal table, with the parasol through its center, is being used more each season. It is a delightful place to serve tea or even an informal lunch, and there are many gardens, even the back-yard garden, where it would be both useful and decorative.

A word must be said for the attractive iron stands to hold plants and ivy. That fortunate person who is successful in growing potted plants will find the stand illustrated a joy to her. The less successful indoor gardener can use it for ivy or other trailing plants which are hardier and live even though neglected by the uninformed amateur.